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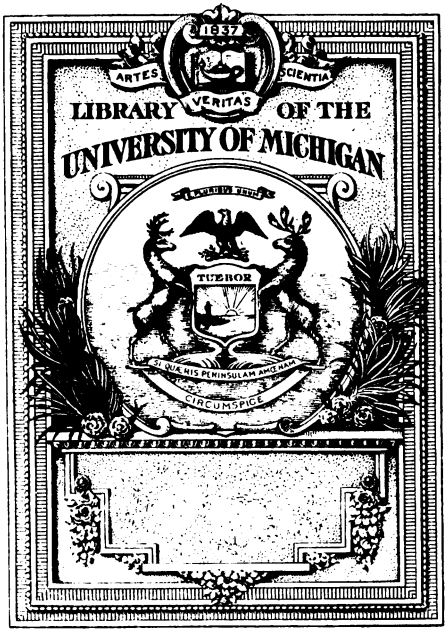
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THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

A NEW EDITION.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

Strahan and Preſton,
New-Street Square, London.

THE

WORKS

OF

Alexander Pope, Esq.

IN VERSE AND PROSE.

CONTAINING

THE PRINCIPAL NOTES OF

DRS. WARBURTON AND WARTON:

ILLUSTRATIONS, AND CRITICAL AND EXPLANATORY REMARKS,

BY JOHNSON, WAKEFIELD, A. CHALMERS, F.S.A.

AND OTHERS.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED, NOW FIRST PUBLISHED,

SOME ORIGINAL LETTERS,

WITH ADDITIONAL OBSERVATIONS, AND MEMOIRS OF THE LIFE OF THE AUTHOR.

By the Rev. WILLIAM LISLE BOWLES, A.M.

PREBENDARY OF SALISBURY, AND

CHAPLAIN TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE OF WALES.

IN TEN VOLUMES.

VOL. IV.

LONDON:

Printed for J. Johnson, J. Nichols and Son, R. Baldwin, F. and C. Rivington, W. Otridge and Son, W. J. and J. Richardson, R. Faulder and Son, T. Payne, Wilkie and Robinson, Scatcherd and Letterman, J. Walker, Vernor Hood and Sharpe, R. Lea, J. White, J. Nunn, Lackington Allen and Co., J. Stockdale, Cuthell and Martin, Longman Hurst Rees and Orme, Cadell and Davies, Pote and Williams, Ogilvie and Son, E. Jeffery, J. Booker, J. and A. Arch, Blacks and Parry, S. Bagster, J. Mawman, and J. Asperne.

1806.

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1806

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OF THE

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EPISTLE

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT.

Motto to the firſt edition, publiſhed in folio, 1734:

"Neque ſermonibus vulgi dederis te, nec in præmiis humanis ſpem poſueris rerum tuarum; ſuis te oportet illecebris ipſa virtus trahat ad verum decus. Quid de te alii loquantur, ipſi videant, ſed loquentur tamen." CICERO.

ADVERTISEMENT

TO THE

FIRST PUBLICATION OF THIS EPISTLE.

THIS paper is a ſort of bill of complaint, begun many years ſince, and drawn up by ſnatches, as the ſeveral occaſions offered. I had no thoughts of publiſhing it, till it pleaſed ſome Perſons of Rank and Fortune [the Authors of *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace*, and of an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity from a Nobleman at Hampton-Court*] to attack, in a very extraordinary manner, not only my Writings (of which, being public, the Public is judge) but my *Perſon*, *Morals*, and *Family*, whereof, to thoſe who know me not, a truer information may be requiſite. Being divided between the neceſſity to ſay ſomething of *myſelf*, and my own lazineſs to undertake ſo aukward a taſk, I thought it the ſhorteſt way to put the laſt hand to this Epiſtle. If it have any thing pleaſing, it will be that by which I am moſt deſirous to pleaſe, the *Truth*, and the *Sentiment;* and if any thing offenſive, it will be only to thoſe I am leaſt ſorry to offend, *the vicious*, or *the ungenerous*.

Many will know their own pictures in it, there being not a circumſtance but what is true; but I have for the moſt part ſpared their *Names*, and they may eſcape being laughed at, if they pleaſe.

I would have ſome of them know, it was owing to the requeſt of the learned and candid Friend to whom it is inſcribed, that I make not as free uſe of theirs, as they have done of mine. However, I ſhall have this advantage, and honour, on my ſide, that whereas, by their proceeding, any abuſe may be directed at any man, no injury can poſſibly be done by mine, ſince a nameleſs Character can never be found out, but by its *truth* and *likeneſs*. POPE.

Lady Wortley Montagu begins her Addreſs to Mr. Pope, on his Imitation of the 1ſt Satire of the Second Book of Horace, in theſe words:

" In two large columns, on thy motley page,
Where Roman wit is ſtrip'd with Engliſh rage;
Where ribaldry to ſatire makes pretence,
And modern ſcandal rolls with ancient ſenſe:
Whilſt on one ſide we ſee how Horace thought,
And on the other how he never wrote:
Who can believe, who view the bad and good,
That the dull copyiſt better underſtood
That ſpirit he pretends to imitate,
Than heretofore the Greek he did tranſlate?
Thine is juſt ſuch an image of his pen
As thou thyſelf art of the ſons of men;
Where our own ſpecies in burleſque we trace,
A ſign-poſt likeneſs of the noble race,
That is at once reſemblance and diſgrace.

Horace

Horace can laugh, is delicate, is clear;
You only coarſely rail, or darkly ſneer:
His ſtyle is elegant, his diction pure,
Whilſt none thy crabbed numbers can endure,
Hard as thy heart, and as thy birth obſcure.
If he has thorns, they all on roſes grow;
Thine like rude thiſtles and mean brambles ſhow,
With this exception, that though rank the ſoil,
Weeds, as they are, they ſeem produc'd by toil.
Satire ſhould, like a poliſh'd razor keen,
Wound with a touch that's ſcarely felt or ſeen.
Thine is an oyſter-knife, that hacks and hews,
The rage, but not the talent of abuſe;
And is in hate what love is in the ſtews;
'Tis the groſs luſt of hate, that ſtill annoys
Without diſtinction, as groſs love enjoys:
Neither to folly, nor to vice confin'd;
The object of thy ſpleen is human-kind:
It preys on all, who yield or who reſiſt;
To thee 'tis provocation to exiſt.
But if thou ſee'ſt a great and gen'rous heart,
Thy bow is doubly bent to force a dart.
Nor only juſtice vainly we demand,
But even benefits can't rein thy hand:
To this or that alike in vain we truſt,
Nor find thee leſs ungrateful than unjuſt."

WARTON.

EPISTLE TO DR. ARBUTHNOT.

An Apology for Himſelf and his Writings.

Ep. to Dr. Arbuthnot.] AT the time of publiſhing this Epiſtle, the Poet's patience was exhauſted by the endleſs impertinence of Poetaſters of all ranks and conditions; as well thoſe who courted his favour, as thoſe who envied his reputation. So that now he had reſolved to quit his hands of both together, by the publication of a DUNCIAD. This deſign he communicated to his excellent friend Dr. ARBUTHNOT; who, although as a man of Wit and Learning he might not have been diſpleaſed to ſee their common injuries revenged on this pernicious Tribe; yet, as our Author's friend and phyſician, he was ſolicitous of his eaſe and health; and therefore unwilling he ſhould provoke ſo large and powerful a party.

Their difference of opinion, in this matter, gives occaſion to the following *Dialogue*. Where, in a natural and familiar detail of all his Provocations, both from flatterers and ſlanderers, our Author has artfully interwoven an Apology for his *moral* and *poetic* Character.

For after having told his caſe, and humorouſly applied to his Phyſician in the manner one would aſk for a receipt to kill Vermin, he ſtraight goes on, in the common character of aſkers of advice, to tell his Doctor, that he had already taken his party, and determined of his remedy. But uſing a preamble, and introducing it (in the way of Poets), with a ſimile, in which the names of *Kings, Queens, and Miniſters of State* happen to be mentioned, his Friend takes the alarm, and begs him to forbear; adviſes him to ſtick to his ſubject, and to be eaſy under ſo common a calamity.

To make ſo light of his diſaſter provokes the Poet: he breaks the thread of his diſcourſe, which was to lead his Friend gently, and by degrees, into his project; and abruptly tells him the application of his ſimile at once,

"Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs," &c.

But recollecting the humanity and tenderneſs of his Friend, which, he apprehends, might be a little ſhocked at the apparent ſeverity

ſeverity of ſuch a proceeding, he aſſures him, that his good-nature is alarmed without cauſe; for that nothing has leſs feeling than this ſort of offenders; which he illuſtrates in the Examples of a *damn'd Poet*, a *detected Slanderer*, a *Table-Parasite*, a *Church-Buffoon*, and a *Party-Writer* (from ver. 1. to 101.)

But, in this enumeration, coming again to *Names*, his Friend once more ſtops him; and bids him conſider what hoſtilities this general attack would ſet on foot. So much the better, replies the Poet; for, conſidering *the ſtrong antipathy of bad to good*, enemies they will always be, either open or ſecret: and it admits of no queſtion, but a Slanderer is leſs hurtful than a Flatterer. For, ſays he, (in a pleaſant Simile addreſſed to his Friend's profeſſion)

> "Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
> It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite."

And how abject and exceſſive the flattery of theſe creatures was, he ſhews, by obſerving, that they praiſed him even for his infirmities; his bad health, and his inconvenient ſhape (ver. 100 to 125.)

But ſtill it might be ſaid, that if he could bear this evil annexed to Authorſhip no better, he ſhould not have written at all. To this he anſwers, by lamenting the natural bent of his diſpoſition; which, from his very birth, had drawn him towards *Poetry* ſo ſtrongly, as if it were in execution of ſome ſecret decree of Heaven for crimes unknown. But though he offended in becoming an Author, he offended in nothing elſe. For his early verſes were perfectly innocent and harmleſs,

> "Like gentle Fanny's was my flowing theme,
> A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream."

Yet even then, he tells us, two enraged and hungry Critics fell upon him without any provocation. But this might have been borne, as the common lot of diſtinction. But it was his peculiar ill-fortune to create a jealouſy in One; whom, not only many good offices done by our Author to him and his friends, but a ſimilitude of genius and ſtudies might have inclined to a reciprocal affection and ſupport: On the contrary, that otherwiſe amiable perſon, being, by nature, timorous and ſuſpicious; by education, a party-man; and, by circumſtances of fortune, beſet with flatterers and pick-thanks; regarded our Author as his Rival, ſet up by a contrary Faction, with views deſtructive of public liberty, and

that Perſon's reputation. And all this, with as little provocation from Mr. Pope's conduct in his poetic, as in his civil character.

For though he had got a Name (the reputation of which he agreeably rallies, in the deſcription he gives of it) yet he never, even when moſt in faſhion, ſet up for a Patron, or a Dictator amongſt the Wits; but ſtill kept retired in his uſual privacy; leaving *the whole Caſtalian ſtate*, as he calls it, to a Mock Mecenas, whom he next deſcribes (ver. 124. to 261.)

And, ſtruck with the ſenſe of that *dignity and eaſe* which ſupport the character of a true Poet, he breaks out into a paſſionate vow for a continuance of the full Liberty inſeparable from it. And to ſhew how well he deſerves it, and how ſafely he might be truſted with it, he concludes his wiſh with a deſcription of his temper and diſpoſition (ver 26e to 271.)

This naturally leads him to complain of his Friends, when they conſider him in no other view than that of an *Author*; as if he had neither the ſame right to the enjoyments of life, the ſame concern for his higheſt intereſts, or the ſame diſpoſitions of benevolence, with other people.

Beſides, he now admoniſhes them, in his turn, that they do not conſider to what they expoſe him, when they urge him to write on; namely, to the *ſuſpicions* and the *diſpleaſure* of a Court; who are made to believe, he is always writing; or at leaſt to the fooliſh *criticiſms* of court-ſycophants, who pretend to find him, by his ſtyle, in the immoral libels of every idle ſcribler: though he, in the mean time, be ſo far from countenancing ſuch worthleſs traſh in others, that he would be ready to execrate even his own beſt vein of poetry, if made at the expence of Truth and Innocence:

> "Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
> That tends to make one worthy man my foe:
> Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
> Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear."

Sentiments, which no effort of genius, without the concurrence of the heart, could have expreſſed in ſtrains ſo exquiſitely ſublime. That the ſole object of his reſentment was *vice* and *baſeneſs*: In the detection of which, he artfully takes occaſion to ſpeak of *that* by which he himſelf had been injured and offended: and concludes with the character of One who had wantonly outraged him, and in the moſt ſenſible manner (ver. 270 to 334.)

And here, moved again with freſh indignation at his ſlanderers, he takes the advice of Horace, *ſume ſuperbiam quæſitam meritis*, and draws

draws a fine picture of his moral and poetic conduct through life. In which he shews that not *fame*, but VIRTUE, was the constant object of his ambition: that for this he opposed himself to all the violence of Cabals, and the treacheries of Courts: the various iniquities of which having distinctly specified, he sums them up in that most atrocious and sensible of all (ver. 333 to 360.),

> " The whisper, that to greatness still too near,
> Perhaps yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN'S ear.
> Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the past:
> For thee, fair *Virtue!* welcome ev'n the last."

But here again his Friend interrupts the strains of his divine enthusiasm; and desires him to clear up one objection made to his Conduct at Court. " That it was inhumane to insult the Poor, " and ill breeding to affront the Great." To which he replies, That indeed in his pursuit of *Vice*, he rarely considered how Knavery was circumstanced; but followed it, with his vengeance, indifferently, whether it led to the Pillory, or the Drawing-Room (ver 359 to 363.).

But lest this should give his Reader the idea of a savage intractable virtue, which could bear with nothing, and would pardon nothing, he takes to himself the shame of owning that he was of so easy a nature, as to be duped by the slendercst appearances; *a pretence to virtue in a witty woman:* so forgiving, that he had sought out the object of his beneficence in a *personal enemy:* so humble, that he had submitted to the conversation of *bad poets:* and so forbearing, that he had curbed in his resentment under the most shocking of all provocations, *abuses on his Father and Mother* (ver. 367 to 388.).

This naturally leads him to give a short account of their births, fortunes, and dispositions; which ends with the tendercst wishes for the happiness of his Friend; intermixed with the most pathetic description of that filial Piety, in the exercise of which he makes his own happiness to consist:

> " Me, let the tender office long engage
> To rock the Cradle of reposing Age;
> With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
> Make Languor smile, and smooth the bed of Death;
> Explore the thought, explain the asking eye,
> And keep a while one Parent from the sky!"

And

And now this incomparable Poem, which holds ſo much of the DRAMA, and opens with all the diſorder and vexation that every kind of impertinence and ſlander could occaſion, concludes with the utmoſt calmneſs and ſerenity, in the retired enjoyment of all the tender offices of FRIENDSHIP and PIETY (ver. 387 to the End). WARBURTON.

In this kind of writing, Pope is unrivalled; the Imitation has all the air of an original, and is at once lively, pointed, and happy.

One Imitation from Horace has been, for obvious reaſons, rejected. I muſt ever feel regret, that my late reſpected maſter was ſo inconſiderate as to admit it in his Edition. Pope certainly never owned it. How indeed could he own a production written in his earlier day, which "called virtue, hypocrite;" and was doubly odious, as coming from a man who profeſſed, with ſuch parade,

"In virtue's cauſe to draw the Pen!"

It were alſo to be wiſhed, that charity had induced him a moment to pauſe, before he publiſhed ſome lines, which no *provocation* from *woman* to *man* could juſtify: I need not point them out. Let us alſo remember, that Satire in verſe muſt be deliberate, and therefore is leſs excuſable. I am not attempting to plead the cauſe of affected candour; but of thoſe feelings, which diſtinguiſh the man, and the gentleman.

EPISTLE

TO

DR. ARBUTHNOT,

BEING THE

PROLOGUE TO THE SATIRES.

P. SHUT, ſhut the door, good John! fatigu'd I ſaid,
Tye up the knocker, ſay I'm ſick, I'm dead.
The Dog-ſtar rages! nay, 'tis paſt a doubt,
All Bedlam, or Parnaſſus, is let out:
Fire in each eye, and papers in each hand,
They rave, recite, and madden round the land.

What

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door, good John!*] John Searl, his old and faithful ſervant; whom he has remembered, under that character, in his Will: of whoſe fidelity Dodſley, from his own obſervation, uſed to mention many pleaſing inſtances. His wife was living at Eccleſhall, 1783, ninety years old, and knew many anecdotes of Pope. WARTON.

VER. 1. *Shut, ſhut the door,*] This abrupt exordium is animated and dramatic. Our Poet, wearied with the impertinence and ſlander of a multitude of mean ſcriblers that attacked him, ſuddenly breaks out with this ſpirited complaint of the ill-uſage he had ſuſtained. This piece was publiſhed in the year 1734, in the form of an Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot: It is now given as a Dialogue, in which a very ſmall ſhare indeed is allotted to his friend. Arbuthnot was a man of conſummate probity, integrity, and ſweetneſs of temper: he had infinitely more learning than Pope or Swift, and as much wit and humour as either of them. He was an excellent mathematician and phyſician, of which his letter on the Uſeful-

What walls can guard me, or what ſhades can hide?
They pierce my Thickets, through my Grot they glide,
By land, by water, they renew the charge,
They ſtop the chariot, and they board the barge.
No place is ſacred, not the Church is free,
Ev'n Sunday ſhines no Sabbath-day to me:
Then from the Mint walks forth the Man of rhyme,
Happy! to catch me, juſt at Dinner-time.

Is there a Parſon much be-mus'd in beer,
A maudlin Poeteſs, a rhyming Peer,
A Clerk,

NOTES.

neſs of Mathematical Learning, and his Treatiſe on Air and Aliment, are ſufficient proofs. His tables of ancient coins, weights, and meaſures, are the work of a man intimately acquainted with ancient hiſtory and literature, and are enlivened with many curious and intereſting particulars of the manners and ways of living of the ancients. The Hiſtory of John Bull, the beſt parts of the Memoirs of Scriblerus, the Art of Political Lying, the Freeholder's Catechiſm, It cannot rain but it pours, &c. abound in ſtrokes of the moſt exquiſite humour. It is known that he gave numberleſs hints to Swift, and Pope, and Gay, of ſome of the moſt ſtriking parts of their works. He was ſo neglectful of his writings that his children tore his manuſcripts and made paper-kites of them. Few letters in the Engliſh language are ſo intereſting, and contain ſuch marks of Chriſtian reſignation and calmneſs of mind, as one that he wrote to Swift a little before his death, and is inſerted in the third volume of Letters, p. 157. He frequently, and ably, and warmly, in many converſations, defended the cauſe of revelation againſt the attacks of Bolingbroke and Cheſterfield.

WARTON.

VER. 13. *Mint*] A place to which inſolvent debtors retired, to enjoy an illegal protection, which they were there ſuffered to afford to one another, from the perſecution of their creditors.

WARBURTON.

A Clerk, foredoom'd his father's ſoul to croſs,
Who pens a Stanza, when he ſhould *engroſs?*
Is there, who, lock'd from ink and paper, ſcrawls
With deſp'rate chareoal round his darken'd walls?
All fly to TWIT'NAM, and in humble ſtrain
Apply to me, to keep them mad or vain.
Arthur, whoſe giddy ſon neglects the Laws,
Imputes to me and my damn'd works the cauſe:
Poor Cornus ſees his frantic wife elope,
And curſes Wit, and Poetry, and Pope.

Friend to my life! (which did not you prolong,
The world had wanted many an idle ſong)

What

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 20 in the MS.

Is there a Bard in durance? turn them free,
With all their brandiſh'd reams they run to me:
Is there a 'Prentice, having ſeen two plays,
Who would do ſomething in his Sempſtreſs' praiſe—

VER. 29. in the firſt Ed.

Dear Doctor, tell me, is not this a curſe?
Say, is their anger, or their friendſhip worſe?

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Is there a Parſon*] Some lines in this Epiſtle to Arbuthnot had been uſed in a letter to Thomſon when he was in Italy, and transferred from him to Arbuthnot, which naturally diſpleaſed the former, though they lived always on terms of civility and friendſhip: and Pope earneſtly exerted himſelf, and uſed all his intereſt to promote the ſucceſs of Thomſon's Agamemnon, and attended the firſt night of its being performed. WARTON.

VER. 20. *deſp'rate charcoal*] The idea is from Boileau's art of Poetry—"Charbonner les murailes."

VER. 23. *Arthur,*] Arthur Moore, Eſq. WARTON.

What *Drop* or *Noſtrum* can this plague remove?
Or which muſt end me, a Fool's wrath or love?
A dire dilemma! either way I'm ſped,
If foes, they write, if friends, they read me dead.
Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge, how wretched I!
Who can't be ſilent, and who will not lie:
To laugh, were want of goodneſs and of grace,
And to be grave, exceeds all Pow'r of face.
I ſit with ſad civility, I read
With honeſt anguiſh, and an aching head;
And drop at laſt, but in unwilling ears,
This ſaving counſel, "Keep your piece nine years."
Nine years! cries he, who high in Drury-lane,
Lull'd by ſoft Zephyrs through the broken pane,
Rhymes ere he wakes, and prints before *Term* ends,
Oblig'd by hunger, and requeſt of friends:
"The piece, you think, is incorrect? why take it,
"I'm all ſubmiſſion, what you'd have it, make it."

Three

NOTES.

VER. 33. *Seiz'd and ty'd down to judge,*] Alluding to the ſcene in the *Plain-Dealer,* where *Oldfox* gags, and ties down the Widow, to hear his *well-penn'd ſtanzas.* Warburton.——Rather from Horace; vide his Druſo. WARTON.

VER. 38. *an aching head;*] Alluding to the diſorder he was then ſo conſtantly afflicted with. WARBURTON.

VER. 40. "*Keep your piece nine years.*"] Boileau employed eleven years in his ſhort ſatire of L'Equivoque. Patru was four years altering and correcting the firſt paragraph of his tranſlation of the oration for Archias. WARTON.

VER. 43. *Rhymes ere he wakes,*]

——"Dictates to me ſlumb'ring, or inſpires
Eaſy my unpremeditated Verſe." MILTON.

Three things another's modeſt wiſhes bound,
My Friendſhip, and a Prologue, and ten pound.
Pitholeon ſends to me: "You know his Grace,
"I want a Patron; aſk him for a Place."
Pitholeon libell'd me—"but here's a letter
"Informs you, Sir, 'twas when he knew no better.
"Dare you refuſe him? Curl invites to dine,
"He'll write a *Journal*, or he'll turn Divine."
Bleſs me! a packet.—"'Tis a ſtranger ſues,
"A Virgin Tragedy, an Orphan Muſe."
If I diſlike it, "Furies, death and rage!"
If I approve, "Commend it to the Stage."
There (thank my ſtars) my whole commiſſion ends,
The Play'rs and I are, luckily, no friends.
Fir'd

VARIATIONS.

VER. 53. in the MS.

If you refuſe, he goes, as fates incline,
To plague Sir Robert, or to turn Divine.

VER. 60. in the former Ed.

Cibber and I are, luckily, no friends.

NOTES.

VER. 49. *Pitholeon*] The name taken from a fooliſh Poet of Rhodes, who pretended much to *Greek*. Schol. in Horat. l. 1. Dr. Bentley pretends, that this Pitholeon libelled Cæſar alſo. See notes on Hor. Sat. 10. l. i. POPE.

VER. 54. *He'll write a* Journal,] Meaning the London Journal; a paper in favour of Sir R. Walpole's miniſtry. Biſhop Hoadley wrote in it, as did Dr. Bland. WARTON.

VER. 55. *A packet.*] Alludes to a tragedy called the Virgin Queen, by Mr. R. Barford, publiſhed 1729, who diſpleaſed Pope by daring to adopt the fine machinery of his Sylphs in an heroi-comical poem called the Aſſembly. 1726. WARTON.

Fir'd that the houſe reject him, " 'Sdeath, I'll print it,
" And ſhame the Fools—Your int'reſt, Sir, with
" Lintot."
Lintot, dull rogue! will think your price too much:
" Not, Sir, if you reviſe it, and retouch."

All

NOTES.

VER. 60. *The Play'rs and I, &c.*] On this paſſage, Cibber, in his curious letter, printed in 1742, addreſſed to Pope, has the following obſervation:

" I am glad to find in your ſmaller Edition, that your conſcience has ſince given this line ſome correction; for there you have taken off a little of its edge: it there runs only thus:

The *Players* and I are luckily no friends.

This is ſo uncommon an inſtance of your checking your temper, and taking a little ſhame to yourſelf, that I cannot in juſtice omit my notice of it."

The cauſe of Pope's continued invective againſt Cibber, is thus given in the letter before mentioned:

" The play of the Rehearſal, which had laid ſome few years dormant, being by his preſent Majeſty (George II.), then Prince of Wales commanded to be revived, the part of Bays fell to my ſhare. To this character there had always been allowed ſuch ludicrous liberties of obſervation upon any thing new, or remarkable in the ſtate of the ſtage, as Mr. Bays might think proper to make."

He then deſcribes a ſucceſsful ſally in ridiculing the introduction of the Mummy and Crocodile, in an entertainment acted about that time without ſucceſs, called " Three Hours after Marriage," and ſuppoſed to have been written by Pope

" This was the offence," he ſays: " In this play (Three Hours after Marriage), two Coxcombs, being in love with a learned virtuoſo's wife, to get unſuſpected acceſs to her, ingeniouſly ſend themſelves,' as two preſented rarities, to the huſband; the one curiouſly ſwathed up like an *Egyptian Mummy*, and the other ſlily covered in the paſte board ſkin of a Crocodile; upon which poetical expedient I, Mr. Bays, when the two Kings of Brentford came from the clouds again into the throne, inſtead of what the part directed me to ſay, made me uſe theſe words, viz.

" *Now*

All my demurs but double his attacks;
At last he whispers, "Do; and we go snacks."
Glad of a quarrel, straight I clap the door,
Sir, let me see your works and you no more.

'Tis sung, when Midas' Ears began to spring,
(Midas, a sacred person and a King,)
His

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"*Now, Sir, this revolution, I had some thoughts of introducing* "*by a quite different* contrivance; but *my design taking* air, some "of your sharp wits, I found, had made use of it before me; "otherwise I intended to *have stolen* one of them in *the shape* of "a MUMMY, and the other, in that of a Crocodile."

This sally of Cibber, it appears, was received with great applause; and Pope, very much irritated, came to Cibber after the play, to call him to account for the insult. This is the sum of Cibber's statement, respecting the first cause of Pope's anger, in his letter, the publication of which, it is well known, gave Pope great uneasiness; and on account of which, he afterwards dethroned Theobald from his eminence as King of the Dunces, and placed Cibber, who cared very little about the matter, in his place.

VER. 69. *'Tis sung, when Midas'*] The abruptness with which this story from Persius is introduced, occasions an obscurity in the passage; for there is no connection with the foregoing paragraph. Boileau says, Sat. ix. v. 221. I have nothing to do with Chapelain's honour, or candour, or civility, or complaisance; but, if you hold him up as a model of good writing, and as the king of authors,

"Ma bile alors s'echauffe, et je brûle d'ecrire;
Et s'il ne m'est permis de le dire au papier;
J'irai creuser la terre, et comme ce barbier,
Faire dire aux roseaux par un nouvel organe,
Midas, le Roi Midas, a des oreilles d'Asne."

There is much humour in making the prying and watchful eyes of the minister, instead of the barber, first discover the ass's ears; and the word *perks* has particular force and emphasis. Sir Robert Walpole and Queen Caroline were here pointed at. WARTON.

His very Miniſter who ſpy'd them firſt,
(Some ſay his Queen,) was forc'd to ſpeak, or burſt.
And is not mine, my friend, a ſorer caſe,
When ev'ry coxcomb perks them in my face?
A. Good friend, forbear! you deal in dang'rous things.
I'd never name Queens, Miniſters, or Kings;
Keep cloſe to Ears, and thoſe let aſſes prick,
'Tis nothing—P. Nothing? if they bite and kick?
Out with it, DUNCIAD! let the ſecret paſs,
That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:
The truth once told (and wherefore ſhould we lie?)
The Queen of Midas ſlept, and ſo may I.
You think this cruel? take it for a rule,
No creature ſmarts ſo little as a fool.
Let peals of laughter, Codrus! round thee break,
Thou unconcern'd canſt hear the mighty crack:
Pit,

NOTES.

VER. 72. *Queen,*] The ſtory is told, by ſome, of his Barber, but by *Chaucer*, of his Queen. See Wife of Bath's Tale in *Dryden*'s Fables. POPE.

VER. 80. *That ſecret to each fool, that he's an Aſs:*] i. e. that his ears (his marks of folly) are viſible. WARBURTON.

VER. 86. *the mighty crack:*] A parody on Addiſon's tranſlation of Horace, Ode iii. b. 3.

"Should the whole frame of Nature round him break
In ruin and confuſion hurl'd,
She unconcern'd would hear the mighty crack,
And ſtand ſecure amidſt a falling world."

On which lines he obſerves, in the Bathos, "Sometimes a ſingle word (as *crack*) will vulgarize a poetical idea." WARTON.

Pit, box, and gall'ry in convulſions hurl'd,
Thou ſtand'ſt unſhook amidſt a burſting world.
Who ſhames a Scribler? break one cobweb thro',
He ſpins the ſlight, ſelf-pleaſing thread anew:
Deſtroy his fib, or ſophiſtry, in vain,
The creature's at his dirty work again,
Thron'd in the centre of his thin deſigns,
Proud of a vaſt extent of ſlimzy lines!
Whom have I hurt? has Poet yet, or Peer,
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?

And

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VER. 88. "Si fractus illabatur orbis,
Impavidum ferient ruinæ." Hor. POPE.

VER. 90. *He ſpins the ſlight,*] The metaphor in our Author is moſt happily carried on through a variety of correſponding particulars, that exactly hit the nature of the two inſects in queſtion. It is not purſued too far, nor jaded out, ſo as to become quaint and affected; as is the caſe in many of Congreve's too witty comedies, particularly in the Way of the World, and in Young's Satires. For inſtance:

"Critics on verſe, as ſquibs on triumphs, wait,
Proclaim the glory, and augment the ſtate;
Hot, envious, noiſy, proud, the ſcribbling fry
Burn, hiſs, and bounce, waſte paper, ſtink, and die!

The epithets *envious* and *proud*, have nothing to do with *ſquibs*. The laſt line is brilliant and ingenious, but perhaps too much ſo.

WARTON.

VER. 95. —*has Poet yet, or Peer,*
Loſt the arch'd eye-brow, or Parnaſſian ſneer?]

He has given the "Parnaſſian ſneer," in the firſt editions of the Dunciad, to Theobald:

"The proud Parnaſſian ſneer,
"The conſcious ſimper, and the jealous leer,
"Mix on his look." Dunciad, book 2d.

And has not Colley ſtill his lord, and whore?
His butchers Henley, his free-maſons Moore?
Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?
Still to one Biſhop Philips ſeem a wit?
Still Sappho—A. Hold! for God-ſake—you'll offend.
No Names—be calm—learn prudence of a friend:
I too could write, and I am twice as tall;
But foes like theſe—P. One Flatt'rer's worſe than all.
Of all mad creatures, if the learn'd are right,
It is the ſlaver kills, and not the bite.
A fool

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VER 97. *And has not Colley ſtill, &c.*] I forbear to ſay any thing of "Colley's" anſwer to this line.

VER. 98. *free-maſons Moore?*] He was of this ſociety, and frequently headed their proceſſions. WARBURTON.

VER. 98. *His butchers Henley,*] This alludes to Henley, commonly called Orator Henley, who declaimed on Sundays on religious ſubjects, and on Wedneſdays on the ſciences;—one ſhilling was the price of admittance. His Oratory was among the *Butchers* in Newport Market and Butcher Row; hence the expreſſion, "His butchers, Henley" There is no great ſatire or wit in the alluſion, nor is there any thing ludicrous in the idea, that Moore, "ſtill *continues a Free-maſon,*" in ſpight of Pope's Satire.

VER. 99. *Does not one table Bavius ſtill admit?*] I cannot find out the circumſtance to which this alludes.

VER. 100. *Still to one Biſhop*] This is Biſhop Boulter, who was Ambroſe Philips' great friend and patron. Boulter wrote, in conjunction with Philips, a paper called the Freethinker. He was then only miniſter of a pariſh in Southwark; but being conſidered of conſequence to Government, he was firſt made Dean of St. Paul's, and afterwards Primate of Ireland; where, adds Johnſon, his piety and charity will be long remembered.

A fool quite angry is quite innocent:
Alas! 'tis ten times worſe when they *repent.*
One dedicates in high heroic proſe,
And ridicules beyond a hundred foes:
One from all Grubſtreet will my fame defend,
And, more abuſive, calls himſelf my friend.
This prints my *Letters*, that expects a bribe,
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe."
There are, who to my perſon pay their court:
I cough like *Horace*, and, tho' lean, am ſhort;
Ammon's great ſon one ſhoulder had too high,
Such *Ovid*'s noſe, and "Sir! you have an Eye."—
Go

VARIATIONS.

VER. 111. in the MS.

For ſong, for ſilence ſome expect a bribe;
And others roar aloud, "Subſcribe, ſubſcribe"
Time, praiſe, or money, is the leaſt they crave;
Yet each declares the other, fool or knave.

NOTES.

VER. 115. *There are, who to my perſon*] What Addiſon ſays in jeſt, and with his uſual humour, is true in fact: "I have obſerved that a reader ſeldom peruſes a book with pleaſure till he knows whether the writer of it be a black or fair man, of a mild or choleric diſpoſition, married or a bachelor." What paſſages in Horace are more agreeable than when he tells us he was fat and ſleek, "præcanum, ſolibus aptum," prone to anger, but ſoon appeaſed. And again, how pleaſing the detail he gives of his way of life, the deſcriptions of his mule, his dinner, his ſupper, his furniture, his amuſements, his walks, his time of bathing and ſleeping, from the 105th line to the end of the ſixth ſatire of the firſt book. And Boileau, in his tenth epiſtle, has done the ſame in giving many amuſing particulars of his father, family, and fortunes. WARTON.

The Muſe but ſerv'd to eaſe ſome friend, not Wife,
To help me through this long diſeaſe, my Life,
To ſecond, ARBUTHNOT! thy Art and Care,
And teach, the Being you preſerv'd, to bear.
A. But why then publiſh? P. *Granville* the polite,
And knowing *Walſh*, would tell me I could write;
Well-

NOTES.

VER. 129. *I left no calling*] Pope was originally intended by his father, for a Portrait-painter. "This idle trade," as he calls it, was probably more lucrative, than any other purſuit he could have followed.

VER. 130. *no father diſobey'd,*] When Mr. Pope was yet a child, his father, though no Poet, would ſet him to make Engliſh verſes. He was pretty difficult to pleaſe, and would often ſend the boy back to new-turn them. When they were to his mind, he took great pleaſure in them, and would ſay, *Theſe are good rhymes.* WARBURTON.

VER. 131. *not Wife,*] Theſe two words ſeem added merely for the verſe, and are what the French call a *cheville.* WARTON.

VER. 135. *But why then publiſh?*] To the three firſt names that encouraged his earlieſt writings, he has added other friends, whoſe acquaintance with him did not commence till he was a Poet of eſtabliſhed reputation. From the many commendations which Walſh, and Garth, and Granville beſtowed on his Paſtorals, it may fairly be concluded how much the public taſte has been improved, and with how many good compoſitions our language has been enriched, ſince that time. When Gray publiſhed his exquiſite Ode on Eton College, his firſt publication, little notice was taken of it: but I ſuppoſe no critic can be found that will not place it far above Pope's Paſtorals. On reading which Ode a certain perſon exclaimed,

"Sweet Bard, who ſhunn'ſt the noiſe of Folly,
Moſt muſical, moſt melancholy!
Thee oft the lonely woods among
I woo to hear thy evening ſong;
And think thy thrilling ſtrains have power
To raiſe Muſæus from his bower;

Or

Well-natur'd *Garth* inflam'd with early praiſe,
And *Congreve* lov'd, and *Swift* endur'd my lays;
The courtly *Talbot*, *Somers*, *Sheffield* read,
Ev'n mitred *Rocheſter* would nod the head,
And *St. John*'s ſelf (great *Dryden*'s friends before)
With open arms receiv'd one Poet more.

Happy

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Or bid the tender Spenſer come
From his lov'd haunt, fair Fancy's tomb."

See particularly that fine ſtanza,

"Theſe ſhall the fury paſſions tear,
The vultures of the mind;"

and alſo,

"Yet ah! why ſhould they know their fate?" WARTON.

The perſon whom Dr. Warton means, was his brother, the late Thomas Warton, whoſe exquiſite taſte is well-known.

VER. 139. *Talbot, &c.*] All theſe were Patrons or Admirers of Mr. Dryden; though a ſcandalous libel againſt him, entitled *Dryden's Satire to his Muſe*, has been printed in the name of the Lord *Somers*, of which he was wholly ignorant.

Theſe are the perſons to whoſe account the Author charges the publication of his firſt pieces: perſons with whom he was converſant (and he adds beloved) at 16 or 17 years of age; an early period for ſuch acquaintance. The catalogue might be made yet more illuſtrious, had he not confined it to that time when he writ the *Paſtorals* and *Windſor Foreſt*, on which he paſſes a ſort of Cenſure in the lines following;

"While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe," &c. POPE.

Every word and epithet here uſed is exactly characteriſtical and peculiarly appropriated, with much art, to the temper and manner of each of the perſons here mentioned; the elegance of Lanſdown, the open free benevolence and candour of Garth, the warmth of Congreve, the difficulty of pleaſing Swift, the very geſture (as I am informed) that Atterbury uſed when he was pleaſed, and the animated air and ſpirit of Bolingbroke.

WARTON.

Happy my ſtudies, when by theſe approv'd!
Happier their Author, when by theſe belov'd!
From theſe the World will judge of men and books,
Not from the *Burnets*, *Oldmixons*, and *Cooks*.

Soft were my numbers; who could take offence
While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?
Like gentle *Fanny*'s was my flow'ry theme,
A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.
Yet then did *Gildon* draw his venal quill;
I wiſh'd the man a Dinner, and ſate ſtill.

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 146. *Burnets, &c.*] Authors of ſecret and ſcandalous Hiſtory. POPE.

Ibid. *Burnets, Oldmixons, and Cooks.*] By no means Authors of the ſame claſs; though the violence of party might hurry them into the ſame miſtakes. But if the firſt offended this way, it was only through an honeſt warmth of temper, that allowed too little to an excellent underſtanding. The other two, with very bad heads, had hearts ſtill worſe. WARBURTON.

VER. 146. *Burnets,*] Was ſuch a character as Burnet's, to be placed among the inſignificant and contemptible ſcriblers, that aſſailed Pope?

VER. 148. *While pure Deſcription held the place of Senſe?*] He uſes *pure* equivocally, to ſignify either *chaſte* or *empty*; and has given in this line what he eſteemed the true Character of *deſcriptive poetry*, as it is called. A compoſition, in his opinion, as abſurd as a feaſt made up of ſauces. The office of a picturesque imagination is to brighten and adorn good ſenſe; ſo that to employ it only in *deſcription*, is like children's delighting in a priſm for the ſake of its gaudy colours; which, when frugally managed and artfully diſpoſed, might be made to unfold and illuſtrate the nobleſt objects in nature. WARBURTON.

VER. 150. *A painted meadow, or a purling ſtream,*] is a verſe of Mr. Addiſon. POPE.

Ibid. *A painted miſtreſs, or a purling ſtream.*] Meaning the *Rape of the Lock*, and *Windſor-Foreſt*. WARBURTON.

Yet then did *Dennis* rave in furious fret;
I never anſwer'd, I was not in debt.
If want provok'd, or madneſs made them print,
I wag'd no war with *Bedlam* or the *Mint*.
Did ſome more ſober Critic come abroad;
If wrong, I ſmil'd; if right, I kiſs'd the Rod.
Pains,

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VER. 151. *Yet then did* Gildon] It is with difficulty we can forgive our Author for upbraiding theſe wretched ſcriblers for their poverty and diſtreſſes, if we do not keep in our minds the groſsly abuſive pamphlets they publiſhed; and, even allowing this circumſtance, we ought to ſeparate rancour from reproof:

"Cur tam crudeles optavit ſumere pœnas? WARTON.

Gildon was born at the village of Gillingham, near Shafteſbury, in Dorſetſhire. Pope's "wiſhing him a dinner," is not exactly underſtood. The expreſſions are thought unfeeling, as meant to upbraid him with his poverty; but the truth is, Gildon in his eſſays ſays, his ſole motive for writing was "neceſſity." It cannot be ſaid, that it is cruel to "wiſh a man a dinner," who profeſſes he writes to get one.

A few more words concerning this obſcure writer, may not be unacceptable. He was ſent to Doway, to the Engliſh College of Secular Prieſts there, to be made a Prieſt; but his inclinations led him another way. He came to London, ſpent his property, and endeavoured to repair his fortune by writing abuſive pamphlets.

VER. 153. *Yet then did Dennis*] I cannot help thinking that poor Dennis was hardly uſed. He was a ſcholar, had a liberal education, and had been in his early youth, a companion of thoſe who were diſtinguiſhed for rank and literature. Being at firſt countenanced, and having a conſiderable ſhare of learning and ingenuity, he was no doubt mortified and galled, to find the ſtream of popular applauſe turned almoſt excluſively towards one Poet. On this account, his ſtrictures, though often juſt, are marked with aſperity and coarſeneſs, as he was evidently chagrined at the ſucceſs which he could not gain himſelf. Hence his coarſe and contemptu-

ous

Pains, reading, ſtudy, are their juſt pretence,
And all they want is ſpirit, taſte, and ſenſe.
Commas and points they ſet exactly right,
And 'twere a ſin to rob them of their mite.
Yet ne'er one ſprig of laurel grac'd theſe ribalds,
From ſlaſhing *Bentley* down to piddling *Tibalds*:
Each

NOTES.

ous treatment of Addiſon's Cato, and Pope's Eſſay on Man; but we muſt admit, that many of his obſervations were well-founded, and that they evince conſiderable claſſical knowledge, as well as ſhrewdneſs. Let us alſo remember what is due to *diſappointment*. Dennis came into the world with ardent hopes as a man of literature, and with reſpectable connections. He found all his expectations croſſed, though he was conſcious of his acquirements; and after long and ineffectual ſtruggles towards attaining what he conſidered his deſerved rank of literary eminence, he ſunk at laſt, poor and unfriended, into old age. Pope's ſatire in this place, reſpecting his being in debt, is certainly unfeeling. Pope was in poſſeſſion of affluence and honour, and it was not till his old antagoniſt was laid helpleſs at his feet, that his reſentment abated; it was then that he wrote the Prologue for his benefit. How noble does the character of Addiſon appear, who, though equally attacked by Dennis as a Critic, yet never mentioned his name with aſperity, and refuſed to give the leaſt countenance to the pamphlet which Pope had written upon the occaſion of Dennis's ſtrictures on Cato?

VER. 163. *Yet ne'er one ſprig*] Swift imbibed from Sir W. Temple, and Pope from Swift, an inveterate and unreaſonable averſion and contempt for Bentley, whoſe admirable Boyle's Lectures, Remarks on Collins's Emendations of Menander and Callimachus, and Tully's Tuſcal. Diſp. whoſe edition of Horace, and, above all, Diſſertations on the Epiſtles of Phalaris, (in which he gained the moſt complete victory over a whole army of wits,) all of them exhibit the moſt ſtriking marks of accurate and extenſive erudition, and a vigorous and acute underſtanding. He degraded himſelf much by his ſtrange and abſurd hypotheſis of the faults which Milton's amanuenſis introduced into that poem. But I have been informed that there was ſtill an additional cauſe for Pope's

Each wight who reads not, and but ſcans and ſpells,
Each Word-catcher that lives on ſyllables, 166
Ev'n

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Pope's reſentment: That Atterbury, being in company with Bentley and Pope, inſiſted upon knowing the Doctor's opinion of the Engliſh Homer; and that, being earneſtly preſſed to declare his ſentiments freely, he ſaid, "The verſes are good verſes, but the work is not Homer, it is Spondanus." It may, however, be obſerved, in favour of Pope, that Dr. Clarke, whoſe critical exactneſs is well known, has not been able to point out above three or four miſtakes in the ſenſe throughout the whole Iliad. The real faults of that tranſlation are of another kind: They are ſuch as remind us of Nero's gilding a brazen ſtatue of Alexander the Great, caſt by Lyſippus Pope, in a letter which Dr. Rutherforth ſhewed me at Cambridge in the year 1771, written to a Mr. Bridges at Fulham, mentions his conſulting Chapman and Hobbes, and talks of "their authority, joined to the knowledge of my own imperfectneſs in the language, over-ruled me." Theſe are the very words which I tranſcribed at the time. WARTON.

VER. 163. *theſe ribalds,*] How deſervedly this title is given to the genius of PHILOLOGY, may be ſeen by a ſhort account of the manners of the modern *Scholiaſts*.

When in theſe latter ages, human learning raiſed its head in the Weſt; and its tail, *verbal criticiſm*, was, of courſe, to riſe with it; the madneſs of Critics ſoon became ſo offenſive, that the grave ſtupidity of the Monks might appear the more tolerable evil. *J. Argyropylus*, a mercenary Greek, who came to teach ſchool in Italy, after the ſacking of Conſtantinople by the Turks, uſed to maintain that *Cicero* underſtood neither Philoſophy nor Greek: while another of his countrymen, *J. Laſcaris* by name, threatened to demonſtrate that *Virgil* was no Poet. Countenanced by ſuch great examples, a French Critic afterwards undertook to prove that *Ariſtotle* did not underſtand Greek, nor *Titus Livius*, Latin. It has been ſince diſcovered that *Joſephus* was ignorant of Hebrew; and *Eraſmus* ſo pitiful a linguiſt, that, *Burman* aſſures us, were he now alive, he would not deſerve to be put at the head of a country-ſchool: And even ſince it has been found out that *Pope* had *no invention*, and is only a Poet by courteſy. For though time has

Ev'n ſuch ſmall Critics ſome regard may claim,
Preſerv'd in *Milton*'s or in *Shakeſpear*'s name.

Pretty!

NOTES.

ſtripp'd the preſent race of Pedants of all the real accompliſhments of their predeceſſors, it has conveyed down this ſpirit to them, unimpaired; it being found much eaſier to ape their manners, than to imitate their ſcience. However, thoſe earlier RIBALDS raiſed an appetite for the Greek language in the Weſt; inſomuch, that *Hermolaus Barbarus*, a paſſionate admirer of it, and a noted Critic, uſed to boaſt, that he had invoked and raiſed the Devil, and puzzled him into the bargain, about the meaning of the Ariſtotelian ΕΝΤΕΛΕΧΕΙΑ. Another, whom *Balzac* ſpeaks of, was as eminent for his Revelations; and was wont to ſay, that the meaning of ſuch or ſuch a verſe in *Perſius*, no one knew but GOD and himſelf. While the celebrated *Pomponius Lætus*, in exceſs of veneration for Antiquity, became a real Pagan; raiſed altars to Romulus, and ſacrificed to the Gods of Latium; in which he was followed by our countryman *Baxter*, in every thing, but in the coſtlineſs of his ſacrifices.

But if the Greeks cried down *Cicero*, the Italian Critics knew how to ſupport his credit. Every one has heard of the childiſh exceſſes into which the ambition of being thought CICERONIANS carried the moſt celebrated Italians of this time. They abſtained from reading the Scriptures for fear of ſpoiling their ſtyle: Cardinal *Bembo* uſed to call the Epiſtles of St. Paul by the contemptuous name of *Epiſtolaccias, great overgrown Epiſtles*. But ERASMUS cured their frenzy by that maſter-piece of good ſenſe, his *Ciceronianus*. For which (in the way that Lunatics treat their Phyſicians) the elder *Scaliger* inſulted him with all the brutal fury peculiar to his family and profeſſion.

His ſons *Joſeph* and *Salmaſius* had indeed ſuch endowments of nature and art, as might have raiſed modern learning to a rivalſhip with the ancient. Yet how did they and their adverſaries tear and worry one another? The choiceſt of *Joſeph*'s flowers of ſpeech were *Stercus Diaboli*, and *Lutum Stercore maceratum*. It is true, theſe were laviſhed upon his enemies: for his friends he had other things in ſtore. In a letter to *Thuanus*, ſpeaking of two of them, *Clavius* and *Lipſius*, he calls the firſt *a monſter of ignorance*; and

Pretty! in amber to obſerve the forms
Of hairs, or ſtraws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!

The

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and the other, *a ſlave to the Jeſuits, and an Idiot.* But ſo great was his love of ſacred *amity* at the ſame time, that he ſays, *I ſtill keep up my correſpondence with him, notwithſtanding his Idiotry, for it is my principle to be conſtant in my friendſhips—Je ne reſte de luy eſcrire, nonobſtant ſon Idioterie, d'autant que je ſuis conſtant en amitié.* The character he gives of his own *Chronology*, in the ſame letter, is no leſs extraordinary: *Vous vous pouvez aſſurer que nôtre Euſebe ſera un tréſor des marveilles de la doctrine Chronologique.* But this modeſt account of his own work, is nothing in compariſon of the idea the Father gives his bookſeller of his own perſon. This bookſeller was preparing ſomething of *Julius Scaliger*'s for the Preſs; and deſired the Author would give him directions concerning his picture, which was to be ſet before the book. *Julius*'s anſwer (as it ſtands in his collection of letters) is, that if the engraver could collect together the ſeveral graces of Maſiniſſa, Xenophon, and Plato, he might then be enabled to give the public ſome faint and imperfect reſemblance of his Perſon. Nor was *Salmaſius*'s judgment of his own parts leſs favourable to himſelf; as Mr. *Colomies* tells the ſtory. This Critic, on a time, meeting two of his brethren, Meſſrs. *Gaulman* and *Mauſſac*, in the Royal Library at Paris, *Gaulman*, in a virtuous conſciouſneſs of their importance, told the other two, that he believed they three could make head againſt all the Learned in Europe. To which the great *Salmaſius* fiercely replied, "Do you and M. *Mauſſac* join yourſelves to all that are learned in the world, and you ſhall find that I alone am a match for you all."

Voſſius tells us, that when *Laur. Valla* had ſnarled at every name of the firſt order in antiquity, ſuch as *Ariſtotle*, *Cicero*, and *one* whom I ſhould have thought this Critic the likelieſt to reverence, the redoubtable PRISCIAN, he impiouſly boaſted that he had arms even againſt *Chriſt* himſelf. But *Codrus Urceus* went further, and actually uſed thoſe arms which the other only threatened with. This man, while he was preparing ſome trifling piece of Criticiſm for the preſs, had the misfortune to hear his papers were deſtroyed by fire: On which he is reported to have broke out—"Quodnam *ego* tantum ſcelus concepi, O Chriſte! quem

ego

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Were

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ego tuorum unquam læſi, ut ita inexpiabili in me odio debaccheris? Audi ea quæ tibi mentis compos, et ex animo dicam. Si forte, cum ad ultimum vitæ finem pervenèro, ſupplex accedam ad te oratum, neve audias, neve inter tuos accipias oro; cum Infernis Diis in æternum vitam agere decrevi." Whereupon, ſays my author, he quited the converſe of men, threw himſelf into the thickeſt of a foreſt, and wore out the wretched remainder of his life in all the agonies of deſpair. WARBURTON.

VER. 164. *flaſhing Bentley*] This great man, with all his faults, deſerved however to be put into better company. The following words of Cicero deſcribe him not amiſs: "Habuit à natura genus quoddam acuminis, quod etiam arte limaverat, quod erat in reprehendendis verbis verſutum et ſolers: ſed ſæpe ſtomachoſum, nonnunquam frigidum, interdum etiam facetum." WARBURTON.

I ſhall add to this note "part of an unpubliſhed letter from my learned and excellent friend Mr. James Harris of Salisbury, addreſſed to Mr. John Upton, the editor of Spenſer, and author of Obſervations on Shakeſpear.

"When I think of Bentley, I can't help comparing him to Virgil's Fame;

"Ingrediturque ſolo, et caput inter nubila condit:"

An immenſe monſter, poſſeſſed of a thouſand eyes and a thouſand ears, to ſee, and hear, and know every thing; but, at the ſame time,

"Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuncia veri."

The conſciouſneſs of his own great parts and accompliſhments furniſhed him with a pride, that, as it made him condemn the ſentiments of moſt others, ſo it made him deify his own errors."

WARTON.

VER. 164. *flaſhing Bentley*] The following Epigram by Pope, on Bentley's edition of Milton, to which the epithet "flaſhing" alludes, I have found in his hand-writing:

"Did Milton's proſe, O Charles! thy death defend?
A furious Foe unconſcious proves a Friend,

On

Were others angry: I excus'd them too;
Well might they rage, I gave them but their due.
A man's true merit 'tis not hard to find;
But each man's ſecret ſtandard in his mind,
That Caſting-weight pride adds to emptineſs,
This, who can gratify? for who can *gueſs?*
The Bard whom pilfer'd Paſtorals renown,
Who turns a Perſian tale for half a Crown,
Juſt writes to make his barrenneſs appear,
And ſtrains, from hard-bound brains, eight lines a year;
He, who ſtill wanting, tho' he lives on theft,
Steals much, ſpends little, yet has nothing left:
And

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On Milton's verſe, did Milton comment?—Know,
A weak officious Friend becomes a Foe,
While he but ſought his Author's fame to further,
The murd'rous Critic has aveng'd thy murder."

VER. 180. *a Perſian tale*] Amb. Philips tranſlated a Book called the *Perſian Tales*, a book full of fancy and imagination. POPE.

Philips, certainly not a very animated or firſt-rate writer, yet appears not to deſerve quite ſo much contempt, if we look at his firſt and fifth paſtoral, his epiſtle from Copenhagen, his ode on the Death of Earl Cowper, his tranſlations of the two firſt Olympic odes of Pindar, the two odes of Sappho, and, above all, his pleaſing tragedy of the Diſtreſs'd Mother. The ſecret grounds of Philip's malignity to Pope, are ſaid to be the ridicule and laughter he met with from all the Hanover Club, of which he was ſecretary, for miſtaking the incomparable ironical paper in the Guardian, No. 40. which was written by Pope, for a ſerious criticiſm on paſtoral poetry. WARTON.

Philips, it is ſaid in Cibber's letter, hung up a rod at Button's, which he ſaid was for Pope, who on that account left the ſociety.

And He, who now to ſenſe, now nonſenſe leaning,
Means not, but blunders round about a meaning:
And he, whoſe fuſtian's ſo ſublimely bad,
It is not Poetry, but proſe run mad:
All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade *tranſlate*,
And own'd that nine ſuch Poets made a *Tate*. 190
How

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VER. 189. *All theſe, my modeſt Satire bade* tranſlate,] See their works, in the Tranſlations of claſſical books by *ſeveral hands*. POPE.

VER. 190. *And own'd that nine ſuch Poets*] Before this piece was publiſhed, Dr. Young had addreſſed two Epiſtles to our Author, in the year 1730, concerning the Authors of the age; in which are many paſſages that bear a great reſemblance to many of Pope's; though Pope has heightened, improved, and condenſed the hints, images, and ſentiments of Young.

Shall we not cenſure all the motley train,
Whether with ale irriguous or Champain?
Whether they tread the vale of proſe, or climb
And whet their appetite on cliffs of rhyme;
The college ſloven, or embroider'd ſpark,
The purple prelate, or the pariſh clerk,
The quiet quidnunc, or demanding prig,
The plaintiff Tory, or defendant Whig;
Rich, poor, male, female, young, old, gay, or ſad,
Whether extremely witty, or quite mad;
Profoundly dull, or ſhallowly polite,
Men that read well, or men that only write;
Whether peers, porters, taylors, tune their reeds,
And meaſuring words to meaſuring ſhapes ſucceeds?
For bankrupts write, when ruin'd ſhops are ſhut,
As maggots crawl from out a periſh'd nut;
His hammer this, and that his trowel quits,
And, wanting ſenſe for tradeſmen, ſerve for wits;
Thus his material, paper, takes its birth,
From tatter'd rags of all the ſtuff on earth. WARTON.

VER. 190. *a* Tate] There is great humour in this idea. Tate was poet laureat, and tranſlated or rather paraphraſed the Pſalms in conjunction with Brady.

How did they fume, and ſtamp, and roar, and chafe!
And ſwear, not ADDISON himſelf was ſafe.

Peace to all ſuch! but were there One whoſe fires
True Genius kindles, and fair Fame inſpires;
Bleſt

NOTES.

VER. 192. *And ſwear, not* ADDISON *himſelf was ſafe.*] This is an artful preparative for the following tranſition; and finely obviates what might be thought unfavourable of the ſeverity of the ſatire, by thoſe who were ſtrangers to the provocation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 192. ADDISON *was ſafe.*] This character of Addiſon has been conſidered as Pope's maſter piece, in "hoc dicendi genere." It is certainly moſt ſucceſsfully laboured; but how far it was a likeneſs, is with me very doubtful.

VER. 193 *but were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] Our Poet's friendſhip with Mr. Addiſon began in the year 1713. It was cultivated, on both ſides, with all the marks of mutual eſteem and affection, and a conſtant intercourſe of good offices. Mr. Addiſon was always commending moderation; warned his friend againſt a blind attachment to party; and blamed Steele for his indiſcreet zeal. The tranſlation of the Iliad being now on foot, he recommended it to the public, and joined with the Tories in puſhing the ſubſcription; but at the ſame time adviſed Mr. Pope not to be content with the applauſe of one half of the nation. On the other hand, Mr. Pope made his friend's intereſt his own, ſee note on Ver. 215. 1 Ep. B. ii. of Hor.) and, when *Dennis* ſo brutally attacked the Tragedy of *Cato*, he wrote the piece called *A narrative of his madneſs*.

Thus things continued till Mr. Pope's growing reputation, and ſuperior genius * in Poetry, gave umbrage to his friend's falſe delicacy: and then it was he encouraged Philips and others (ſee his Let-

* This ſtatement of Warburton's is neither candid nor true: it is very eaſy to ſay, "Pope's growing reputation gave umbrage to Addiſon; that Addiſon encouraged Philips, &c. in their clamours; that his *jealouſy* at laſt broke out." But all this is directly contrary to the general tenor of Addiſon's life and character, and if I ſhould make it appear, as I truſt I ſhall, that part is untrue, we ought ſurely to give little credit to the reſt.

Bleſt with each talent and each art to pleaſe,
And born to write, converſe, and live with eaſe:
Should ſuch a man, too fond to rule alone,
Bear, like the Turk, no brother near the throne,
View

NOTES.

Letters) in their clamours againſt him as a Tory and Jacobite, who had aſſiſted in writing the *Examiners*; and, under an affected care for the Government, would have hid, even from himſelf, the true grounds of his diſguſt. But his jealouſy ſoon broke out, and diſcovered itſelf, firſt to Mr. Pope, and, not long after, to all the world. *The Rape of the Lock* had been written in a very haſty manner, and printed in a collection of Miſcellanies. The ſucceſs it met with encouraged the Author to reviſe and enlarge it, and give it a more important air; which was done by advancing it into a mock-epic poem. In order to this it was to have its Machinery; which, by the happieſt invention, he took from the *Roſicrucian* Syſtem. Full of this noble conception, he communicated his ſcheme to Mr. Addiſon; who, he imagined, would have been equally delighted with the improvement. On the contrary, he had the mortification to ſee his friend receive it coldly; and even to adviſe him againſt any alteration; for that the poem, in its original ſtate, was a delicious little thing, and, as he expreſſed it, *merum ſal*. Mr. Pope was ſhocked for his friend; and then firſt began to open his eyes to his Character.

Soon after this, a tranſlation of the firſt book of the Iliad appeared under the name of Mr. Tickell; which coming out at a critical juncture, when Mr. Pope was in the midſt of his engagements on the ſame ſubject, and by a creature of Mr. Addiſon's, made him ſuſpect this to be another ſhaft from the ſame quiver: And after a diligent enquiry, and laying many odd circumſtances together, he was fully convinced that it was not only publiſhed with Mr. Addiſon's participation, but was indeed his own performance. And Sir R. Steele, in the ninth Edition of the *Drummer* (which Tickell had omitted to inſert amongſt Addiſon's Works) in a long epiſtle to Congreve, affirms very intelligibly, that Addiſon, and not Tickell, was the tranſlator of the *firſt book* of the Iliad, to which the latter had ſet his name. Mr. Pope, in his firſt reſentment of this uſage, was reſolved to expoſe this new

View him with ſcornful, yet with jealous eyes,
And hate for arts that caus'd himſelf to riſe;
Damn

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new Verſion in a ſevere critique upon it. I have now by me the Copy he had marked for this purpoſe; in which he has claſſed the ſeveral faults in tranſlation, language, and numbers, under their proper heads. But the growing ſplendor of his own works ſo eclipſed the faint efforts of this oppoſition, that he truſted to its own weakneſs and malignity for the juſtice due unto it. About this time, Mr. Addiſon's ſon-in-law, the E. of Warwick, told Mr. Pope, that it was in vain to think of being well with his Father, who was naturally a jealous man; that Mr Pope's talents in poetry had hurt him; and to ſuch a degree, that he had underhand encouraged *Gildon* to write a thing about Wycherley; in which he had ſcurrilouſly abuſed Mr. Pope and his family; and for this ſervice he had given Gildon ten guineas, after the pamphlet was printed. The very next day, Mr. Pope, in great heat, wrote Mr. Addiſon a Letter, wherein he told him, he was no ſtranger to his behaviour; which, however, he ſhould not imitate: But that what he thought faulty in him, he would tell him fairly to his face; and what deſerved praiſe he would not deny him to the world: and, as a proof of this diſpoſition towards him, he had ſent him the incloſed; which was the CHARACTER, firſt publiſhed ſeparately, and afterwards inſerted in this place of the Epiſt. to Dr. Arbuthnot. This plain dealing had no ill effect. Mr. Addiſon treated Mr. Pope with civility, and, as Mr. Pope believed, with juſtice, from this time to his death; which happened about three years after.

It appears, from a collection of Swift's Letters lately publiſhed, that Mr. Addiſon, when party was at its height, uſed Swift* much better than he had uſed Pope, on that account, though

* It is ſaid that "*Addiſon uſed* Swift *much better than he uſed* Pope." Addiſon's conduct to Swift was generous and noble: They were of different parties: Addiſon was required to give up his acquaintance, but he conſtantly refuſed; he treated him with reſpect and kindneſs, though, by ſo doing, he diſoblige d Lord Sunderland.

Damn with faint praiſe, aſſent with civil leer,
And without ſneering, teach the reſt to ſneer;
Willing to wound, and yet afraid to ſtrike,
Juſt hint a fault, and heſitate diſlike;
Alike reſerv'd to blame, or to commend,
A tim'rous foe, and a ſuſpicious friend;
Dreading ev'n Fools, by Flatterers beſieg'd,
And ſo obliging, that he ne'er oblig'd;

Like

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 208. in the MS.

Who, if two Wits on rival themes conteſt,
Approves of each, but likes the worſt the beſt.

Alluding to Mr. P.'s and Tickell's Tranſlation of the firſt Book of the Iliad.

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though he had been more roughly treated by Swift than Pope's nature would ſuffer him to treat any one. But the reaſon is plain. Swift was Addiſon's rival only in politics: Pope was his rival in poetry; an oppoſition leſs tolerable, as more perſonal. However Addiſon's ſocial talents, in the entertainment and enjoyment of his intimate friends, charmed both Pope and Swift alike; as a quality far ſuperior to any thing that was to be found in any other man. WARBURTON.

VER. 193. *But were there One whoſe fires, &c.*] The ſtrokes in this Character are highly finiſhed. Atterbury ſo well underſtood the force of them, that in one of his letters to Mr. Pope he ſays, "Since you now know where your Strength lies, I hope you will not ſuffer that talent to lie unemployed." He did not; and, by that means, brought ſatiric poetry to its perfection. WARBURTON.

He declared that he would not give up Swift, to be made chief governor of the kingdom; and indeed ſo high was his character, that Swift himſelf ſays of him: "Mr. Addiſon's election has paſſed eaſy and undiſputed, and I believe, if he had a mind to be choſen King, he would hardly be refuſed." Why ſhould he be jealous and ſplenetic, only, when Pope was concerned?

Like *Cato*, give his little Senate laws,
And ſit attentive to his own applauſe;
While Wits and Templars ev'ry ſentence raiſe,
And wonder with a fooliſh face of praiſe—

Who

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VER. 193. *Bear, like the Turk,*] This is from Bacon de Aug. Scient. lib. 3. p. 180. And the thought was alſo uſed by Ld. Orrery, and by Denham. WARTON.

VER. 209. *Like* Cato, *give*] In the ſecond volume of the Biographia Britannica is a vindication of Addiſon, by a writer who, to a conſummate knowledge of the laws and hiſtory of his country, added a moſt exquiſite taſte in literature, I mean Sir William Blackſtone; who thus concludes this vindication: "Nothing ſurely could juſtify ſo deep a reſentment, unleſs the ſtory be true of the commerce between Addiſon and Gildon; which will require to be very fully proved, before it can be believed of a gentleman who was ſo amiable in his moral character, and who (in his own caſe) had two years before expreſsly diſapproved of a perſonal abuſe of Mr. Dennis. The perſon, indeed, from whom Mr. Pope ſeems to have received this anecdote, about the time of his writing the character, (viz. about July 1715,) was no other than the Earl of Warwick, ſon-in-law to Mr. Addiſon himſelf: and the ſomething about Wycherley (in which the ſtory ſuppoſes that Addiſon hired Gildon to abuſe Pope and his family) is explained by a note on the Dunciad, to mean a pamphlet containing Mr. Wycherley's Life. Now it happens, that in July 1715, the Earl of Warwick (who died at the age of twenty-three, in Auguſt 1721) was only a boy of ſeventeen, and not likely to be entruſted with ſuch a ſecret, by a ſtateſman between forty and fifty, with whom it does not appear he was any way connected or acquainted; for Mr. Addiſon was not married to his mother, the Counteſs of Warwick, till the following year 1716: nor would Gildon have been employed in July 1715 to write Mr. Wycherley's Life, who lived till the December following. As therefore ſo many inconſiſtencies are evident in the ſtory itſelf, which never found its way into print till near ſixty years after it is ſaid to have happened, it will be no breach of charity to ſuppoſe that the whole of it was

Who but muſt laugh, if ſuch a man there be?
Who would not weep, if ATTICUS were he?

What

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founded on ſome miſapprehenſion in either Mr. Pope or the Earl; and unleſs better proof can be given, we ſhall readily acquit Mr. Addiſon of this moſt odious part of the charge."

I beg leave to add, that as to the other accuſation, Dr. Young, Lord Bathurſt, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, each of them aſſured me that Addiſon himſelf certainly tranſlated the firſt Book of Homer.

An able vindication of Addiſon was written by Mr. Jeremiah Markland, then a young man, and afterwards the celebrated Critic. Both were printed together, by Curll, ſo early as 1717. And perhaps this circumſtance may furniſh a clue to what has been ſo ably diſcuſſed by Judge Blackſtone, in the "Biographia Britannica," under the article Addiſon. The epiſtle to Arbuthnot was not publiſhed till January 1735; that to Auguſtus, with ſome others, appeared in 1738.—"I have ſeen Mr. Pope's beſt performances, and find that he pleaſes the town moſt when he is moſt out of humour with the court. He has made very free with his gracious majeſty, in the Epiſtle to Auguſtus. But he had loſt his favourite bill; even my Lord Harvey had carried a point againſt him; and while he is angry, he will never be idle. In this laſt Epiſtle he ſeems to have recanted all he had before ſaid of Addiſon," viz.

——" (Excuſe ſome courtly ſtains)
" No whiter page than Addiſon remains," &c.

From a manuſcript letter of Mr. Clarke, who wrote on Ancient Coins, to his learned printer and friend Mr. Bowyer; July 6, 1738.
WARTON.

VER. 214. *Who would not weep, if* ATTICUS *were he?*] But when we come to know it belongs to *Atticus*, i. e. to one whoſe more obvious qualities had before engaged our love or eſteem, then friendſhip, in ſpite of ridicule, will make a ſeparation; our old impreſſions will get the better of our new; or, at leaſt, ſuffer themſelves to be no further impaired than by the admiſſion of a mixture of pity and concern. WARBURTON.

VER. 214. *if* ATTICUS *were he?*] I have ſuffered Warburton's note to remain entire, that it may not be ſaid any thing has been

What tho' my Name ſtood rubric on the walls,
Or plaiſter'd poſts, with claps, in capitals? 216

Or

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been ſuppreſſed that could be ſtated in Pope's favour. A few obſervations I have made on it, as I went along. What I have further to offer, I truſt will not be imputed to any deſire of leſſening Pope's character; but merely to do that juſtice to Mr. Addiſon which truth ſeems to require.

Mr. Addiſon is accuſed of "mean jealouſy towards Pope; that he encouraged Pope's abuſers; that he objected to the fineſt part of the Rape of the Lock, from envy and jealouſy; that he produced, in oppoſition, a tranſlation of the firſt Book of Homer, which was given to the world oſtenſibly as Tickell's, but which was in reality the work of Addiſon, who was actuated in the attempt by the deſire of "*injuring Pope's reputation;*" that finally, Lord Warwick, Addiſon's ſon-in-law, had himſelf confeſſed that it was in vain for Pope to endeavour to be well with Addiſon, and that he had *hired* Gildon to abuſe him."

Theſe are ſevere charges, and they ought to be ſupported by certain proof, or the ſtrongeſt probabilities.

With reſpect to the firſt charge, it is not impoſſible but that Pope, and this I have no doubt was the caſe, really thought, when he became, in the eye of the public and in his own of courſe, ſo *great a man*, that every one who had a high literary character muſt certainly be *jealous* of *him*. Once poſſeſſed with this idea, which was the natural conſequence of his own ſelf-importance, he ſaw the *cloven foot* of envy and jealouſy in every thing connected with the name of Addiſon. If Philips, the rival Arcadian, hung up *a rod at Button's Coffee-houſe* to chaſtiſe Pope, the rival *Paſtoral-ſwain*, Addiſon was the inſtigator If Gildon, ſoured by poverty, attacked the more ſucceſsful bard with ſcurrility and anger, Addiſon *bribed* him! If a tranſlation of Homer comes out at the ſame time with Pope's, certainly there can be but one cauſe—Addiſon's jealouſy: Addiſon ſuggeſted it, Addiſon mended it, Addiſon wrote it!

Pope has ſaid himſelf, that "all ſeems yellow to the jaundiced eye." Was his eye quite clear in his view of things reſpecting Addiſon? We have his own ideas and aſſertions. Are

Or ſmoaking forth, a hundred hawkers load,
On wings of winds came flying all abroad?

I fought

NOTES.

theſe to be truſted, unſupported by other evidence? We have the "*ipſe dixit*" of one party againſt the other? The world is appealed to; it naturally aſks, is ſuch a charge admitted by Pope's cotemporaries? I exclude his own particular friends. Does Craggs, the friend of both, ſeem to believe it? Pope wrote to him on *the ſubject*,—he received no anſwer. What are Addiſon's and Pope's reſpective characters? has the firſt ever been charged with duplicity, even by his enemies? Has the other *eſcaped* the *charge?* Have there been no unequivocal proofs againſt him in that reſpect? Look at Addiſon's warm, manly, diſintereſted, and honeſt conduct to Swift? remember his liberal and humane mode of diſavowing Pope's perſonal attack on Dennis, on account of his Criticiſms on Cato? recollect the uniform teſtimony, not only of his friends, but of *all* with whom he aſſociated; conſider the proofs of his candor and kindneſs, in almoſt every ſituation; and reflect, that nothing was urged with the leaſt appearance of weight againſt him, even from thoſe who were hoſtile to him in politics, till *after his death?* and from whom do they come, from *one man*, that *man angry* and *intereſted*, and that *man*, whoſe character, compared to Addiſon's, was, as perhaps Johnſon might ſay, like Tortuoſity oppoſed to Rectitude.

Theſe things are ſo;—Pope poſſibly may have been right in his *judgment*, but Addiſon ought not to be condemned by candid and *impartial* judges, unleſs there was collateral and much ſtronger evidence, than the *ex parte* evidence of Pope. Neither candour, nor equity, nor juſtice allow it.

Let us now go a ſtep further, and conſider the more ſpecific and ſevere charges brought with apparently direct proof. Lord Warwick's teſtimony is adduced againſt Addiſon, ſolemnly and deciſively. This has been clearly proved to be impoſſible, at leaſt ſo utterly improbable, that no one can believe it (ſee Warton's note on ver. 209.). The ſtrongeſt proof falls at once to the ground; it was invented, and is *proved* to be falſe. What then are we to think of the deliberate inventor, and what credit is due to his bare *ſuſpicions*, without any attempt at proof at all, and which are contradicted by Addiſon's general character, and by his acknowledged honour and worth?

I will

I ſought no homage from the race that write;
I kept, like *Aſian* Monarchs, from their ſight:

Poems

NOTES.

I will alſo aſk, whether any aſſertion be entitled to credit, which is brought forward ſo long after the death of the accuſed, as was the caſe in this inſtance?

One word reſpecting the ſuppoſed tranſlation. It has been ſaid that Pope, when he taxed Addiſon with being the author, was chiefly hurt by Addiſon's lofty manner and affected indifference. Is this to be attributed to innocence, or conſciouſneſs? An innocent man *would*, and muſt have behaved ſo—a guilty man *might*; but this has been weakly brought againſt Addiſon, as if ſuch a mode of behaviour *muſt* have been *affected*. This, however, is hardly worth taking notice of. It has alſo been ſaid, that Tickell was incapable of ſuch a tranſlation, without Addiſon's aſſiſtance, to which I have no heſitation in ſaying, that Tickell wrote *verſes better* than Addiſon. Compare Tickell's "Proſpect of the Peace," his verſes on Addiſon's death: they are ſo nervous and correct, that Addiſon's own verſes appear (hazardous as may be my opinion) very inferior to them. Addiſon might have given his opinion reſpecting the merit of either tranſlation, as he gave his opinion of the Sylphs in the Rape of the Lock; but it does not follow that it was directed by ſpleen and envy.—But Dr. Warton would put the matter out of doubt; for he ſays, that Dr. Young, Lord Bathurſt, Mr. Harte, and Lord Lyttelton, aſſured him of the fact!—Very well; and who *aſſured* Lord Bathurſt, Young, &c.? I very much fear, Pope himſelf. Theſe were all Pope's friends, they no doubt believed what Pope told them. But as there is no other evidence, I do not think it entitled to any other credit than what is due to Pope's own aſſertions; if it can be traced to Pope alone, with me it weighs nothing.—In the laſt edition of Johnſon's Lives there is a note, which, though not ſo deſigned, contributes to elucidate this point.

It relates to another ſtory, Addiſon's arreſting Steel: the words are by the Editor of Johnſon's works, viz. "*The late Dr. Stinton confirmed this ſtory to me, by* ſaying *he had it from Mr. Hooke, author of the Roman Hiſtory; and he,* FROM POPE."

On

Poems I heeded (now be-rhym'd ſo long)
No more than thou, great GEORGE! a birth-day ſong.
I ne'er with wits or witlings paſs'd my days,
To ſpread about the itch of verſe and praiſe;
Nor like a puppy, daggled through the town,
To fetch and carry ſing-ſong up and down;
Nor at Rehearſals ſweat, and mouth'd, and cry'd,
With handkerchief and orange at my ſide;
But ſick of fops, and poetry, and prate,
To *Bufo* left the whole *Caſtalian* ſtate.

Proud

NOTES.

On the ſame foundation probably reſts a circumſtance which Warton has admitted in a note; who ſays, "He was informed by *Mr. Spence*, that Addiſon in his laſt illneſs ſent to ſpeak with Gay, and told him he *had injured him*, probably with reſpect to his getting preferment at Court; but, if he lived, he would make him amends!" Where did Spence get this anecdote? how came it never mentioned openly before? As it happens, the cauſe which prevented Gay's preferment has been clearly aſcertained by that accurate and ſenſible Hiſtorian Mr. Coxe. I ſhall ſpeak of this under the article of Gay. In the mean time, perhaps, I ought to beg pardon of the reader for this long note; but I had no object but truth, and of ſuch a character as Addiſon I could not bear

Opprobria tanta,
Et dici potuiſſe et non potuiſſe revelli

VER. 214. ATTICUS] It was a great falſehood, which ſome of the libels reported, that this Character was written after the Gentleman's death; which ſee refuted in the Teſtimonies prefixed to the *Dunciad*. But the occaſion of writing it was ſuch as he would not make public out of regard to his memory: and all that could further be done was to omit the name, in the Edition of his Works. POPE.

VER. 218. *On wings of winds came flying all abroad?*] Hopkins, in the civth Pſalm. POPE.

Proud as *Apollo* on his forked hill,
Sate full-blown *Bufo* puff'd by ev'ry quill;
Fed with ſoft Dedication all day long,
Horace and he went hand in hand in ſong.
His Library (where buſts of Poets dead
And a true *Pindar* ſtood without a head)
Receiv'd of wits an undiſtinguiſh'd race,
Who firſt his judgment aſk'd, and then a place:
Much they extoll'd his pictures, much his ſeat,
And flatter'd ev'ry day, and ſome days eat:
Till grown more frugal in his riper days,
He paid ſome bards with port, and ſome with praiſe,
To ſome a dry rehearſal was aſſign'd,
And others (harder ſtill) he paid in kind.

Dryden

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 234. in the MS.

To Bards reciting he vouchſaf'd a nod,
And ſnuff'd their incenſe like a gracious god.

NOTES.

VER. 232. Bufo] If Pope did not write the ſevere character of Addiſon after he was dead, this, which is intended for Lord Halifax, was written after the death of that nobleman, from whom Pope once expected preferment.

VER. 232. *Puff'd by ev'ry quill;*] By Addiſon, in his Account of Poets; by Steele, in a dedication to the Spectator; by Tickell, to his Homer. The ridicule on the Hind and Panther was the beſt of Halifax's compoſitions. WARTON.

VER. 236. *a true* Pindar *ſtood without a head*] Ridicules the affectation of Antiquaries, who frequently exhibit the headleſs *Trunks* and *Terms* of Statues, for Plato, Homer, Pindar, &c. Vide *Fulv. Urſin. &c.* POPE.

Dryden alone (what wonder?) came not nigh,
Dryden alone eſcap'd this judging eye:
But ſtill the *Great* have kindneſs in reſerve,
He help'd to bury whom he help'd to ſtarve.

May ſome choice patron bleſs each grey gooſe quill!
May ev'ry *Bavius* have his *Bufo* ſtill!
So when a Stateſman wants a day's defence,
Or Envy holds a whole week's war with Senſe,

Or

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VER. 245. Dryden *alone*] Our Poet, with true gratitude, has ſeiz'd every opportunity of ſhewing his reverence for his great maſter, Dryden; whom Swift as conſtantly depreciated and maligned. "I do affirm," ſays he ſeverely, but with exquiſite irony indeed, in the dedication of the Tale of a Tub to Prince Poſterity, "upon the word of a ſincere man, that there is now actually in being a certain poet, called *John Dryden*, whoſe tranſlation of Virgil was lately printed in a large folio, well bound, and, if diligent ſearch were made, for aught I know, is yet to be ſeen." And he attacks him again in the Battle of Books. I remember to have heard my father ſay, that Mr. Elijah Fenton, who was his intimate friend, and had been his maſter, informed him, that Dryden, upon ſeeing ſome of Swift's earlieſt verſes, ſaid to him, "Young man, you will never be a poet:" And that this was the cauſe of Swift's rooted averſion to Dryden, mentioned above. Baucis and Philemon was ſo much and ſo often altered, at the inſtigation of Addiſon, who mentioned this circumſtance to my father at Magdalen College, that not above eight lines remain as they originally ſtood. WARTON.

VER. 248. *help'd to bury*] Mr. *Dryden*, after having lived in exigencies, had a magnificent Funeral beſtowed upon him by the contribution of ſeveral perſons of Quality. POPE.

VER. 248 *help'd to ſtarve.*] Alluding to the ſubſcription that was made for his funeral. Garth ſpoke an oration over him. His neceſſities obliged him to produce (beſides many other poetical pieces) twenty-ſeven plays in twenty five years. He got 25l. for

the

Or ſimple pride for flatt'ry makes demands,
May dunce by dunce be whiſtled off my hands!
Bleſs'd be the *Great*, for thoſe they take away,
And thoſe they left me; for they left me GAY;
Left

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the copy, and 70l. for his benefits generally. Dramatic poetry was certainly not his talent. His plays, a very few paſſages excepted, are inſufferably unnatural. It is remarkable that he did not ſcruple to confeſs, that he could not reliſh the pathos and ſimplicity of Euripides. When he publiſhed his Fables, Tonſon agreed to give him two hundred and ſixty-eight pounds for ten thouſand verſes. And, to complete the full number of lines ſtipulated for, he gave the bookſeller the epiſtle to his couſin, and the celebrated Muſic Ode. "Old Jacob Tonſon uſed to ſay, that Dryden was a little jealous of rivals. He would compliment Crown when a play of his failed, but was very cold to him if he met with ſucceſs. He ſometimes uſed to ſay that Crown had ſome genius: but then he added always, that his father and Crown's mother were very well acquainted." Mr. Pope to Mr. Spence. WARTON.

VER. 256. *left me* GAY;] The ſweetneſs and ſimplicity of Gay's temper and manners much endeared him to all his acquaintance, and made them always ſpeak of him with particular fondneſs and attachment Trivia appears to be the beſt of his poems, in which are many ſtrokes of genuine humour and pictures of London life, which are now become curious, becauſe our manners, as well as our dreſſes, have been ſo much altered and changed within a few years. His Fables, the moſt popular of all his works, have the fault of many modern fable-writers, the aſcribing, to the different animals and objects introduced, ſpeeches and actions inconſiſtent with their ſeveral natures. Let every man of letters, who wiſhes for patronage, read D'Alembert's Eſſay on living with the Great, before he enters the houſe of a patron: And let him always remember the fate of Racine, who having drawn up, at Madame Maintenon's ſecret requeſt, a memorial that ſtrongly painted the diſtreſſes of the French nation, the weight of their taxes, and the expences of the court, ſhe could not reſiſt the importunity of Lewis XIV. but ſhewed him her friend's paper,
againſt

Left me to ſee neglected Genius bloom,
Neglected die, and tell it on his tomb:
Of all thy blameleſs life the ſole return
My Verſe, and QUEENSB'RY weeping o'er thy urn!

Oh

NOTES.

againſt whom the king immediately conceived a violent indignation, becauſe a poet ſhould dare to buſy himſelf with politics. Racine had the weakneſs to take this anger ſo much to heart, that it brought on a low fever which haſtened his death. The Ducheſs of Queenſberry would not ſo have betrayed her poetical friend Gay. WARTON.

VER. 256. GAY;] Warton ſays, Spence informed him that Addiſon accuſed himſelf on his death-bed to Gay, of having injured him. This, no doubt, came from Pope; but the real cauſe of Gay's being neglected at Court, appears in Coxe's Walpole. He expected preferment through the intereſt of Mrs. Howard, miſtreſs to George II., afterwards counteſs of Suffolk. As this point is ſo curious, and ſo clearly aſcertained, I beg to quote the words of that intereſting and able Hiſtorian:

"Swift was convinced that the miniſter had prevented the bounty of Queen Caroline from being ſhewn to the author of the Hare and many Friends; and he obſerves, alluding to it in a copy of verſes addreſſed to Gay;

"Fain would I think *our female friend* ſincere,
Till *Bob*, *the poet's foe*, poſſeſt her ear," &c.

In another place, Swift aſſerts, that it was principally owing to the dedication prefixed to the Paſtorals, in honour of Bolingbroke, and to ſome expreſſions in his fables, which diſpleaſed the court. He repeats this accuſation in his letters and works, and had even the rudeneſs to hint it to Sir Robert Walpole himſelf, when he dined with him at Chelſea. Gay was of the ſame opinion; and in the ſecond part of his fables, which were not printed till after his death, is full of ſarcaſtic and ſplenetic alluſions to the miniſter. But as Walpole was neither of a jealous or vindictive diſpoſition, there is no reaſon to give credit to the aſperſions of his enemies, and to ſuppoſe that he uſed his influence

over

Oh let me live my own, and die ſo too!
(To live and die is all I have to do:)
Maintain a Poet's dignity and eaſe,
And ſee what friends, and read what books I pleaſe:
Above a Patron, tho' I condeſcend
Sometimes to call a Miniſter my friend.
I was not born for Courts or great affairs;
I pay my debts, believe, and ſay my pray'rs;
Can

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over queen Caroline, for the purpoſe of injuring Gay, particularly when another, and a more natural, motive of her conduct may be ſuggeſted.

In fact, Gay was the innocent cauſe of his own diſgrace; for he thought that Mrs. Howard was all-powerful at court, and that he, whom Swift humorouſly calls one of her *led captains*, ſhould riſe by her recommendation. Pope alſo, in a letter to Swift, alluding to Mrs. Howard, ſays, *Gay puts his whole truſt in that Lady whom I deſcribed to you*, and whom you take to be an allegorical creature of fancy. And Gay thus expreſſes himſelf to Swift, "Mrs. Howard has declared herſelf very ſtrongly, both to the king and queen, as my protector." But in theſe words, they unconſciouſly declare the cauſe of his diſfavour. The queen's jealouſy of the interference and credit of the miſtreſs obſtructed his promotion; and his own indiſcretion afterwards, deſtroyed every hope. Soon after this diſappointment, he produced the Beggars' Opera; and both his converſation and writings were ſo full of invectives againſt the court, that all expectations of further notice from the queen were obviouſly relinquiſhed." Coxe's Memoirs.

Ver. 261. *Oh let me live*] In the firſt edition;

Give me on Thames's banks, in honeſt eaſe,
To ſee what friends, or read what books I pleaſe.

Ver. 264. *And ſee what friends, &c.*] This probably alludes to the circumſtance of his windows having been broken by the mob, when Atterbury, &c. was with him. It is impoſſible to read the paſſage reſpecting "*his great condeſcenſion in calling a miniſter his friend*," without thinking of his own Memoirs of P. P. "or the Importance of a Man to himſelf."

Can ſleep without a Poem in my head,
Nor know, if *Dennis* be alive or dead.
Why am I aſk'd what next ſhall ſee the light?
Heav'ns! was I born for nothing but to write?
Has Life no joys for me? or (to be grave)
Have I no friend to ſerve, no ſoul to ſave?
" I found him cloſe with *Swift*—Indeed? no doubt
" (Cries prating *Balbus*) ſomething will come out."
'Tis all in vain, deny it as I will;
" No, ſuch a Genius never can lie ſtill;"
And then for mine obligingly miſtakes
The firſt Lampoon Sir *Will.* or *Bubo* makes.
Poor

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 270. in the MS.

Friendſhips from youth I ſought, and ſeek them ſtill:
Fame, like the wind, may breathe where'er it will.
The World I knew, but made it not my School*,
And in a courſe of flatt'ry liv'd no fool.

* By *not making the World his School*, he means, he did not form his ſyſtem of morality on the principles or practice of men in buſineſs.

NOTES.

VER. 270. *if* Dennis *be alive, &c.*] This is the ſtrongeſt proof of the contrary: Dennis would not have been mentioned, if Pope was ſo indifferent.

VER. 271. *Why am I aſk'd, &c.*] This is intended as a reproof of thoſe impertinent complaints, which were continually made to him by thoſe who called themſelves his friends, for not entertaining the Town as often as it wanted amuſement.—A French Writer ſays well on this occaſion—Dès qu'on eſt auteur, il ſemble qu'on ſoit aux gages d'un tas de fainéans, pour leur fournir de quoi amuſer leur oiſiveté. WARBURTON.

VER. 280. *Sir Will.*] Sir William Young.

VER. 280. *or* Bubo *makes.*] By Bubo, it is univerſally conſidered, Pope meant Bubb Dodington, afterwards Lord Melcombe.

Poor guiltleſs I! and can I chuſe but ſmile,
When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my *Style?*
Curſt

VARIATIONS.

After Ver 282. in the MS.

P. What if I ſing Auguſtus, great and good?
A. You did ſo lately, was it underſtood?
P. Be nice nō more, but, with a mouth profound,
As rumb'ling D——s or a Norfolk hound;
With

NOTES.

combe. By the kindneſs of Mr. Wyndham, member for Wiltſhire, I have been able to examine all Lord Melcombe's correſpondence with many of the firſt characters in point of rank and literature: and it is ſingular, though there are letters from ſo many literary men, and upon literary ſubjects, particularly from Voltaire, Young, Thomſon, &c. Pope's name is never once mentioned. Dodington, although it appears his governing principle was to ſide with that party by which he could get moſt, had in other reſpects many good qualities. He was a liberal patron, and kind friend. His magnificent houſe at Eaſbury was the reſort of men of genius. Thomſon was enabled, by his liberal bounty, to travel into France and Italy; and his letters to Dodington from thence are very intereſting, and expreſſive of the utmoſt reſpect and gratitude.

He was handſome, and of a ſtriking figure, and was certainly poſſeſſed of wit and talents, if not of great parts. Some of his verſes are written with great elegance and beauty, and are particularly animated. Lady M. W. Montagu in her letter calls him, "*the all-accompliſhed Mr. Dodington.*"

The manſion, which he built at Eaſbury, near Blandford, did not long ſurvive him. It came into the poſſeſſion of the Marquis of Buckingham, and was taken down a few years ſince. Part of the offices were left ſtanding, and have been turned into a very convenient and handſome houſe, now in the poſſeſſion of J. Wedgewood, Eſq. who purchaſed the eſtate of the Marquis of Buckingham.

VER. 282. *When ev'ry Coxcomb knows me by my* Style?] The diſcovery of a concealed author by his Style, not only requires a

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,

Give

VARIATIONS.

With GEORGE and FRED'RIC roughen ev'ry verſe,
Then ſmooth up all, and CAROLINE rehearſe.

A. No — the high taſk to lift up Kings to Gods,
Leave to Court-ſermons, and to Birth-day Odes.
On themes like theſe, ſuperior far to thine,
Let laurell'd Cibber, and great Arnal ſhine.

P. Why write at all? — A. Yes, ſilence if you keep,
The Town, the Court, the Wits, the Dunces weep.

NOTES.

perfect intimacy with his writings, but great ſkill in the nature of compoſition. But, in the practice of theſe Critics, knowing an Author by his ſtyle, is like judging of a man's whole perſon from the view of one of his moles.

When Mr. Pope wrote the *Advertiſement* to the firſt edition of the *New Dunciad*, intimating, that "it was by a different hand from the other, and found in detached pieces, incorrect and unfiniſhed," I objected to him the affectation of uſing ſo unpromiſing an attempt to miſlead his Reader. He replied, that I thought too highly of the public taſte; that, moſt commonly, it was formed on that of half a dozen people in faſhion; who took the lead, and who ſometimes have intruded on the Town the dulleſt performances, for works of wit: while, at the ſame time, ſome true effort of genius, without name or recommendation, hath paſſed by the public eye unobſerved or neglected: That he once before made the trial, I now objected to, with ſucceſs, in the *Eſſay on Man:* which was at firſt given (as he told me) to Dr. Young, to Dr. Deſaguliers, to Lord Bolingbroke, to Lord Paget, and, in ſhort, to every body but to him who was capable of writing it. However, to make him amends, this ſame Public, when let into the ſecret, would, for ſome time after, ſuffer no poem with a moral title, to paſs for any man's but his. So the *Eſſay on Human Life*, the *Eſſay on Reaſon*, and many others of a worſe tendency, were very liberally beſtowed upon him. WARBURTON.

Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!
But he who hurts a harmleſs neighbour's peace,
Inſults fall'n worth, or Beauty in diſtreſs,
Who loves a Lie, lame Slander helps about,
Who writes a Libel, or who copies out:
That Fop, whoſe pride affects a patron's name,
Yet abſent, wounds an author's honeſt fame:
Who can *your* merit *ſelfiſhly* approve,
And ſhow the *ſenſe* of it without the *love*;
Who has the vanity to call you friend,
Yet wants the honour, injur'd, to defend;
Who tells whate'er you think, whate'er you ſay,
And, if he lie not, muſt at leaſt betray:
Who to the *Dean*, and *ſilver bell* can ſwear,
And ſees at *Cannons* what was never there;

Who

NOTES.

VER. 285. *Give Virtue ſcandal, &c.*] The whole of this paſſage is beautifully worked up; were Satire only ſo employed, we ſhould hail it as the aid of virtue, if not the corrector of vice. If there be a tone of aſperity here, it appears the natural warmth of genuine and honeſt feelings, and it is rendered more pleaſing on account of the ſentiments, which Pope did not always, I fear, remember:

Curſt be the verſe, how well ſoe'er it flow,
That tends to make one worthy man my foe,
Give Virtue ſcandal, Innocence a fear,
Or from the ſoft-ey'd Virgin ſteal a tear!

The muſical flow of the paſſage, and the force of the words, need not be pointed out; who can read it, and not ſay,

O ſi, ſic omnia?

Who reads, but with a luſt to miſapply,
Make Satire a Lampoon, and Fiction Lie.
A laſh like mine no honeſt man ſhall dread,
But all ſuch babling blockheads in his ſtead.
Let *Sporus* tremble—A. What? that thing of ſilk,
Sporus, that mere white curd of Aſs's milk?
Satire

NOTES.

VER. 299. *Who to the* Dean, *and* ſilver bell, *&c.*] Meaning the man who would have perſuaded the Duke of Chandos that Mr. Pope meant him in thoſe circumſtances ridiculed in the Epiſtle on *Taſte*. See Mr. Pope's letter to the Earl of Burlington concerning this matter. POPE.

VER. 305. *Let* Sporus *tremble*] Language cannot afford more glowing or more forcible terms to expreſs the utmoſt bitterneſs of contempt. We think we are here reading Milton againſt Salmaſius. The raillery is carried to the very verge of *railing*, ſome will ſay *ribaldry*. He has armed his muſe with a ſcalping-knife. The portrait is certainly over-charged: for Lord H. for whom it was deſign'd, whatever his morals might be, had yet conſiderable abilities, though marred by affectation. Some of his ſpeeches in parliament were much beyond florid impotence. They were, it is true, in favour of Sir R. Walpole; and this was ſufficiently offenſive to Pope. The fact that particularly excited his indignation, was Lord H.'s Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity (Dr. Sherwin) from a Nobleman at Hampton Court, 1733; as well as his having been concerned with Lady M. W. M. in Verſes to the Imitator of Horace, 1732. This Lady's beauty, wit, genius, and travels, of which ſhe gave an account in a ſeries of elegant and entertaining letters, very characteriſtical of the manners of the Turks, and of which many are addreſſed to Pope; are well known, and juſtly celebrated. With both noble perſonages had Pope lived in a ſtate of intimacy. And juſtice obligeth us to confeſs that he was the aggreſſor in the quarrel with them; as he firſt aſſaulted and affronted Lord H. by theſe two lines in his Imitation of the firſt Satire of Horace's ſecond Book;

The

Satire or Senſe, alas! can *Sporus* feel?
Who breaks a butterfly upon a wheel?

P. Yet

NOTES.

The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.

And Lady M. W. M. by the eighty-third line of the ſame piece, too groſs to be here repeated.

But can this be the nobleman (we are apt to aſk) whom Middleton, in his Dedication to the Hiſtory of the Life of Tully, has ſo ſeriouſly and ſo earneſtly praiſed, for his ſtrong good ſenſe, his conſummate politeneſs, his real patriotiſm, his rigid temperance, his thorough knowledge and defence of the laws of his country, his accurate ſkill in hiſtory, his unexampled and unremitted diligence in literary purſuits, who added credit to this very hiſtory, as Scipio and Lælius did to that of Polybius, by reviſing and correcting it; and brightening it, as he expreſſes it, by the ſtrokes of his pencil? The man that had written this ſplendid encomium on Lord H. could not, we may imagine, be very well affected to the bard who had painted Lord Fanny in ſo ridiculous a light. We find him writing thus to Dr. Warburton, January 7, 1740: "You have evinced the orthodoxy of Mr. Pope's principles; but, like the old commentators on his Homer, will be thought perhaps, in ſome places, to have found a meaning for him, that he himſelf never dreamt of. However, if you did not *find* him a *philoſopher*, you will *make* him one; for he will be wiſe enough to take the benefit of your reading, and make his future Eſſays more clear and conſiſtent." WARTON.

VER. 306. *white curd*] Lord Hervey, to prevent the attacks of an epilepſy, perſiſted in a ſtrict regimen of daily food, which was a ſmall quantity of aſſes milk and a flour biſcuit, with an apple once a week; and he uſed a little paint to ſoften his ghaſtly appearance. WARTON.

I muſt refer the reader to Mr. Coxe's humane and manly ſentiments upon this occaſion, Coxe's Walpole, oct. edit. vol. ii. p. 164.

VER. 307. *can* Sporus *feel?*] In the firſt edition, Pope had the name "Paris," inſtead of Sporus; it ſeems a more ſuitable name. There is, I believe, no account why it was altered.

P. Yet let me flap this bug with gilded wings,
This painted child of dirt, that ſtinks and ſtings;
Whoſe buzz the witty and the fair annoys,
Yet wit ne'er taſtes, and beauty ne'er enjoys:
So well-bred ſpaniels civilly delight
In mumbling of the game they dare not bite.
Eternal ſmiles his emptineſs betray,
As ſhallow ſtreams run dimpling all the way.
Whether in floríd impotence he ſpeaks,
And, as the prompter breathes, the puppet ſqueaks;
Or at the ear of *Eve*, familiar Toad,
Half froth, half venom, ſpits himſelf abroad,
In puns, or politics, or tales, or lies,
Or ſpite, or ſmut, or rhymes, or blaſphemies.
His wit all ſea-ſaw, between *that* and *this*,
Now high, now low, now maſter up, now miſs,
And he himſelf one vile Antitheſis.
Amphibious thing! that acting either part,
The trifling head, or the corrupted heart,
Fop at the toilet, flatt'rer at the board,
Now trips a Lady, and now ſtruts a Lord.
Eve's tempter thus the Rabbins have expreſt,
A Cherub's face, a reptile all the reſt,
Beauty that ſhocks you, parts that none will truſt,
Wit that can creep, and pride that licks the duſt.

Not

NOTES.

VER. 319. See Milton, Book iv, POPE.

VER. 322. *or blaſphemies.*] In former editions theſe two lines followed immediately:

Did ever Smock-face act ſo vile a part,
A trifling head, and a corrupted heart.

Not Fortune's worſhipper, nor Faſhion's fool,
Not Lucre's madman, nor Ambition's tool,
Not proud, nor ſervile; Be one Poet's praiſe,
That, if he pleas'd, he pleas'd by manly ways:
That Flatt'ry, ev'n to Kings, he held a ſhame,
And thought a Lie in verſe or proſe the ſame.
That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,
But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:
That

NOTES.

VER. 340. *That not in Fancy's maze he wander'd long,*] His merit in this will appear very great, if we conſider, that in this walk he had all the advantages which the moſt poetic Imagination could give to a great Genius. M. Voltaire, in a MS. letter now before me, writes thus from England to a friend in Paris: "I intend to ſend you two or three poems of Mr. Pope, the beſt Poet of England, and at preſent of all the world. I hope you are acquainted enough with the Engliſh tongue, to be ſenſible of all the charms of his works. For my part, I look upon his poem called the *Eſſay on Criticiſm* as ſuperior to the *Art of Poetry* of Horace; and his *Rape of the Lock* is, in my opinion, above the *Lutrin* of Deſpreaux. I never ſaw ſo amiable an imagination, ſo gentle graces, ſo great variety, ſo much wit, and ſo refined knowledge of the world, as in this little performance." *MS. Lett. Oct.* 15, 1726. WARBURTON.

VER. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth, and moraliz'd his ſong:*] This may be ſaid no leſs in commendation of his *literary*, than of his *moral* character. And his ſuperior excellence in poetry is owing to it. He ſoon diſcovered in what his force lay; and he made the beſt of that advantage, by a ſedulous cultivation of his proper talent. For having read Quintilian early, this precept did not eſcape him, *Sunt hæc duo vitanda prorſus: unum ne tentes quod effici non poſſit; alterum, ne ab eo, quod quis optime facit, in aliud, cui minus eſt idoneus, transferas.* It was in this knowledge and cultivation of his genius that he had principally the advantage of his great maſter, *Dryden*; who, by his Mac-Flecno, his Abſolom and Achitophel, but chiefly by his Prologues and Epilogues, appears to have had great talents for this ſpecies of moral poetry; but, unluckily, he ſeemed neither to underſtand nor attend to it.

WARBURTON.

That not for Fame, but Virtue's better end,
He ſtood the furious foe, the timid friend,
The damning critic, half-approving wit,
The coxcomb hit, or fearing to be hit;
Laugh'd at the loſs of friends he never had,
The dull, the proud, the wicked, and the mad;
The diſtant threats of vengeance on his head,
The blow unfelt, the tear he never ſhed;
The tale reviv'd, the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,
Th' imputed traſh, and dulneſs not his own;

The

NOTES.

VER. 341. *But ſtoop'd to Truth,*] The term is from falconry; and the alluſion to one of thoſe untam'd birds of ſpirit, which ſometimes wantons at large in airy circles before it regards, or *ſtoops to*, its prey. WARBURTON.

VER. 343. *He ſtood the furious foe,*] Stood, uſed for withſtood.

VER. 345. *The coxcomb hit, &c.*] Pope here enumerates the provocations he ſuffered from his enemies, and points to particular accuſations, and perſons—By the furious foe, perhaps, he means Phillips. The daring Critic, and half-approving Wit, I have no doubt were meant for Dennis and Addiſon, &c. "The diſtant threats of vengeance," that he was threatened with a whip; "the blow unfelt," that he had been beat; "the tear he never ſhed," that he cried, &c.: theſe were ſtories at the time publiſhed againſt him.

VER. 350. *The tale reviv'd,*] Probably the ſtory of his having been whipped in Ham walks. A paper was publiſhed with the following title: "A true and faithful account of the horrid whipping committed on the body of Sawney Pope, a Poet; as he was walking in Ham walks, near the river Thames, meditating verſes for the good of the publick."

VER. 350. *the lie ſo oft o'erthrown,*] As, that he received ſubſcriptions for Shakeſpear, that he ſet his name to Mr. Broome's verſes, &c. which, though publicly diſproved, were nevertheleſs ſhameleſsly repeated in the Libels, and even in that called the *Nobleman's Epiſtle*. POPE.

The morals blacken'd when the writings 'ſcape,
The libell'd perſon, and the pictur'd ſhape;
Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,
A friend in exile, or a father, dead;
The whiſper, that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,
Perhaps, yet vibrates on his SOV'REIGN's Ear—
Welcome

NOTES.

VER. 351. *Th' imputed traſh,*] Such as profane *Pſalms*, *Court Poems*, and other ſcandalous things, printed in his name by Curl and others. WARBURTON.

VER. 353. *The libell'd perſon,*] Caricatures publiſhed of him.

VER. 353. *the pictur'd ſhape*] Hay, in his eſſay on Deformity, has remarked, that Pope was ſo hurt by the caricatura of his figure, as to rank it among the moſt atrocious injuries he received from his enemies. WARTON.

VER. 354. *Abuſe, on all he lov'd, or lov'd him, ſpread,*] Namely, on the Duke of Buckingham, the Earl of Burlington, Lord Bathurſt, Lord Bolingbroke, Biſhop Atterbury, Dr Swift, Dr. Arbuthot, Mr. Gay, his Friends, his Parents, and his very Nurſe, aſperſed in printed papers, by James Moore, G. Ducket, L. Welſted, Tho. Bentley, and other obſcure perſons. POPE.

VER. 355. *A friend in exile,*] The Biſhop of Rocheſter.

VER. 356. *The* whiſper, *that to Greatneſs ſtill too near,*] By the *whiſper* is meant calumniating honeſt characters. Shakeſpear has finely expreſſed this office of the ſycophant of *Greatneſs* in the following line:

" Rain *ſacrificial whiſp'rings* in his ear."

By which is meant the immolating men's reputations to the vice or vanity of his Patron. WARBURTON.

Warton naturally aſks, " Did Shakeſpear mean this?"

VER. 357. *Perhaps, yet vibrates, &c.*] To crown the whole of theſe provocations, he mentions the circumſtance which he appears to have felt moſt, of Lord Hervey having inſinuated ſomething againſt him to George II. Pope was never a favourite at court; how could he have been, when he continually direct-

ed

Welcome for thee, fair *Virtue!* all the paſt:
For thee, fair Virtue! welcome ev'n the *laſt!*
A. But why inſult the poor, affront the great?
P. A knave's a knave to me, in ev'ry ſtate:
Alike my ſcorn, if he ſucceed or fail,
Sporus at court, or *Japhet* in a jail,
A hireling ſcribbler, or a hireling peer,
Knight of the poſt corrupt, or of the ſhire;
If on a Pillory, or near a Throne,
He gain his Prince's ear, or loſe his own.
Yet ſoft by nature, more a dupe than wit,
Sappho can tell you how this man was bit:
This

VARIATIONS.

VER. 363. in the MS.

Once, and but once, his heedleſs Youth was bit,
And like that dang'rous thing, a Female Wit:
Safe as he thought, tho' all the prudent chid;
He writ no Libels, but my Lady did:
Great odds in am'rous or poetic game,
Where Woman's is the ſin, and Man's the ſhame.

NOTES.

ed his ſarcaſms againſt the reigning family? He ſays, "That flattery even to kings he held a ſhame;" and therefore with the moſt contemptuous irony he directs his ſatire againſt George II., libelled queen Caroline, and in one of his letters calls Windſor the "ſink of meanneſs."

VER. 358. *for thee, fair* Virtue! *welcome ev'n the* laſt!] Warburton with ſimplicity, not always uſual to him, obſerves, "That this line is remarkable for preſenting us with the moſt amiable image of ſteady Virtue, mixed with a modeſt concern for his being forced to undergo the ſevereſt proofs of his love for it; which was the being *thought hardly of by his Sovereign.*"

VER. 363. Sporus *at court,*] In former editions, Glencus at court.

This dreaded Sat'riſt *Dennis* will confeſs
Foe to his pride, but Friend to his diſtreſs:
So humble, he has knock'd at *Tibbald*'s door,
Has drunk with *Cibber*, nay has rhym'd for *Moor*.
Full ten years ſlander'd, did he once reply?
Three thouſand ſuns went down on *Welſted*'s lie.
To pleaſe his Miſtreſs, one aſpers'd his life;
He laſh'd him not, but let her be his wife:

Let

NOTES.

VER. 370. *This dreaded Sat'riſt*] He wrote the Prologue for his benefit, in Dennis's old age.

VER. 372. *So humble, &c.*] By all this, Pope would ſeem to us a perfect pattern of meekneſs and patience; at the ſame time, one cannot avoid a moment conſidering what ſhould have been the cauſe of his having ſo many angry enemies. Could he place his hand on his heart, and ſay he had not been often the aggreſſor? How different is the language of real and dignified ſuperiority?

Hear Milton, who had as many enemies and more ſorrows:

"More ſafe I ſing with mortal voice, unchang'd
To hoarſe and mute, tho' fall'n on evil days,
On evil days tho' fall'n, and evil tongues,
In darkneſs, and with dangers compaſs'd round,
And ſolitude."

VER. 374. *ten years*] It was ſo long after many libels, before the Author of the Dunciad publiſhed that poem, till when, he never writ a word in anſwer to the many ſcurrilities and falſehoods concerning him. POPE.

VER. 375 Welſted's *lie.*] This man had the impudence to tell in print, that Mr. P. had occaſioned a *Lady's death*, and to name a perſon he never heard of. He alſo publiſhed that he libelled the Duke of Chandos; with whom (it was added) that he had lived in familiarity, and received from him a preſent of *five hundred pounds*: the falſehood of both which is known to his Grace. Mr. P. never received any preſent, farther than the ſubſcription for Homer, from him, or from *any great Man* whatſoever. POPE.

Let *Budgel* charge low *Grubſtreet* on his quill,
And write whate'er he pleas'd, except his Will;
Let the two *Curls* of Town and Court, abuſe
His father, mother, body, ſoul, and muſe.
Yet why? that Father held it for a rule,
It was a ſin to call our neighbour fool:

That

NOTES.

VER. 378. *Let Budgel*] *Budgel*, in a weekly pamphlet called the *Bee*, beſtowed much abuſe on him, in the imagination that he writ ſome things about the *Laſt Will* of Dr. *Tindal*, in the *Grubſtreet Journal*; a Paper wherein he never had the leaſt hand, direction, or ſuperviſal, nor the leaſt knowledge of its Author.

POPE.

VER. 379. *except his Will;*] Alluding to Tindal's Will: by which, and other indirect practices, Budgel, to the excluſion of the next heir, a nephew, got to himſelf almoſt the whole fortune of a man entirely unrelated to him. POPE.

Reſpecting the circumſtance hinted at, of Euſtace Budgel having forged Dr. Tindal's will, the reader might perhaps wiſh to have ſome further account. Dr. Tindal, of All Souls College, Oxford, of notorious character, the author of Chriſtianity as old as the Creation, left the following will:

"I Mathew Tindal, &c. (after a legacy to his maid-ſervant) give and bequeath to Euſtace Budgel, the ſum of two thouſand one hundred pounds, that his *great talents may ſerve his country*, &c. my ſtrong box, my diamond ring, MS. Books, &c.

(Signed) MAT. TINDAL."

The reverend Nicholas Tindal, his nephew, author of the Continuation of Rapin, declared his ſuſpicion that this will was forged. This was generally credited, and Budgel, in 1737, threw himſelf out of a boat and was drowned. He wrote ſeveral of the Spectators; the Hiſtory of the Boyles, Earls of Shannon, &c. and a weekly pamphlet called the Bee. The cauſe of his death was ſuppoſed to have been in relation to this will.

VER. 381. *His father, mother, &c.*] In ſome of Curl's and other pamphlets, Mr. Pope's Father was ſaid to be a Mechanic,

a Hatter,

That harmleſs Mother thought no wife a whore:
Hear this, and ſpare his family, *James Moore!*
Unſpotted names, and memorable long!
If there be force in Virtue, or in Song.

Of gentle blood (part ſhed in Honour's cauſe,
While yet in *Britain* Honour had applauſe)

Each

NOTES.

a Hatter, a Farmer, nay a Bankrupt. But, what is ſtranger, a *Nobleman* (if ſuch a reflection could be thought to come from a Nobleman) had dropt an alluſion to that pitiful untruth, in a paper called an *Epiſtle to a Doctor of Divinity:* and the following line,

"Hard as thy Heart, and as thy Birth obſcure,"

had fallen from a like *Courtly* pen, in certain *Verſes to the Imitator of Horace.* Mr. Pope's Father was of a Gentleman's Family in Oxfordſhire, the head of which was the Earl of Downe, whoſe ſole Heireſs married the Earl of Lindſay.—His Mother was the daughter of William Turner, Eſq. of York: She had three brothers, one of whom was killed, another died in the ſervice of King Charles; the eldeſt following his fortunes, and becoming a general officer in Spain, left her what eſtate remained after the ſequeſtrations and forfeitures of her family.—Mr. Pope died in 1717, aged 75; ſhe in 1733, aged 93, a very few weeks after this Poem was finiſhed. The following inſcription was placed by their ſon on their Monument in the pariſh of Twickenham, in Middleſex:

D. O. M.

ALEXANDRO. POPE. VIRO. INNOCVO. PROBO. PIO.
QVI. VIXIT. ANNOS. LXXV. OB. MDCCXVII.
ET. EDITHÆ. CONIVGI. INCVLPABILI.
PIENTISSIMÆ. QUÆ. VIXIT. ANNOS.
XCIII. OB. MDCCXXXIII.
PARENTIBVS. BENEMERENTIBVS. FILIVS. FECIT.
ET. SIBI. POPE.

VER. 388. *Of gentle blood*] When Mr. Pope publiſhed the notes on the Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot, giving an account of his family, Mr. Pottinger, a relation of his, obſerved, that his couſin

Pope

Each parent ſprung—A. What fortune, pray?—
P. Their own,
And better got, than *Beſtia*'s from the throne.
Born to no Pride, inheriting no Strife,
Nor marrying Diſcord in a noble wife,
Stranger to civil and religious rage,
The good man walk'd innoxious through his age.
No Courts he ſaw, no ſuits would ever try,
Nor dar'd an Oath, nor hazarded a Lie.

Unlearn'd

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 405. in the MS.

And of myſelf, too, ſomething muſt I ſay?
Take then this verſe, the trifle of a day,
And if it live, it lives but to commend
The man whoſe heart has ne'er forgot a Friend,
Or head, an Author; Critic, yet polite,
And friend to Learning, yet too wiſe to write.

NOTES.

Pope had made himſelf out a fine pedigree, but he wondered where he got it; that he had never heard any thing himſelf of their being deſcended from the Earls of Downe; and, what is more, he had an old maiden aunt, equally related, a great genealogiſt, who was always talking of her family, but never mentioned this circumſtance; on which ſhe certainly would not have been ſilent, had ſhe known any thing of it. Mr. Pope's grandfather was a clergyman of the church of England in Hampſhire. He placed his ſon, Mr. Pope's father, with a merchant at Liſbon, where he became a convert to Popery. (Thus far Dr. Bolton, late Dean of Carliſle, a friend of Pope; from Mr. Pottinger.) The burying-place and monuments of the family of the Popes, Earls of Downe, is at Wroxton, Oxfordſhire. The Earl of Guildford ſays, that he has ſeen and examined the pedigrees and deſcents of that family, and is ſure that there were then none of the name of Pope left, who could be deſcended from that family.——(From John Loveday, of Caverſham, Eſquire.) WARTON.

This account is alſo confirmed to me by my friend Mr. Dallaway, of the Heralds' College.

Unlearn'd, he knew no ſchoolman's ſubtle art,
No language, but the language of the heart.
By Nature honeſt, by Experience wiſe,
Healthy by temp'rance, and by exerciſe;
His life, tho' long, to ſickneſs paſt unknown,
His death was inſtant, and without a groan.
O grant me, thus to live, and thus to die!
Who ſprung from Kings ſhall know leſs joy than I.
O Friend! may each domeſtic bliſs be thine!
Be no unpleaſing Melancholy mine:
Me, let the tender office long engage,
To rock the cradle of repoſing Age,
With lenient arts extend a Mother's breath,
Make Languor ſmile, and ſmooth the bed of Death,
Explore

NOTES.

VER. 397. *Nor dar'd an Oath,*] He was a non-juror, and would not take the oath of allegiance or ſupremacy, or the oath againſt the Pope.

VER. 408. *Me, let the tender office*] Theſe exquiſite lines give us a very intereſting picture of the exemplary filial piety of our Author! There is a penſive and pathetic ſweetneſs in the very flow of them. The eye that has been wearied and oppreſſed by the harſh and auſtere colouring of ſome of the preceding paſſages, turns away with pleaſure from theſe aſperities, and repoſes with complacency on the ſoft tints of domeſtic tenderneſs We are naturally gratified to ſee men deſcending from their heights, into the familiar offices of common life; and the ſenſation is the more pleaſing to us, becauſe admiration is turned into affection. In the very entertaining Memoirs of the Life of Racine (publiſhed by his ſon) we find no paſſage more amuſing and intereſting, than where that great Poet ſends an excuſe to Monſieur, the Duke, who had earneſtly invited him to dine at the Hotel de Conde, becauſe he had promiſed to partake of a great fiſh that his children had got for him, and he could not think of diſappointing them.

Explore the thought, explain the aſking eye,
And keep a while one parent from the ſky!
On cares like theſe, if length of days attend,
May Heav'n, to bleſs thoſe days, preſerve my friend,
Preſerve him ſocial, cheerful, and ſerene,
And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a QUEEN.
A. Whether that bleſſing be deny'd or giv'n,
Thus far was right, the reſt belongs to Heav'n.

NOTES.

Melanchon appeared in an amiable light, when he was ſeen holding a book in one hand, and attentively reading, and with the other, rocking the cradle of his infant child. And we read with more ſatisfaction,

——ὲ παιδὸς ορεξατο Φαιδιμος Εκτωρ.
Αψ δ' ὁ παῖς προς κολπον ἐϋζωνοιο τιθηνης
Εκλινθη ιαχων——

than we do,

Τρις μεν ορεξατ ιων' το δε τετρατον ικετο τεκμωρ
Αιγας—— WARTON.

VER. 409. *To rock the cradle*] This tender image is from the Eſſays of Montaign. Mr. Gray was equally remarkable for affectionate attention to his aged mother; ſo was Arioſto. Pope's mother was a ſiſter of Cooper's wife, the very celebrated miniature painter. Lord Carleton had a portrait of Cooper, in crayons, which Mrs. Pope ſaid was not very like; and which, deſcending to Lord Burlington, was given by his Lordſhip to Kent. "I have a drawing," ſays Mr. Walpole, "of Pope's father, as he lay dead in his bed, by his brother in-law, Cooper." It was Mr. Pope's. Anecdotes of Painting, vol. iii. p. 115. WARTON.

VER. 417. *And juſt as rich as when he ſerv'd a* QUEEN.] An honeſt compliment to his Friend's real and unaffected diſintereſtedneſs, when he was the favourite Phyſician of Queen Anne. WARBURTON.

VER. 417. *And juſt as rich, &c.*] After the death of Queen Anne, Arbuthnot removed from St. James's Street to Dover Street, probably not in ſo good circumſtances, or ſuch extenſive practice, as before. In a letter to Pope, he ſays, "Martin's office is now the ſecond door, on the left hand, in Dover ſtreet, where he will be glad to ſee Dr. Parnell, Mr. Pope, and his old Friends, to whom he can ſtill afford a half pint of claret."

SATIRES AND EPISTLES

OF

HORACE

IMITATED.

Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et torquebitur. Hor.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Occaſion of publiſhing theſe *Imitations* was the Clamour raiſed on ſome of my *Epiſtles*. An Anſwer from *Horace* was both more full, and of more Dignity, than any I could have made in my own Perſon; and the Example of much greater Freedom in ſo eminent a Divine as Dr. *Donne*, ſeemed a proof with what indignation and contempt a Chriſtian may treat Vice or Folly, in ever ſo low, or ever ſo high a Station. Both theſe Authors were acceptable to the *Princes* and *Miniſters* under whom they lived. The Satires of Dr. *Donne* I verſified, at the deſire of the Earl of *Oxford*, while he was Lord Treaſurer, and of the Duke of *Shrewſbury*, who had been Secretary of State; neither of whom looked upon a Satire on Vicious Courts as any Reflection on thoſe they ſerved in. And indeed there is not in the world a greater error, than that which Fools are ſo apt to fall into, and Knaves with good reaſon to encourage, the miſtaking a *Satiriſt* for a *Libeller*; whereas to a *true Satiriſt* nothing is ſo odious as a *Libeller*, for the ſame reaſon as to a man *truly virtuous* nothing is ſo hateful as a *Hypocrite*.

Uni æquus Virtuti atque ejus Amicis. POPE.

THE FIRST SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE

IMITATED.

WHOEVER expects a *Paraphraſe* of Horace, or a faithful Copy of his genius, or manner of writing, in theſe IMITATIONS, will be much diſappointed. Our Author uſes the Roman Poet for little more than his canvas: And if the old deſign or colouring chance to ſuit his purpoſe, it is well: if not, he employs his own, without ſcruple or ceremony. Hence it is, he is ſo frequently ſerious when Horace is in jeſt; and at eaſe where Horace is diſturbed. In a word, he regulates his movements no further on his Original, than was neceſſary for his concurrence, in promoting their common plan of *Reformation of manners*.

Had it been his purpoſe merely to paraphraſe an ancient Satiriſt, he had hardly made choice of Horace; with whom, as a Poet, he held little in common, beſides a comprehenſive knowledge of life and manners, and a certain *curious felicity* of expreſſion, which conſiſts in uſing the ſimpleſt language with dignity, and the moſt ornamented with eaſe. For the reſt, his harmony and ſtrength of numbers, his force and ſplendor of colouring, his gravity and ſublime of ſentiment, would have rather led him to another model. Nor was his temper leſs unlike that of Horace, than his talents. What Horace would only ſmile at, Mr. Pope would treat with the grave ſeverity of Perſius: And what Mr. Pope would ſtrike with the cauſtic lightning of Juvenal, Horace would content himſelf with turning into ridicule.

If it be aſked then, why he took any body at all to *imitate*, he has informed us in his *Advertiſement*. To which we may add, that this ſort of Imitation, which is of the nature of *Parody*, throws reflected grace and ſplendor on original wit. Beſides, he deemed it more modeſt to give the name of Imitations to his Satires, than, like Deſpreaux, to give the name of Satires to Imitations. WARBURTON.

SATIRA PRIMA.

HORATIUS. TREBATIUS.

HORATIUS.

[a]SUNT quibus in Satira videar nimis acer, et ultra
Legem tendere opus; [b] ſine nervis altera, quidquid
Compoſui, pars eſſe putat, ſimileſque meorum
Mille die verſus deduci poſſe. [c] Trebatî,
Quid faciam? præſcribe.

T. Quieſ-

NOTES.

VER. 1. *There are,*] "When I had a fever one winter in town," ſaid Pope to Mr. Spence, "that confined me to my room for five or ſix days, Lord Bolingbroke came to ſee me, happened to take up a Horace that lay on the table, and, in turning it over, dipt on the firſt ſatire of the ſecond book. He obſerved how well that would ſuit my caſe, if I were to imitate it in Engliſh. After he was gone, I read it over, tranſlated it in a morning or two, and ſent it to preſs in a week or a fortnight after. And this was the occaſion of my imitating ſome other of the Satires and Epiſtles." "To how caſual a beginning," adds Spence, "we are obliged for the moſt delightful things in our language! When I was ſaying to him, that he had already imitated near a third part of Horace's ſatires and epiſtles, and how much it was to be wiſhed that he would go on with them, he could not believe that he had gone ſo far; but, upon computing it, it appeared to be above a third. He ſeemed on this not diſinclined to carry it farther; but his laſt illneſs was then growing upon him, and robbed us of him, and of all hopes of that kind, in a few months."

Tranſcribed from Spence's Anecdotes, 1754.

No parts of our Author's Works have been more admired than thoſe Imitations. The aptneſs of the alluſions, and the happineſs of many of the parallels, give a pleaſure that is always no ſmall

SATIRE I.

TO MR. FORTESCUE.

P. THERE are, (I ſcarce can think it, but am told,)
[a] There are, to whom my Satire ſeems too bold:
Scarce to wiſe Peter complaiſant enough,
And ſomething ſaid of Chartres much too rough.
[b] The lines are weak, another's pleas'd to ſay,
Lord Fanny ſpins a thouſand ſuch a day.
Tim'rous by nature, of the Rich in awe,
[c] I come to Council learned in the Law:
You'll give me, like a friend both ſage and free,
Advice; and (as you uſe) without a Fee.
F. I'd

NOTES.

ſmall one to the mind of a reader—the pleaſure of compariſon. He that has the leaſt acquaintance with theſe pieces of Horace, which reſemble the Old Comedy, immediately perceives, indeed, that our Author has aſſumed a higher tone, and frequently has deſerted the free colloquial air, the inſinuating Socratic manner of his original: and that he clearly reſembles in his ſtyle, as he did in his natural temper, the ſevere and ſerious Juvenal, more than the ſmiling and ſportive Horace. Let us ſelect ſome paſſages in which he may be thought to have equalled, excelled, or fallen ſhort of the original; the latter of which cannot be deemed a diſgrace to our Poet, or to any other writer, if we conſider the extreme difficulty of transfuſing into another language the ſubtle beauties of Horace's dignified familiarity, and the uncommon union of ſo much facility and force. WARTON.

VER. 10. *Advice; and (as you uſe)*] Horace, with much ſeeming ſerioufneſs, applies for advice to the celebrated Roman lawyer, C. Trebatius Teſta, an intimate friend of Julius Cæſar, and of Tully,

T. [d] Quieſcas.

H. Ne faciam, inquis,

Omnino verſus?

T. Aio.

H. Peream, male, ſi non

Optimum erat: [e] verum nequeo dormire.

T. [f] Ter uncti

Tranſnanto Tiberim, ſomno quibus eſt opus alto;

Irriguumve mero ſub noctem corpus habento.

Aut,

NOTES.

Tully, as appears from many of his epiſtles to Atticus; the gravity and ſelf-importance of whoſe character is admirably ſupported throughout this little drama. His anſwers are ſhort, authoritative, and deciſive. "Quieſcas, aio." And, as he was known to be a great drinker and ſwimmer, his two abſurd pieces of advice have infinite pleaſantry. All theſe circumſtances of humour are dropt in the copy. The lettuce and cowſlip-wine are inſipid and unmeaning preſcriptions, and have nothing to do with Mr Forteſcue's character. The third, fourth, and ninth lines of this Imitation are flat and languid. We muſt alſo obſerve, from the old commentators, that the verbs *tranſnanto* and *habento* are in the very ſtyle of the Roman law: "Vide ut directis juriſconſultorum verbis utitur ad Trebatium juriſconſultum."

There are many excellent remarks in Acro and Porphyrio: from whom, as well as from Cruquius, Dacier has borrowed much, without owning it. Dacier's tranſlation of Horace is not equal to his Ariſtotle's Poetics. In the former, he is perpetually ſtriving to diſcover new meanings in his author, which Boileau called, *the Revelations of Dacier*.

Cicero, as appears from many of his letters, had a great regard for this Trebatius, to whom he ſays, ſpeaking of his accompanying Cæſar in his expedition to Britain, "I hear there is neither ſilver nor gold in that iſland." On which Middleton finely obſerves, "From their railleries of this kind, on the barbarity and miſery of our iſland, one cannot help reflecting on the ſurpriſing fate and revolutions of kingdoms: how Rome, once the miſtreſs

F. 'I'd write no more.
P. Not write? but then I think,
'And for my ſoul I cannot ſleep a wink.
I nod in company, I wake at night,
Fools ruſh into my head, and ſo I write.
F. You could not do a worſe thing for your life.
Why, if the nights ſeem tedious—take a Wife;
'Or rather truly, if your point be reſt,
Lettuce and cowſlip-wine; *Probatum eſt.*
But talk with Celſus, Celſus will adviſe
Hartſhorn, or ſomething that ſhall cloſe your eyes.
Or,

NOTES.

of the world, the ſeat of arts, empire, and glory, now lies ſunk in ſloth, ignorance, and poverty; enſlaved to the moſt cruel, as well as to the moſt contemptible of tyrants, ſuperſtition and religious impoſture: while this remote country, antiently the jeſt and contempt of the polite Romans, is become the happy ſeat of liberty, plenty, and letters; flouriſhing in all the arts and refinements of civil life; yet running, perhaps, the ſame courſe which Rome itſelf had run before it; from virtuous induſtry to wealth; from wealth to luxury; from luxury to an impatience of diſcipline and corruption of morals; till, by a total degeneracy and loſs of virtue, being grown ripe for deſtruction, it falls a prey at laſt to ſome hardy oppreſſor, and, with the loſs of liberty loſing every thing elſe that is valuable, ſinks gradually again into its original barbariſm." WARTON.

VER. 11. *Not write? &c.*] He has omitted the moſt humorous part of the anſwer,

Peream male, ſi non
Optimum erat:

and has loſt the grace, by not imitating the conciſeneſs, of

verum nequeo dormire.

For conciſeneſs, when it is clear, (as in this place,) gives the higheſt grace to elegance of expreſſion.—But what follows is as much above the Original, as this falls ſhort of it.
WARBURTON.

[g] Aut, ſi tantus amor ſcribendi te rapit, aude
Cæsaris invecti res dicere, [h] multa laborum
Præmia laturus.

H. Cupidum, pater optime, vires
Deficiunt: [i] neque enim quivis *horrentia pilis*
Agmina, nec *fracta pereuntes cuſpide Gallos*,
Aut *labentis equo* deſcribat vulnera *Parthi*.

T. [k] Attamen et juſtum poteras, et ſcribere fortem;
Scipiadam ut ſapiens Lucilius.

H. Haud mihi deero,

Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 23. *What? like Sir Richard, &c.*] Mr. Molyneux, a great Mathematician and Philoſopher, had a high opinion of Sir Richard Blackmore's poetic vein. *All our Engliſh poets, except Milton*, (ſays he, in a Letter to Mr. Locke,) *have been mere ballad-makers in compariſon of him.* And Mr. Locke, in anſwer to this obſervation, replies, *I find, with pleaſure, a ſtrange harmony throughout, between your thoughts and mine.* Juſt ſo, a Roman Lawyer, and a Greek Hiſtorian, thought of the poetry of Cicero. But theſe being judgments made by men out of their own profeſſion, are little regarded. And Pope and Juvenal will make Blackmore and Tully paſs for Poetaſters to the world's end. Warburton.

Pope has turned the compliment to Auguſtus into a ſevere ſarcaſm. All the wits ſeem to have leagued againſt Sir Richard Blackmore. In a letter now lying before me from Elijah Fenton to my father, dated Jan. 24, 1707, he ſays, "I am glad to hear Mr. Phillips will publiſh his Pomona: Who prints it? I ſhall be mightily obliged to you if you could get me a copy of his verſes againſt Blackmore." As the letter contains one or two literary particulars, I will tranſcribe the reſt. As "to what you write about making a collection, I can only adviſe you to buy what poems you can, that Tonſon has printed, except the Ode to the Sun; unleſs you will take it in, becauſe I writ it; which I am freer to own, that Mat. Prior may not ſuffer in his reputation by having it aſcribed to him. My humble ſervice to Mr. Sacheverell, and

[g] Or, if you needs muſt write, write CÆSAR's Praiſe,
[h] You'll gain at leaſt a *Knighthood*, or the *Bays*.
P. What? like Sir [i] Richard, rumbling, rough, and fierce,
With ARMS, and GEORGE, and BRUNSWICK crowd the verſe,
Rend with tremendous ſound your ears aſunder,
With Gun, Drum, Trumpet, Blunderbuſs, and Thunder?
Or nobly wild, with Budgel's fire and force,
Paint Angels trembling round his falling Horſe?
F. [k] Then all your Muſe's ſofter art diſplay,
Let CAROLINA ſmooth the tuneful lay,
Lull with AMELIA's liquid name the Nine,
And ſweetly flow through all the Royal Line.
P. Alas!

NOTES.

and tell him, I will never imitate Milton more, till the author of Blenheim is forgotten." In vain was Blackmore extolled by Molyneux and Locke: but Locke, to his other ſuperior talents, did not add good taſte. He affected to deſpiſe poetry, and he depreciated the antients: which circumſtance, as I was informed by the late Mr. James Harris, his relation, was the ſource of perpetual diſcontent and diſpute betwixt him and his pupil Lord Shafteſbury; who, in many parts of his Characteriſtics, and Letters to a Clergyman, has ridiculed Locke's ſelfiſh philoſophy, and has repreſented him as a diſciple of Hobbes; from which writer it muſt in truth be confeſſed that Locke borrowed frequently and largely. Locke had not the fine taſte of a greater philoſopher, I mean Galileo, who wrote a comment on Arioſto full of juſt criticiſm; and whoſe letter to Fr. Rinuccini on this ſubject may be ſeen in Martinelli's Letters, p. 255. London, 1758. WARTON.

VER. 28. *falling Horſe?*] The horſe on which his Majeſty charged at the battle of Oudenard; when the Pretender, and the Princes of the blood of France, fled before him. WARBURTON.

Cum res ipſa ferèt: [l] niſi *dextro tempore*, Flacci
Verba per attentam non ibunt *Cæſaris* aurem:
Cui male ſi palpere, recalcitrat undique tutus.

T. [m] Quanto rectius hoc, quam triſti lædere verſu
Pantolabum ſcurram, Nomentanumve nepotem?
[n] Cum ſibi quiſque timet, quanquam eſt *intactus*, et odit.

H. [o] Quid faciam? ſaltat Milonius, ut ſemel icto
Acceſſit fervor capiti, numeruſque lucernis.
[p] Caſtor gaudet equis; *ovo prognatus eodem*,
Pugnis. quot capitum vivunt, totidem ſtudiorum
Millia.

NOTES.

VER. 39. *Abuſe the City's* beſt good men *in* metre,] The *beſt good Man*, a City phraſe for the *richeſt*. *Metre* —not uſed here purely to help the verſe, but to ſhew what it is a Citizen eſteems the greateſt aggravation of the offence. WARBURTON.

VER. 42. *What ſhould ail 'em?*] Horace hints at *one* reaſon, *that each fears his own turn may be next*; his imitator gives *another*, and with more art, a reaſon which inſinuates, that his very levity, in uſing feigned names, increaſes the number of his Enemies, who ſuſpect they may be included under that cover. WARBURTON.

VER. 45. *Each mortal*] Theſe words, indeed, open the ſenſe of Horace; but the *quid faciam* is better, as it leaves it to the reader to diſcover, what is one of Horace's greateſt beauties, his ſecret and delicate tranſitions and connections, to which thoſe who do not carefully attend, loſe half the pleaſure of reading him. WARTON.

VER. 46. *Darty his Ham-pye;*] This lover of Ham-pye owned the fidelity of the Poet's pencil; and ſaid, he had done juſtice to his taſte; but that if, inſtead of *Ham-pye*, he had given him *Sweet-pye*, he never could have pardoned him. WARBURTON.

Lyttelton, in his Dialogues of the Dead, has introduced Darteneuf, in a pleaſant diſcourſe betwixt him and Apicius, bitterly lamenting his ill-fortune in having lived before turtle-feaſts were known in England. The ſtory of the Ham-pye was confirmed by Mr. Dodſley, who knew Darteneuf, and, as he candidly owned, had waited on him at dinner. WARTON.

P. [l] Alas! few verſes touch their nicer ear;
They ſcarce can bear their *Laureat* twice a year;
And juſtly CÆSAR ſcorns the Poet's lays,
It is to *Hiſtory* he truſts for Praiſe.

F. [m] Better be Cibber, I'll maintain it ſtill,
Than ridicule all Taſte, blaſpheme Quadrille,
Abuſe the City's beſt good men in metre,
And laugh at Peers that put their truſt in Peter.
[n] Ev'n thoſe you touch not hate you.

P. What ſhould ail 'em?

F. A hundred ſmart in Timon and in Balaam:
The fewer ſtill you name, you wound the more;
Bond is but one, but Harpax is a ſcore.

P. [o] Each mortal has his pleaſure: none deny
Scarſdale his bottle, Darty his Ham-pye;
Ridotta ſips and dances, till ſhe ſee
The doubling Luſtres dance as faſt as ſhe;
[p] F--- loves the Senate, Hockley-hole his brother,
Like in all elſe, as one Egg to another.

I love

NOTES.

VER. 50. *Like in all elſe,*] This parallel is not happy and exact: To ſhew the variety of human paſſions and purſuits, Caſtor and Pollux were unlike, even though they came from one and the ſame egg. This is far more extraordinary and marvellous than that two common brothers ſhould have different inclinations. And afterwards, Ver. 51.

"I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old MONTAGNE."

"My chief pleaſure is to write Satires like Lucilius," ſays Horace. "My chief pleaſure," ſays Pope, "is—what? to ſpeak my mind freely and openly." There ſhould have been an inſtance of ſome employment, and not a virtuous habit. WARBURTON.

Millia. [9]me pedibus delectat claudere verba,
Lucilî ritu, noſtrûm melioris utroque.
Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris; neque, ſi male geſſerat, uſquam
Decurrens alio, neque ſi bene: quo fit, ut omnis
Votiva pateat veluti deſcripta tabella

Vita

NOTES.

A poet, like Lucilius, ought to have been named, not a politician. In the original, Horace calls Lucilius *ſenis*; not becauſe he was an old man, but becauſe he was of an ancient equeſtrian family, and was great uncle of Pompey the Great. Lucilius, among other inaccuracies of ſtyle, ſometimes ſtrangely disjoined words, as in *cere comminuit brum*, for *cerebrum*.

Ver. 52. *As downright* Shippen,] The nobleſt teſtimony to the character of Shippen, was given by Sir Robert Walpole, when he declared, which he repeatedly did, "that he would not ſay *who was corrupted*, but he would ſay who was not corruptible; that man was Shippen." Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole.

He was conſiſtent in conduct, open and frank in his oppoſition to the exiſting government, and of inflexible honeſty and integrity; but he was known to be diſaffected to the Proteſtant ſucceſſion, and indeed never heſitated to avow his ſentiments. This may account for Pope's panegyric, but it makes Sir Robert Walpole's teſtimony to his character more manly.

A more particular account of him from Coxe's Memoirs may not be unacceptable:

"He was born 1672, and was educated at Stockport ſchool. He was firſt elected Member of Parliament in 1707 for Bramber in Suſſex; and in 1714 he was elected for Newton in Lancaſhire, which place he repreſented till his death. His paternal eſtate was not more than 400l. *per annum*; but he obtained a large fortune, 70,000 pounds, by his wife, daughter and co-heireſs of Sir Richard Stote, Knight, of Northumberland, by whom he left no children: his mode of living was ſimple and frugal. He kept up a conſtant

'I love to pour out all myſelf, as plain
As downright SHIPPEN, or as old Montagne:
In them, as certain to be lov'd as ſeen,
The ſoul ſtood forth, nor kept a thought within;
In me what ſpots (for ſpots I have) appear,
Will prove at leaſt the Medium muſt be clear.
In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my friends;
Publiſh the preſent age; but where my text
Is Vice too high, reſerve it for the next:
My

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a conſtant correſpondence with Atterbury, during his exile; and William Morrice mentions him in one of his letters, as a perſon who continued fixed to his principles, or, as he expreſſes himſelf, *as honeſt as ever*. He ſeems to have had no country reſidence, except a hired houſe on Richmond-Hill, but made excurſions in ſummer to his wife's relations in Northumberland. His uſual place of abode was London, in the latter period of his life, in Norfolk Street, and his houſe was the rendezvous for perſons of rank, learning, and abilities; his manner was pleaſing and dignified, and his converſation was replete with vivacity and wit.

"Shippen and Sir Robert Walpole had always a perſonal regard for each other. He was frequently heard to ſay, Robin and I are two honeſt men. He is for King George, and I for King James; but thoſe men with long cravats (meaning Sandys, Sir John Ruſhout, Gibbon, and others) only deſire places, either under King George or King James.

"By the accounts of thoſe who had heard him in the Houſe of Commons, his manner was highly energetic and ſpirited, as to ſentiment and expreſſion; but he generally ſpoke in a low tone of voice, with too great rapidity, and held his glove before his mouth. His ſpeeches uſually contained ſome pointed period, which peculiarly applied to the ſubject in debate, and which he uttered with great animation."

Coxe's Memoirs of Sir R. Walpole, vol. iii. p. 206.

Vita ſenis. ſequor hunc, ' Lucanus an Appulus, anceps:

[Nam Venuſinus arat finem ſub utrumque colonus,
Miſſus ad hoc, pulſis (vetus eſt ut fama) Sabellis,
Quo ne per vacuum Romano incurreret hoſtis;
Sive quod Appula gens, ſeu quod Lucania bellum
Incuteret violenta.] ' ſed hic ſtylus haud petit ultro
Quemquam animantem, ut me veluti coſtodiet enſis
Vagina tectus, quem cur deſtringere coner,
' Tutus ab infeſtis latronibus? " O pater et rex
Jupiter, ut pereat poſitum rubigine telum,

Nec

NOTES.

Ver. 63. *My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,*] Inferior to the Original:

" Ille velut fidis arcana ſodalibus olim
Credebat libris," &c.

Perſius alluded to this idea, when he ſaid,

" Vidi, vidi ipſe, Libelle!" &c. Warburton.

Ver. 64. *Verſe-man or Proſe-man,*] The original, Ver. 35. Nam Venuſinus arat, down to Ver. 39. and to the words, incuteret violenta, which are improperly printed in a parentheſis, have been thought an awkward and a monkiſh interpolation, but were undoubtedly intended by Horace to repreſent the looſe, incoherent, and verboſe manner of Lucilius, who compoſed haſtily and careleſsly, ducentos ante cibum verſus; and who loaded his Satires with many uſeleſs and impertinent thoughts, very offenſive to the chaſte and correct taſte of Horace. Warton.

Ver. 66. *Like good Eraſmus*] The violence and haughtineſs of Luther diſguſted the mild and moderate Eraſmus, and alienated him from purſuing the plan of reformation which at firſt he ſeemed to encourage and engage in. Luther repreſented him as an Arian and a time-ſerver. " I thought," ſaid Eraſmus, " Luther's marriage would have ſoftened him a little. It is hard for a man of my moderation and of my years to be obliged to write againſt a ſavage beaſt and a furious wild boar." But great revolutions and great reformations are not effected by calm and ſober

reaſon,

My foes ſhall wiſh my life a longer date,
And ev'ry friend the leſs lament my fate.
My head and heart thus flowing through my quill,
[r] Verſe-man or Proſe-man, term me which you will,
Papiſt or Proteſtant, or both between,
Like good Eraſmus in an honeſt Mean,
In moderation placing all my glory,
While Tories call me Whig, and Whigs a Tory.
[s] Satire's my weapon, but I'm too diſcreet
To run a muck, and tilt at all I meet;
[t] I only wear it in a land of Hectors,
Thieves, Supercargoes, Sharpers, and Directors.
[u] Save but our *Army!* and let Jove incruſt
Swords, pikes, and guns, with everlaſting ruſt!
Peace

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reaſon, nor without ſuch violence and enthuſiaſm as Luther poſſeſſed. When Voltaire was lamenting that Locke and Newton had few diſciples in compariſon of the numerous followers of Luther and Calvin, it was replied to him, "that, without a Luther and Calvin, we ſhould never have had a Locke or Newton."
WARTON.

VER. 70. *To run a muck,*] The expreſſion is from Dryden:
"Frontleſs and ſatire-proof, he ſcours the ſtreets,
And *runs* an Indian *muck* at all he meets."
And it alludes to a practice among the Malayans, who are great gameſters; which is, that when a man has loſt all his property, he intoxicates himſelf with opium, works himſelf up to a fit of phrenzy, ruſhes into the ſtreets, and attacks and murders all he meets.
WARTON.

VER. 71. *I only wear it in a land of Hectors, &c.*] Superior to
"tutus ab inſeſtis latronibus,"
which only carries on the metaphor in
"——enſis
Vagina tectus;"

Nec quiſquam noceat [w] cupido mihi pacis! at ille,
Qui me commôrit (melius non tangere, clamo,)
[x] Flebit, et inſignis tota cantabitur urbe.
[y] Cervius iratus leges minitatur et urnam;
Canidia Albutî, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;
Grande malum Turius, ſi quid ſe judice certes,
[z] Ut, quo quiſque valet, ſuſpectos terreat, utque
Imperet hoc Natura potens, ſic collige mecum.
Dente lupus, cornu taurus petit; unde, niſi intus
Monſtratum? [a] Scævæ vivacem crede nepoti
Matrem;

NOTES.

whereas the imitation does more; for, along with the metaphor, it conveys the image of the ſubject, by preſenting the reader with the ſeveral objects of ſatire. WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *Save but our Army!* &c.] "Une maladie nouvelle," ſays the admirable Author *de L'eſprit de Loix*, "s'eſt répandue en Europe; elle a ſaiſi nos Princes, et leur fait entretenir un nombre deſordonné de Troupes. Elle a ſes redoublemens, et elle devient *neceſſairement contagieuſe*. Car ſi tot qu'un Etat augmente ce qu'il appelle ſes Troupes, les autres ſoudain augmentent les leurs, de façon qu'on ne gagne rien par-là que la Ruïne commune. Chaque Monarque tient ſur pied toutes les Armées qu'il pourroit avoir, ſi ſes Peuples etoient en danger d'être exterminés; et ON NOMME PAIX, CET ETAT D'EFFORT DE TOUS CONTRE TOUS. Auſſi l'Europe eſt elle ſi ruinée, que les particuliers, qui ſeroient dans la ſituation où ſont les trois Puiſſances de cette partie du monde les plus opulentes, n'auroient pas de quoi vivre. Nous ſommes pauvres avec les richeſſes et le commerce de tout l'univers; et bientôt, à force d'avoir des ſoldats, nous n'aurons plus que des ſoldats, et nous ſerons comme des Tartares." WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *Slides into verſe,*] Cloſely copied from Boileau;

"Et malheur a tout nom qui propre à la cenſure,
Peut entrer dans un vers ſans rompre la meſure."

WARTON.

VER. 81. *Delia's rage.*] A Miſs Mackenzie died about this time, and was ſuppoſed to have been poiſoned from jealouſy. A hint of this kind was ſufficient for Pope. The perſon alluded to was Lady D——ne.

[w] Peace is my dear delight—not FLEURY's more:
But touch me, and no Miniſter ſo ſore.
Whoe'er offends, at ſome unlucky time
[x] Slides into verſe, and hitches in a rhime,
Sacred to Ridicule his whole life long,
And the ſad burthen of ſome merry ſong.
[y] Slander or Poiſon dread from Delia's rage,
Hard words or hanging, if your Judge be Page.
From furious Sappho ſcarce a milder fate,
P-x'd by her love, or libell'd by her hate.
[z] Its proper pow'r to hurt, each creature feels;
Bulls aim their horns, and Aſſes lift their heels;
'Tis a Bear's talent not to kick, but hug;
And no man wonders he's not ſtung by Pug.
[a] So drink with Walters, or with Chartres eat,
They'll never poiſon you, they'll only cheat.
Then,

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VER. 81—84 *Slander—libell'd by her hate.*] There ſeems to be more ſpirit here than in the original: But it is hard to pronounce with certainty: for though one may be confident there is more force in the 83d and 84th lines than in

"Canidia Albuti, quibus eſt inimica, venenum;"

yet there might be ſomething, for aught we know, in the character or hiſtory of *Cervius*, which might bring up that line to the ſpirit and poignancy of the 83d verſe of the Imitation.

WARBURTON.

VER. 83. *From furious Sappho*] There is no doubt, notwithſtanding all his evaſions, who is here meant by Sappho; but what Warburton calls "*ſpirited*," is unmanly and diſgraceful.

VER. 85—90. *Its proper power to hurt, &c.*] All, except the two laſt lines, inferior to the elegance and preciſion of the original.

WARBURTON.

Matrem; nil faciet ſceleris pia dextera (mirum?
Ut neque calce lupus quemquam, neque dente petit bos)
Sed mala tollet anum vitiato melle cicuta,
[b] Ne longum faciam: ſeu me tranquilla ſenectus
Exſpectat, ſeu mors artis circumvolat alis;
Dives, inops; Romæ, ſeu fors ita juſſerit, exſul;
[c] Quiſquis erat vitæ, ſcribam, color.

T. [d] O puer, ut ſis
Vitalis metuo; et majorum ne quis amicus
Frigore te feriat.

H. [e] Quid? cum eſt Lucilius auſus
Primus in hunc operis componere carmina morem,
Detraherę

NOTES.

Ver. 91. *Then, learned Sir!*] The brevity and force of the original is evaporated in this long and feeble paraphraſe of the next ten lines. The third and three ſucceeding verſes are very languid and verboſe, and perhaps ſome of the worſt he has written. Warton.

Ver. 93—96. *Whether Old age—ſhade;*] The original is more finiſhed, and even more ſublime. Beſides, the laſt verſe—*To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade*, has a languor and redundancy unuſual with our Author. Warburton.

Ver. 98. *Or whiten'd wall*] From Boileau.

Ver. 99. *In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,*] The Poet, in our equal government, might talk at his eaſe, and with all this levity of ſtyle, of the diſaſters incident to wit. But it was a ſerious matter with Horace; and is ſo ſtill with our witty Neighbours; one of whom has well expreſſed their condition, in the following lines:

"Eh! Que ſait on? Un ſimple badinage,
Mal entendu d'un Prude, ou d'un Sot,
Peut vous jetter ſur un autre rivage:
Pour perdre un Sage, il ne faut qu'un Bigot."

Warburton.

[b] Then, learned Sir! (to cut the matter ſhort)
Whate'er my fate, or well or ill at Court,
Whether Old age, with faint but cheerful ray,
Attends to gild the Ev'ning of my day,
Or Death's black wing already be diſplay'd,
To wrap me in the univerſal ſhade;
Whether the darken'd room to muſe invite,
Or whiten'd wall provoke the ſkew'r to write;
In durance, exile, Bedlam, or the Mint,
[c] Like Lee or Budgel, I will rhyme and print.

F. [d] Alas, young man! your days can ne'er be long;
In flow'r of age you periſh for a ſong!
Plums and Directors, Shylock and his Wife,
Will club their Teſters, now, to take your life!

P. [e] What? arm'd for Virtue when I point the pen,
Brand the bold front of ſhameleſs guilty men;

Daſh

NOTES.

VER. 100. *Like Lee or Budgel,*] One is ſorry to ſee Lee, a true genius, coupled with Budgel, and his inſanity ridiculed. WARTON.

VER. 101. *your days can ne'er be long;*] The original ſays, "Left any one of your powerful friends ſhould ſtrike you with a cold and contemptuous look."—"Racine meurt," ſays Voltaire, "par une foibleſſe grand; parcequ'un autre homme en paſſant dans une galerie ne l'a pas regardé. J'en ſuis faché; mais le role de Phædre n'en eſt pas moins admirable." WARTON.

VER. 104. *Will club their Teſters, &c.*] The image is exceeding humorous; and, at the ſame time, betrays the injuſtice of their reſentment, in the very circumſtance of their indulging it, as it

Detrahere et pellem, nitidus qua quiſque per ora
Cederet, *introrſum turpi;* num Lælius, et qui
Duxit ab oppreſſa meritum Carthagine nomen,
Ingenio offenſi? aut læſo doluere Metello,
Famoſiſque Lupo cooperto verſibus? atqui
Primores populi arripuit *populumque* tributim;
Scilicet

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ſhews the Poet had ſaid no more of their avarice than was true. His abundance of wit has made his readers backward in acknowledging his talent for humour. But the veins are equally rich; and the one flows with eaſe, and the other is always placed with propriety. WARBURTON.

VER. 105. *What? arm'd for Virtue*] From this line to Ver. 140. is a paſſage of as much force and energy as any that can be produced in the Engliſh language, in rhyme. WARTON.

VER. 110. *Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?*] Becauſe juſt *Satire* is an uſeful ſupplement to the ſanctions of *Law* and *Religion;* and has, therefore, a claim to the protection of thoſe who preſide in the adminiſtration either of Church or State. WARBURTON.

VER 111. *Could Boileau—Could Dryden*] I believe neither of them would have been ſuffered to do this, had they not been egregious flatterers of the ſeveral Courts to which they belonged. WARBURTON.

Ibid. *Could penſion'd Boileau—Could Laureate Dryden*] It was Horace's purpoſe to compliment the former times; and therefore he gives the virtuous examples of Scipio and Lælius. it was Mr. Pope's deſign to ſatirize the preſent; and therefore he gives the vicious examples of Louis, Charles, and James. Either way the inſtances are fully pertinent; but in the latter they have rather greater force. Only the line,

"Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis,"

loſes ſomething of its ſpirit in the imitation; for the *amici*, referred to, were Scipio and Lælius. WARBURTON.

VER. 111. *Could penſion'd Boileau*] Boileau acted with much caution and circumſpection when he firſt publiſhed his Lutrin here alluded to, and endeavoured to cover and conceal his ſubject by a preface

Daſh the proud Gameſter in his gilded Car;
Bare the mean Heart that lurks beneath a *Star*;
Can there be wanting, to defend Her cauſe,
Lights of the Church, or Guardians of the Laws?
Could penſion'd Boileau laſh in honeſt ſtrain
Flatt'rers and Bigots e'en in Louis' reign?
Could Laureate Dryden Pimp and Fry'r engage,
Yet neither Charles nor James be in a rage?
And I not ſtrip the gilding off a Knave,
Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?
I will,

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preface intended to miſlead his reader from the real ſcene of action; but it ought to be obſerved, that he afterwards, in the year 1683, threw aſide this diſguiſe, openly avowing the occaſion that gave riſe to the poem, the ſcene of which was not Bourges or Pourges, as before he had ſaid, but Paris itſelf; the quarrel he celebrated being betwixt the treaſurer and the chanter of the Holy Chapel in that city. The canons were ſo far from being offended, that they ſhewed their good ſenſe and good temper by joining in the laugh. Upon which Boileau compliments them, and adds, that many of that ſociety were perſons of ſo much wit and learning, that he would as ſoon conſult them upon his Works as the members of the French Academy. The name of the chanter was Barrin; that of the treaſurer, Claude Avri, biſhop of Conſtance in Normandy. The quarrel began in July 1667. See Letters of Broſſette to Boileau: à Lyon, 1770; p. 242. v. 1.; et Œuvres de M. Boileau, Deſpreaux, par M. de Saint Marc, tom ii. 77. Paris, 1747. He juſtly ſays, "e'en in Louis' reign;" for his bigotry was equally contemptible and cruel; and, if we may credit St. Simon, he actually died a jeſuit. WARTON.

VER. 116. *Unplac'd, unpenſion'd, no man's heir, or ſlave?*] Mr. Pope, it is well known, made his fortune by his Homers. Lord Treaſurer Oxford affected to diſcourage that deſign; for ſo great a genius (he ſaid) ought not to be confined to Tranſlation. He always uſed Mr. Pope civilly; and would often expreſs his concern that his religion rendered him incapable of a *place*. At the

ſame

Scilicet [g] Uni æquus virtuti atque ejus amicis.
[h] Quin ubi se a *vulgo* et *scena* in *secreta* remôrant
Virtus Scipiadæ et mitis *sapientia Læli*,
Nugari cum illo, et discincti ludere, donec
Decoqueretur olus, soliti.
Quidquid sum ego, quamvis
Infra Lucilî censum, ingeniumque; tamen me
Cum

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same time, he never spoke one word of a *pension*. For this offer, he was solely indebted to the Whig-Ministers. In the beginning of George I. Lord Halifax, of his own motion, sent for Mr. Pope, and told him, it had often given him concern that so great a Poet had never been distinguished; that he was glad it was now in his power to serve him; and, if he cared to accept of it, he should have a pension not clogged with any engagements. Mr. Pope thanked him, and desired time to consider of it. After three months (having heard nothing further from that Lord) he wrote him a Letter to repeat his Thanks; in which he took occasion to mention the affair of the *pension* with much Indifference. So the thing dropt, till Mr. Craggs came into the Ministry. The affair of the *pension* was then resumed. And this Minister, in a very frank and friendly manner, told Mr. Pope, that three hundred pounds a-year were then at his service: he had the management of the secret-service money, and could pay him such a pension without its being known, or ever coming to account. But now Mr. Pope declined the offer without hesitation: only, in return for so friendly a proposal, he told the Secretary, that if at any time he wanted Money, he would draw upon him for 100 or 200l. Which liberty, however, he did not take. Mr. Craggs more than once pressed him on this head, and urged to him the conveniency of a Chariot; which Mr. Pope was sensible enough of: But the Precariousness of that supply made him very prudently decline the thoughts of an Equipage; which it was much better never to set up, than not properly to support. From Spence. Warburton.

Ver. 125. *There, my retreat*] I know not whether these lines, spirited and splendid as they are, give us more pleasure than the natural picture of the great Scipio and Lælius, unbending themselves

I will, or periſh in the gen'rous cauſe:
Hear this, and tremble! you, who 'ſcape the Laws.
Yes, while I live, no rich or noble knave
Shall walk the world, in credit, to his grave.
[g] To VIRTUE ONLY and HER FRIENDS A FRIEND,
The World beſide may murmur, or commend.
Know, all the diſtant din that world can keep,
Rolls o'er my Grotto, and but ſooths my ſleep.
[h] There, my retreat the beſt Companions grace,
Chiefs out of war, and Stateſmen out of place.

There

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ſelves from their high occupations, and deſcending to common and even trifling ſports: for the old commentator ſays, that they lived in ſuch intimacy with Lucilius, "ut quodam tempore Lælio circum lectos triclinii fugienti Lucilius ſuperveniens, eum obtortâ mappâ quaſi percuſſurus ſequeretur." For this is the fact to which Horace ſeems to allude, rather than to what Tully mentions in the ſecond book De Oratore, of their amuſing themſelves in picking up ſhells and pebbles on the ſea-ſhore.

Bolingbroke is here repreſented as pouring out himſelf to his friend in the moſt free and unreſerved converſations on topics the moſt intereſting and important But Pope was deceived: for it is aſſerted that the philoſopher never diſcovered his real principles to our Poet; who is ſaid, ſtrange as it appears, not even to have been acquainted with the tenets and contents of thoſe very eſſays which were addreſſed to himſelf, at the beginning of Bolingbroke's Philoſophical Works. And it is added, that Pope was ſurpriſed, in his laſt illneſs, when a common acquaintance informed him that his Lordſhip, in a late converſation, had denied the *moral* attributes of God. There is a remarkable paſſage in a letter from Bolingbroke to Swift, dated June 1734: "I am glad you approve of his Moral Eſſays. They will do more good than the ſermons and writings of ſome, who had a mind to find great fault with them. And if the doctrines taught, hinted at, and implied in them, and the trains of conſequences deducible from theſe doctrines, were to be diſputed in proſe, I think he would have no

reaſon

[1] Cum *magnis vixiſſe* invita fatebitur uſque
Invidia; et fragili quærens illidere dentem,
Offendet

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reaſon to apprehend either the free-thinkers on one hand, or the narrow dogmatiſts on the other. Some few things may be expreſſed a little hardly; but none are, I believe, unintelligible." With reſpect to the doctrines in the Eſſay on Man, I ſhall here inſert an anecdote copied exactly from the papers of Mr. Spence in the words of Pope himſelf: "In the moral poem, I had written an addreſs to our Saviour, imitated from Lucretius's compliments to Epicurus, but omitted it by the advice of Dean Berkley. One of our prieſts, who are *more narrow* than your's, made a leſs ſenſible objection to the Epiſtle on Happineſs. He was very angry that there was nothing ſaid in it of our eternal happineſs hereafter; though my ſubject was expreſsly to treat only of the ſtate of man here."

If Bolingbroke concealed his real opinions from Pope, yet ſurely he ſpeaks out plainly and loudly to Swift in one of his letters, and openly tells him he diſmiſſes from his creed the belief of a future ſtate, as ſuperfluous, and unneceſſary to be called in to vindicate the general plan of Providence.

"Does Pope talk to you of the noble work which, at my inſtigation, he has begun in ſuch a manner that he muſt be convinced by this time I judged better of his talents than he did. The firſt Epiſtle, which conſiders Man relatively to the whole ſyſtem of univerſal Being: The ſecond, which conſiders him in his own habitation, in himſelf: And the third, which ſhews how an univerſal cauſe works to one end, but works by various laws: how man, and beaſt, and vegetable, are linked in a mutual dependency; parts neceſſary to each other, and neceſſary to the whole: how human ſocieties were formed: from what ſpring true religion and true policy are derived: how God has made our greateſt intereſts and our plaineſt duty indiviſibly the ſame: Theſe three Epiſtles, I ſay, are finiſhed. The fourth he is now intent upon. It is a noble ſubject: he pleads the cauſe of God. I uſe Seneca's expreſſion againſt that famous charge which atheiſts in all ages have brought—the ſuppoſed unequal diſpenſations of Providence; a charge which I cannot heartily forgive your divines for admitting. You admit it, indeed, for an extreme good purpoſe, and

There ST. JOHN mingles with my friendly bowl
The Feaſt of Reaſon and the Flow of ſoul:
And HE, whoſe lightning pierc'd th' Iberian Lines,
Now forms my Quincunx, and now ranks my Vines,
Or tames the Genius of the ſtubborn plain,
Almoſt as quickly as he conquer'd Spain.

[1] *Envy* muſt own, I live among the Great,
No Pimp of pleaſure, and no Spy of ſtate,
With eyes that pry not, tongue that ne'er repeats,
Fond to ſpread friendſhips, but to cover heats;

To

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you build on this admiſſion the neceſſity of a future ſtate of rewards and puniſhments; but if you ſhould find that this future ſtate will not account for God's juſtice in the preſent ſtate, which you give up, in oppoſition to the atheiſt, would it not have been better to defend God's juſtice in this world, againſt theſe daring men, by irrefragable reaſons, and to have reſted the other point on revelation? I do not like conceſſions made againſt demonſtration, repair or ſupply them how you will. The Epiſtles I have mentioned will compoſe a firſt book: the plan of the ſecond is ſettled. You will not underſtand by what I have ſaid, that Pope will go ſo deep into the argument, or carry it ſo far as I have hinted." WARTON.

VER. 129. *And* HE, *whoſe lightning*, &c.] Charles Mordaunt Earl of Peterborow, who in the year 1705 took Barcelona, and in the winter following, with only 280 horſe and 900 foot, enterpriſed and accompliſhed the Conqueſt of Valentia. POPE.

VER. 133. Envy *muſt own*,] Pope has omitted an elegant alluſion. Horace ſeems to have been particularly fond of thoſe exquiſite morſels of wit and genius, the old Æſopic fables. He frequently alludes to them, but always with a brevity very different from our modern writers of fable. Even the natural La Fontaine has added a quaint and witty thought to this very fable. The File ſays to the Viper, Fab. 98.

"Tu le romprois toutes les dents,
Je ne crains que *telles* du *temps*." WARTON.

Offendet ſolido:

[k] niſi quid tu, *docte Trebati,*
Diſſentis.

T. [l] Equidem nihil hinc diffingere poſſum.
Sed tamen ut monitus caveas, ne forte negotî
Incutiat tibi quid ſanctarum inſcitia legum:
[m] " *Si mala condiderit in quem quis carmina, jus eſt*
" *Judiciumque.*"

H. Eſto, ſiquis [n] *mala.* ſed *bona* ſi quis
Judice condiderit laudatus CÆSARE? ſi quis
Opprobriis

NOTES.

Ver. 135. *With eyes that pry not,*] Pope triumphs and felicitates himſelf upon having lived with the Great, without deſcending into one of thoſe characters which he thinks it unavoidable to eſcape in ſuch a ſituation. From the generoſity and openneſs of Horace's character, I think he might be pronounced equally free (at leaſt from the laſt) of theſe imputations. There muſt have been ſomething uncommonly captivating in the temper and manners of Horace, that could have made Auguſtus ſo fond of him, though he had been ſo avowed an enemy, and ſerved under Brutus. I have ſeen ſome manuſcript letters of Shafteſbury, in which he has ranged, in three different claſſes, the Ethical writings of Horace, according to the different periods of his life in which he ſuppoſes them to have been written. The firſt, during the time he profeſſed the Stoic philoſophy, and was a friend of Brutus. The ſecond, after he became diſſolute and debauched at the court of Auguſtus. The third, when he repented of this abandoned Epicurean life, wiſhed to retire from the city and court, and become a private man and a philoſopher. I have read a poem, which may one day ſee the light, in which Horace is repreſented as meeting Brutus in Elyſium, who will not deign to hold any converſation with our Court-poet, but turns away from him with the ſullen ſilence and haughty diſdain with which Ajax treats Ulyſſes in the Odyſſey. Warton.

To help who want, to forward who excel;
This all who know me, know; who love me, tell;
And who unknown defame me, let them be
Scriblers or Peers, alike are *Mob* to me.
This is my Plea, on this I reſt my cauſe—
[k] What ſaith my Council, learned in the laws?
F. [l] Your plea is good; but ſtill I ſay, beware!
Laws are explain'd by Men—ſo have a care.
It ſtands on Record, that in Richard's times
A man was hang'd for very honeſt rhymes.
[m] Conſult the Statute: *quart.* I think, it is,
Edwardi ſext. or *prim.* et *quint. Eliz.*
See *Libels, Satires*—here you have it—read.
P. [n] *Libels* and *Satires!* lawleſs things indeed!
But

NOTES.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd, &c.*] *Si mala condiderit*—A great French Lawyer explains this matter very truly. "L'Ariſtocratie eſt le Gouvernement qui proſcrit le plus les Ouvrages ſatiriques. Les Magiſtrats y ſont de petits Souverains, qui ne ſont pas aſſez grands pour mepriſer les injures. Si dans la Monarchie quelque trait va contre le Monarque, il eſt ſi haut que le trait n'arrive point juſqu' à lui; un Seigneur Ariſtocratique en eſt percé de part en part. Auſſi les *Decemvirs*, qui formoient une Ariſtocratie, punirent-ils de mort les ecrits ſatiriques." De L'Eſprit des Loix, l. xii. c. 13. WARBURTON.

VER. 146. *A man was hang'd*] This may put the reader in mind of the ridiculous circumſtance in Shakeſpear's Julius Cæſar: where poor Cinna the Poet, when attacked by the mob, exclaims,

"I am not Cinna the Conſpirator, I am Cinna the Poet."
"No matter; tear him for his *bad verſes!*"

VER. 150, 151. Libels *and* Satires! *lawleſs things indeed!*
But grave Epiſtles, *&c.*

The *legal* objection is here more juſtly and decently taken off than in the original. Horace evades the force of it with a quibble,

"Eſto, ſiquis *mala*, ſed *bona* ſi quis——"

But

Opprobriis dignum laceraverit, integer ipſe?
T. ° Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis.

NOTES.

But the Imitator's *grave Epiſtles* ſhew the *ſatire* to be a ſerious reproof, and therefore juſtifiable; which the *integer ipſe* of the original does not. WARBURTON.

VER. 153. F. *Indeed?*] Hor.

" Solventur riſu tabulæ."

Some Critics tell us, it is want of Taſte to put this line in the mouth of Trebatius. But our Poet confutes this cenſure, by ſhewing how well the ſenſe of it agrees to his Friend's Character. The Lawyer is cautious and fearful; but as ſoon as Sir ROBERT, the Patron both of Law and Goſpel, is named as approving them, he changes his note, and, in the language of old Plouden, owns, *the Caſe is alter'd* Now was it not as natural, when Horace had given him a hint that Auguſtus himſelf ſupported him, for Trebatius, a Court Advocate, who had been long a Client to him and his uncle, to confeſs *the Caſe was alter'd?* WARBURTON.

To laugh at the ſolemnity of Trebatius, which throughout the Dialogue is exactly kept up, Horace puts him off with a mere play upon words. But our important Lawyer takes no notice of the jeſt, and finiſhes with a gravity ſuited to his character:

" Solventur riſu tabulæ: tu miſſus abibis." WARTON.

Four lines in this Imitation " gave great offence," ſays Ruffhead, (and well they might,) " to two court Ladies." The perſons he means were M. W. Montagu, deſignated by Sappho, and Lady Deloraine, ſuppoſed to be intended by Delia. Lady M. W. Montagu requeſted Lord Peterborough to expoſtulate with Pope.

Pope's defence, as uſual, was half ſubterfuge, and half falſehood. Lord Peterborough, in his anſwer to Lady M., ſays,

" He (Pope) named to me four remarkable poeteſſes and ſcribblers, Mrs. Behn, Mrs. Centlivre, Mrs. Haywood, and Mrs. Manly, famous in their generation, &c aſſuring me that ſuch only were the objects of his ſatire. I hope this aſſurance will prevent further miſtake, and any conſequences upon ſo ODD a ſubject.

Your Ladyſhip's, &c.

PETERBOROUGH."

At

But grave *Epiſtles*, bringing Vice to light,
Such as a King might read, a Biſhop write,
Such as Sir ROBERT would approve—

F. Indeed?

The Caſe is alter'd—you may then proceed;
In ſuch a cauſe the Plaintiff will be hiſs'd,
My Lords the Judges laugh, and you're diſmiſs'd.

NOTES.

At the time this Poem was written, there was a great outcry by the Oppoſition againſt the "Standing Army:" Hence Pope's oblique Satire, "Save but our Army!"

In a debate on this ſubject in the Houſe of Commons, Lord Hervey ſaid, "The reduction of the army was always the occaſion of ſome machination againſt us. In the late King's reign, the ſmall number of forces was the cauſe of the Rebellion in 1715. When that diſturbance was quelled, the army was no ſooner reduced, but we were threatened with inſurrection at home, and invaſion from Spain." He added, "Though every thing be now quiet, yet the *libels* that are every day publiſhed againſt the Government, and the *many ſcribblers* employed to ſow diſſenſion and diſaffection, is an evident ſign that we have many enemies in our boſom, who would probably think of *other weapons than the pen*, if we ſhould make a great reduction in our army."

Mr. Plumer, in reply, ſaid, "He could not ſee how the number of *ſcribblers* was a ſufficient reaſon for a ſtanding army; if *ſcribbling* made the Government uneaſy, the beſt way would be to employ an *army* of *ſcribblers* to defend them."

Parliamentary Debates for 1732.

Lord Hervey's antipathy to ſcribblers may be eaſily accounted for. What Plumer recommended, was the very ſyſtem Sir Robert Walpole purſued. He had his *Hoſt* of Scribblers, againſt the *formidable Artillery* of the *Craftſman*, a paper directed by Bolingbroke; his own unſhaken confidence, and manly energies in the Houſe, againſt the wit of Pulteney, the eloquence of Cheſterfield, and all the arts, ſchemes, and contrivances of Bolingbroke,

in the back ground; and he had a *ſtanding* Army, againſt any open attempts of the Pretender. With this policy, and with theſe *armies*, Sir Robert Walpole ſaved the ſtate.

Upon the whole, this Imitation is highly poliſhed and pointed; but the reader muſt *ſmile* at Pope's *impartial glaſs*, when he contemplates the picture which he, with ſo much complacency, has exhibited of himſelf.

THE SECOND SATIRE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

SATIRA II.

[a]QUÆ virtus et quanta, boni, ſit vivere parvo,
(Nec meus hic ſermo; ſed quæ præcepit Ofellus,
Ruſticus, [d] *abnormis* Sapiens, *craſſâque Minerva*,)
Diſcite, [e] non inter lances *menſaque nitentes*;
Cum ſtupet *inſanis acies fulgoribus*, et cum
Acclinis falſis animus meliora recuſat:
[c] Verum hic *impranſi* mecum diſquirite. Cur hoc?
Dicam, ſi potero. male verum examinat omnis
Corruptus judex. Leporem ſectatus, equove
Laſſus ab indomito; vel (ſi Romana fatigat
Militia aſſuetum Græcari) ſeu pila velox,
Molliter auſterum ſtudio fallente laborem;
Seu te diſcus agit, pete cedentem aëra diſco:

Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 2. *To live on little*] This diſcourſe in praiſe of temperance loſes much of its grace and propriety by being put into the mouth of a perſon of a much higher rank in life than the honeſt countryman Ofellus; whoſe patrimony had been ſeized by Auguſtus, and given to one of his ſoldiers named Umbrenus, and whom, perhaps, Horace recommended to the Emperor, by making him the chief ſpeaker in this very ſatire. We may imagine that a diſcourſe on temperance from Horace raiſed a laugh among the courtiers of Auguſtus; and we ſee he could not venture to deliver it in his own perſon.

This Imitation of Pope is not equal to moſt of his others.

Warton.

Ver. 9. Bethel] The ſame to whom ſeveral of Mr. Pope's Letters are addreſſed. Warburton.

SATIRE II.

TO MR. BETHEL.

[a]WHAT, and how great, the Virtue and the Art
To live on little with a chearful heart;
[b] (A doctrine ſage, but truly none of mine;)
Let's talk, my friends, but talk [c] before we dine.
[c] Not when a gilt Buffet's reflected pride
Turns you from ſound Philoſophy aſide;
Not when from plate to plate your eye-balls roll,
And the brain dances to the mantling bowl.

Hear BETHEL's Sermon, one not vers'd in ſchools,
[d] But ſtrong in ſenſe, and wiſe without the rules.
[b] Go work, hunt, exerciſe! (he thus began,)
Then ſcorn a homely dinner, if you can.

Your

NOTES.

VER. 11. *Go work, hunt,*] Theſe ſix following lines are much inferior to the original, in which the mention of many particular exerciſes gives it a pleaſing variety. The ſixth and ſeventh lines in Horace are nervous and ſtrong. The third in Pope is languid and wordy, which renders *foris eſt promus. Defendens*, and *latrantem*, and *caro*, and *pinguem*, and *album*, are all of them very expreſſive epithets: And the alluſion to Socrates's conſtant exerciſe, *tu pulmentaria*, &c. ought not to have been omitted. Pope's two laſt lines in this paſſage are very exceptionable. We are informed by Mr. Stuart, in his Athens, that the honey of Hymettus, even to this time, continues to be in vogue; and that the ſeraglio of the Grand Seignor is ſerved with a ſtated quantity of it yearly.

Cum labor extulerit faſtidia; ſiccus, inanis,
Sperne *cibum vilem:* niſi Hymettia mella Falerno,
Ne biberis, diluta. [1] foris eſt promus, et atrum
Defendens piſces hiemat mare: cum ſale panis
Latrantem ſtomachum bene leniet. unde putas, aut
Quî partum? non in caro nidore voluptas
Summa, ſed in *teipſo* eſt. tu pulmentaria quære
Sudando. pinguem vitiis albumque neque oſtrea,
Nec ſcarus, aut poterit peregrina juvare lagoïs.
[k] Vix tamen eripiam, poſito *pavone*, velis quin
Hoc potius quam *gallina* tergere palatum;
Corruptus vanis rerum: quia veneat auro
Rara avis, et picta pandat ſpectacula cauda:
Tamquam ad rem attineat quidquam. Num veſceris iſta,
Quam laudas, pluma? coctove num adeſt honor idem?
Carne tamen quamvis diſtat nihil hac, magis illa;
Imparibus formis deceptum te patet, eſto.
Unde datum ſentis, lupus hic, Tiberinus, an alto
Captus hiet? ponteſne inter jactatus, an amnis
Oſtia ſub Tuſci? [l] laudas, inſane, *trilibrem*
Mullum; in ſingula quem minuas plumenta neceſſe eſt.
Ducit te ſpecies, video. quo pertinet ergo
Proceros odiſſe *lupos?* quia ſcilicet illis
Majorem natura modum dedit, his breve pondus.
Jejunus raro ſtomachus vulgaria temnit.

Porrectum

NOTES.

Ver. 18. *before a hen;*] He might have inſerted the original word *peacocks*, as many of our Engliſh epicures are fond of them. Q. Hortenſius had the honour of being the firſt Roman that introduced

[i] Your wine lock'd up, your Butler ſtroll'd abroad,
Or fiſh deny'd, (the river yet unthaw'd,)
If then plain bread and milk will do the feat,
The pleaſure lies in you, and not the meat.
[k] Preach as I pleaſe, I doubt our curious men
Will chooſe a pheaſant ſtill before a hen;
Yet hens of Guinea full as good I hold,
Except you eat the feathers green and gold.
[l] Of carps and mullets why prefer the great,
(Tho' cut in pieces ere my Lord can eat,)
Yet for ſmall Turbots ſuch eſteem profeſs?
Becauſe God made theſe large, the other leſs.

Oldfield

NOTES.

troduced this bird to the table as a great dainty, in a magnificent feaſt which he made on his being created Augur. The price of a peacock, ſays Arbuthnot, page 129. was fifty denarii, that is, 1 l. 12 s. 3d. A flock of a hundred was ſold at a much dearer rate, for 322 l. 18 s. 4d. of our money. M. Aufidius Lurco, according to Varro, uſed to make every year of his peacocks 4841. 7 s. 6 d. WARTON.

VER. 21. *Of carps and mullets*] Very inferior to the original; and principally ſo, becauſe that pleaſant ſtroke is omitted of the eaters knowing in what part of the river the lupus was taken, and whether or no betwixt the two bridges, which was deemed an eſſential circumſtance. The reader will be well entertained on this ſubject if he will look into the ſeventeenth chapter of the third book of Macrobius, particularly into a curious ſpeech of C. Tertius there recited. But Horace ſeems to have had in his eye a paſſage of Lucilius, quoted by Macrobius: "Sed et Lucilius acer et violentus poeta, oſtendit ſcire ſe hunc piſcem egregii ſaporis, qui inter duos pontes captus eſſet." WARTON.

[m] *Porrectum magno magnum ſpectare catino*
Vellem, ait *Harpyiis* gula digna rapacibus. At vos,
[n] Præſentes, Auſtri, coquite horum opſonia: quamquam
Putet aper rhombuſque recens, mala copia quando
Ægrum ſollicitat ſtomachum; cum *rapula* plenus
Atque acidas mavult *inulas*. [o] necdum *omnis* abacta
Pauperies epulis regum: nam *vilibus ovis*
Nigriſque eſt *oleis* hodie locus. Haud ita pridem
Gallonî præconis erat acipenſere menſa
Infamis. quid? tum rhombos minus æquora alebant?
[p] Tutus erat rhombus, tutoque *ciconia* nido,
Donec vos auctor docuit *prætorius*. ergo
[q] Si quis nunc *mergos* ſuaves edixerit *aſſos*,
Parebit pravi docilis *Romana juventus*.

Sordidus

NOTES.

Ver. 25. *Oldfield*] This eminent Glutton ran through a fortune of fifteen hundred pounds a-year in the ſimple luxury of good eating. Warburton.

Ver. 26. *Hog barbecu'd, &c.*] A Weſt Indian term of Gluttony; a hog roaſted whole, ſtuffed with ſpice, and baſted with Madeira wine. Pope.

He has happily introduced this large unwieldy inſtance of gluttony, ſuppoſed to be peculiar to the Weſt Indies. But Athenæus ſpeaks of a cook that could dreſs a whole hog with various puddings in his belly. *Gulla* is here uſed perſonally, as it is alſo by Juvenal, Sat. xiv. v. 10. Warton.

Ver. 28. *rabbit's tail.*] A very filthy and offenſive image for the more happy and decent word *coquite:* So fond, it muſt be owned, was our Author, as well as Swift, of ſuch diſguſting ideas Warton.

[m] Oldfield with more than Harpy throat endu'd,
Cries, "Send me, Gods! a whole Hog barbecu'd!"
Oh blaſt it, [n] South winds! till a ſtench exhale
Rank as the ripeneſs of a rabbit's tail.
By what Criterion do ye eat, d'ye think,
If this is priz'd for ſweetneſs, that for ſtink?
When the tir'd glutton labours through a treat,
He finds no reliſh in the ſweeteſt meat,
He calls for ſomething bitter, ſomething ſour,
And the rich feaſt concludes extremely poor:
[o] Cheap eggs, and herbs, and olives ſtill we ſee;
Thus much is left of old Simplicity!
[p] The Robin-red-breaſt till of late had reſt,
And children ſacred held a Martin's neſt,
Till Becaficos ſold ſo dev'liſh dear
To one that was, or would have been, a Peer.
[q] Let me extol a Cat, on oyſters fed,
I'll have a party at the Bedford-head;
Or e'en to crack live Crawfiſh recommend;
I'd never doubt at Court to make a friend.

'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 41. *Let me extol*] To dine upon a cat fattened with oyſters, and to crack live crawfiſh, is infinitely more pleaſant and ridiculous than to eat *mergos aſſos*. But then the words, *extol* and *recommend*, fall far below *edixerit*, give out a decree. So Virgil, Geor. iii. line 295. does not *adviſe*, but *raiſes* his ſubject, by ſaying,

"Incipiens ſtatutis edico"——

In the lines above, 37 and 38, he has dextrouſly ſubſtituted for the ſtork two birds that among us are vulgarly held to be ſacred. Semp. Rufus firſt taught the Romans to eat ſtorks, for which he loſt the prætorſhip. WARTON.

VER. 42. *Bedford head;*] A famous Eating-houſe. POPE.

[r] Sordidus a tenui victus diſtabit, Oſello
Judice: nam fruſtra vitium vitaveris iſtud,
Si te alio pravus detorſeris. [s] Avidienus
[t] Cui *Canis* ex vero ductum cognomen adhæret,
Quinquennes oleas eſt, et ſylveſtria corna;
[u] Ac, niſi *mutatum*, parcit defundere *vinum*; et
Cujus odorem olei nequeas perferre (licebit
Ille *repotia*, *natales*, alioſque dierum
[w] *Feſtos* albatus celebret) cornu ipſe bilibri
Caulibus inſtillat, [x] *veteris non parcus aceti.*
Quali igitur victu ſapiens utetur, et horum
Utrum imitabitur? hac urget lupus, hac canis, aiunt.
[y] Mundus erit, qua non offendat ſordibus, atque
In neutram partem cultus miſer. [z] Hic neque *ſervis*
Albutî ſenis exemplo, dum munia didit,
Sævus erit; nec ſit ut ſimplex [b] Nævius, *unctam*
Convivis præbebit *aquam*: vitium hoc quoque magnum.
[c] Accipe nunc, victus tenuis quæ quantaque ſecum
Afferat. [d] In primis valeas bene; nam variæ res
Ut noceant homini, credas, memor illius eſcæ,
Quæ

NOTES.

Ver. 50. *For him you'll call a dog,*] Warburton obſerves, "that Pope had the art of giving *wit* and *dignity* to Billingſgate!"

Ver. 55 *But on ſome lucky*] Much heightened and improved on the original, by two ſuch ſuppoſed occaſions of the unnatural feſtivity and joy of a true miſer. The 68th line is uſeleſs and redundant. Warton.

[r] 'Tis yet in vain, I own, to keep a pother
About one vice, and fall into the other:
Between Exceſs and Famine lies a mean;
Plain, but not ſordid; tho' not ſplendid, clean.
[s] Avidien, or his Wife, (no matter which,
For him you'll call a [t] dog, and her a bitch,)
Sell their preſented partridges, and fruits,
And humbly live on rabbits and on roots:
[u] One half-pint bottle ſerves them both to dine,
And is at once their vinegar and wine.
But on ſome [w] lucky day (as when they found
A loſt Bank-bill, or heard their Son was drown'd)
At ſuch a feaſt, [x] old vinegar to ſpare,
Is what two ſouls ſo gen'rous cannot bear:
Oil, tho' it ſtink, they drop by drop impart,
But ſowſe the cabbage with a bounteous heart.
[y] He knows to live, who keeps the middle ſtate,
And neither leans on this ſide, nor on that;
Nor [a] ſtops, for one bad cork, his butler's pay,
Swears, like Albutius, a good cook away;
Nor lets, like [b] Nævius, ev'ry error paſs,
The muſty wine, foul cloth, or greaſy glaſs.
[c] Now hear what bleſſings Temperance can bring:
(Thus ſaid our Friend, and what he ſaid I ſing:)
[d] Firſt Health: the ſtomach (cramm'd from ev'ry diſh,
A tomb of boil'd and roaſt, and fleſh and fiſh,
Where bile, and wind, and phlegm, and acid jar,
And all the man is one inteſtine war)
Remembers

NOTES.

VER. 72. *one inteſtine war*] Dr. Warton ſays, "It is in the original, *tumultum*; a metaphor uſed by Hippocrates." It is of very

Quæ ſimplex [e] *olim* tibi ſederit. at ſimul aſſis
Miſcueris elixa, ſimul conchylia turdis;
Dulcia ſe in bilem vertent, ſtomachoque tumultum
Lenta feret pituita. [f] Vides, ut pallidus omnis
Cœna deſurgat dubia? quin corpus onuſtum
Heſternis vitiis *animum* quoque prægravat una,
Atque affigit humo *divinæ particulam auræ.*
[g] Alter, ubi dicto citius curata ſopori
Membra dedit, vegetus præſcripta ad munia ſurgit.
[h] Hic tamen ad melius poterit tranſcurrere quondam;
Sive *diem* feſtum rediens advexerit annus,
Seu recreare volet *tenuatum corpus:* ubique
Accedent anni, et *tractari mollius ætas*
Imbecilla volet. [i] Tibi quidnam accedet ad iſtam

Quam

NOTES.

very little conſequence to whom Horace was indebted for the *metaphor*, for the whole deſcription is offenſive, and the ſimile, if uſed by Hippocrates, fitter for him, than for an elegant *Poet*.

Ver. 76. *Riſe from*] A ſtrange inſtance of falſe grammar and falſe Engliſh, in uſing *riſe* for *riſes*. Such a miſtake in an inferior writer would not have been worth notice. I cannot forbear adding a note of much humour with which the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry is enlivened; vol. iii. p. 254. "In an old *dieturie* for the clergy, by Cranmer, an archbiſhop is allowed to have two ſwans, or two capons in a diſh; a biſhop, two; an archbiſhop, ſix blackbirds at once; a biſhop, five; a dean, four; an archdeacon, two. If a dean has four diſhes in the firſt courſe, he is not afterwards to have cuſtards or fritters. An archbiſhop may have ſix ſnipes; an archdeacon, only two. A canon reſidentiary is to have a ſwan only on Sunday. A rector of ſixteen marks, only three blackbirds in a week." Warton.

Ver. 79, 80. *The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines*
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.]

Horace was an Epicurean, and laughed at the immortality of the ſoul

Remembers oft [e] the School-boy's ſimple fare,
The temp'rate ſleeps, and ſpirits light as air.
[f] How pale, each Worſhipful and Rev'rend gueſt
Riſe from a Clergy, or a City feaſt!
What life in all that ample body, ſay?
What heav'nly particle inſpires the clay?
The Soul ſubſides, and wickedly inclines
To ſeem but mortal, ev'n in ſound Divines.
[g] On morning wings how active ſprings the Mind
That leaves the load of yeſterday behind?
How eaſy ev'ry labour it purſues?
How coming to the Poet ev'ry Muſe?
[h] Not but we may exceed, ſome holy time,
Or tir'd in ſearch of Truth, or ſearch of Rhyme;
Ill health ſome juſt indulgence may engage,
And more the ſickneſs of long life, Old age:
[i] For fainting Age what cordial drop remains,
If our intemp'rate Youth the veſſel drains?

Our

NOTES.

ſoul. And therefore, to render the doctrine more ridiculous, deſcribes that languor of the mind proceeding from intemperance, on the idea, and in the terms of Plato,

—— "affigit humo divinæ particulam auræ."

To *this*, his ridicule is pointed. Our Poet, with more ſobriety and judgment, has turn'd the Ridicule, from the doctrine, which he believed, upon thoſe Preachers of it, whoſe feaſts and compotations in Taverns did not edify him: and ſo has added ſurpriſing humour and ſpirit to the eaſy elegance of the original.

WARBURTON.

VER. 80. *To ſeem but mortal,*] Affigit humi is heightened by the —— "ev'n in ſound Divines." WARTON.

VER. 81. *On morning wings, &c.*] Much happier and nobler than the original. WARBURTON.

Quam puer et validus præſumis, mollitiem; ſeu
Dura valetudo inciderit, ſeu tarda ſenectus?
[k] *Rancidum aprum* antiqui laudabant: non quia naſus
Illis nullus erat; ſed, *credo*, hac mente, quod hoſpes
Tardius adveniens vitiatum commodius, quam
Integrum edax dominus conſumeret. [l] hos utinam inter
Heroas natum tellus me prima tuliſſet.
[m] Das aliquid *famæ*, quæ *carmine gratior* aurem
Occupet humanam? grandes rhombi, patinæque
Grande ferunt una [n] cum *damno dedecus*, adde.
[o] Iratum patruum, vicinos, te tibi iniquum,
Et fruſtra mortis cupidum, cum deerit egenti
[p] As, *laquei* pretium.
[q] Jure, inquit, Trauſius iſtis
Jurgatur verbis: ego vectigalia magna,
Divitiaſque habeo tribus amplas regibus. [r] Ergo,
Quod *ſuperat*, non eſt *melius quo* inſumere poſſis?
Cur eget indignus *quiſquam*, te divite? quare
[s] *Templa* ruunt *antiqua* Deûm? *cur*, improbe, caræ
Non aliquid *patriæ* tanto emetiris acervo?
Uni nimirum tibi recte ſemper erunt res?
O magnus

NOTES.

Ver. 118. *How dar'ſt thou*] Very ſpirited, and ſuperior to the original; for *dar'ſt* is far beyond the mere *eget*. Two lines on this ſubject in Armſtrong are exquiſitely tender, eſpecially the ſecond:

"E'en modeſt want may bleſs your hand unſeen,
Tho' huſh'd in patient wretchedneſs at home."

Warton.

[k] Our fathers prais'd rank Ven'ſon. You ſuppoſe
Perhaps, young men! our fathers had no noſe.
Not ſo: a Buck was then a week's repaſt,
And 'twas their point, I ween, to make it laſt;
More pleas'd to keep it till their friends could come,
Than eat the ſweeteſt by themſelves at home.
[l] Why had not I in thoſe good times my birth,
Ere coxcomb-pies or coxcombs were on earth?
Unworthy he, the voice of Fame to hear,
[m] That ſweeteſt muſic to an honeſt ear,
(For 'faith, Lord Fanny! you are in the wrong,
The world's good word is better than a ſong,)
Who has not learn'd, [n] freſh ſturgeon and ham-pie
Are no rewards for want, and infamy!
When Luxury has lick'd up all thy pelf,
Curs'd by thy [o] neighbours, thy truſtees, thyſelf,
To friends, to fortune, to mankind a ſhame,
Think how poſterity will treat thy name;
And [p] buy a rope, that future times may tell
Thou haſt at leaſt beſtow'd one penny well.
[q] "Right," cries his Lordſhip, "for a rogue in need
"To have a Taſte, is inſolence indeed:
"In me 'tis noble, ſuits my birth and ſtate,
"My wealth unwieldy, and my heap too great."
Then, like the Sun, let [r] Bounty ſpread her ray,
And ſhine that ſuperfluity away.
Oh Impudence of wealth! with all thy ſtore,
How dar'ſt thou let one worthy man be poor?
Shall half the [s] new-built churches round thee fall?
Make Keys, build Bridges, or repair Whitehall:

Or

[t] O magnus poſthac inimicis riſus! uterne
[u] Ad caſus dubios fidet ſibi certius? hic, qui
Pluribus aſſuêrit mentem corpuſque ſuperbum;
An qui contentus parvo metuenſque futuri,
In pace, ut ſapiens, aptarit idonea bello?
[x] Quo magis his credas: puer hunc ego parvus *Ofellum*
Integris opibus novi non latius uſum,
Quam nunc [w] *acciſis*. Videas, *metato* in agello,
Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 122. *As M**o's was, &c.*] I think this light ſtroke of ſatire ill placed; and that it hurts the dignity of the preceding morality. Horace was very ſerious, and properly ſo, when he ſaid,

" cur, Improbe! caræ
Non aliquid patriæ tanto emetiris acervo?"

He remembered, and hints with juſt indignation at, thoſe luxurious Patricians of his old party; who, when they had agreed to eſtabliſh a fund in the cauſe of Freedom, under the conduct of Brutus, could never be perſuaded to withdraw from their expenſive pleaſures what was ſufficient for the ſupport of ſo great a cauſe. He had prepared his apology for this liberty, in the preceding line, where he pays a fine compliment to Auguſtus!

——" quare
" Templa ruunt antiqua Deûm?"

which oblique Panegyric the Imitator has very properly turned into a direct ſtroke of ſatire. Warburton.

Ver. 122. *not at five per cent.*] He could not forbear this ſtroke againſt a nobleman, whom he had been for many years accuſtomed to hear abuſed by his moſt intimate friends. A certain paraſite, who thought to pleaſe Lord Bolingbroke by ridiculing the avarice of the Duke of M. was ſtopt ſhort by that Lord, who ſaid, " He was ſo very great a man, that I forgot he had that

Or to thy Country let that heap be lent,
As M**o's was, but not at five per cent.
[t] Who thinks that Fortune cannot change her mind,
Prepares a dreadful jeſt for all mankind.
And [u] who ſtands ſafeſt? tell me, is it he
That ſpreads and ſwells in puff'd Proſperity,
Or bleſt with little, whoſe preventing care
In peace provides fit arms againſt a war?
[x] Thus BETHEL ſpoke, who always ſpeaks his thought,
And always thinks the very thing he ought:
His equal mind I copy what I can,
And as I love, would imitate the Man.
In South-Sea days not happier, when ſurmis'd
The Lord of Thouſands, than if now [y] *Excis'd*;
In foreſt planted by a Father's hand,
Than in five acres now of rented land.

Content

NOTES.

vice."—WARTON.

VER. 122. *five per cent.*] Among the papers of the Orford collection, is a curious note to Sir. Robert Walpole, when Secretary at War, from the Duke of Marlborough, in which he ſays, he has a hundred thouſand pounds he does not know how to diſpoſe of, and deſires Walpole to put it out for him. From Mr. Coxe.

VER. 129. *Thus* BETHEL *ſpoke,*] This ſpeech of Ofellus continues in the original to the end of this Satire. Pope has taken all that follows out of the mouth of Bethel, and ſpeaks entirely in his own perſon. It is impoſſible not to be pleaſed with the picture of his way of life, and the account he gives of his own table, in lines that expreſs common and familiar objects with dignity and elegance. WARTON.

VER. 133 *In South-Sea days not happier, &c.*] Mr. Pope had South-Sea ſtock, which he did not ſell out. It was valued at between twenty and thirty thouſand pounds when it fell.

WARBURTON.

Cum pecore et gnatis, fortem mercede colonum,
Non ego, narrantem, temere edi luce profeſta
Quidquam, præter [x] *olus* fumoſæ cum pede pernæ.
Ac mihi ſeu [y] *longum poſt tempus* venerat hoſpes,
Sive *operum vacuo* gratus conviva per imbrem
Vicinus; bene erat, non *piſcibus* urbe petitis,
Sed *pullo* atque *hædo*: tum [z] *penſilis uva* ſecundas
Et *nux* ornabat menſas, cum *duplice ficu*.
Poſt hoc ludus erat [a] cuppa potare magiſtra:
Ac *venerata Ceres*, ita culmo ſurgeret alto,
Explicuit vino contractæ feria frontis.
[b] Sæviat atque novos moveat Fortuna tumultus!
Quantum hinc imminuet? quanto *aut ego* parcius, aut *vos*,
O pueri, nituiſtis, ut huc [c] *novus incola* venit?

Nam

NOTES.

VER. 134 *than if now* Excis'd;] Pope naturally joined the violent cry againſt the *Exciſe*, with the Party in oppoſition to Sir R Walpole. Pulteney exclaimed upon another occaſion:

"There is another thing impending! a *monſtrous* project! ſuch a project as has *ſtruck terror* into the minds of moſt gentlemen of this Houſe, and into the minds of all men without doors, who have any regard to the happineſs, or to the conſtitution, of their country. I mean THAT MONSTER, THE EXCISE! that PLAN OF ARBITRARY POWER, which is expected to be laid before the Houſe in the preſent Parliament." Coxe's Memoirs, chap. 41.

VER. 136. *Than in five acres*] He had a leaſe of his houſe and gardens at Twickenham for his life. The leaſe was purchaſed of a Mrs. Vernon; hence the expreſſions,

——Does it concern one,
Whether the Houſe belong to Pope, or *Vernon*?

VER. 152. *double tax'd*,] An additional tax was laid on the eſtates of Papiſts and Nonjurors.

Content with little, I can piddle here
On [x] brocoli and mutton, round the year;
But [y] ancient friends (tho' poor, or out of play)
That touch my bell, I cannot turn away.
'Tis true, no [z] Turbots dignify my boards,
But gudgeons, flounders, what my Thames affords:
To Hounſlow-heath I point, and Banſted-down,
Thence comes your mutton, and theſe chicks my own:
[a] From yon old walnut-tree a ſhow'r ſhall fall;
And grapes, long ling'ring on my only wall,
And figs from ſtandard and eſpalier join;
The Dev'l is in you if you cannot dine:
Then [b] chearful healths, (your Miſtreſs ſhall have place,)
And, what's more rare, a Poet ſhall ſay Grace.

Fortune not much of humbling me can boaſt;
Tho' double tax'd, how little have I loſt?
My Life's amuſements have been juſt the ſame,
Before and after [c] Standing Armies came.
My lands are ſold, my father's houſe is gone;
I'll hire another's; is not that my own,
And yours, my friends? through whoſe free op'ning gate
None comes too early, none departs too late;
(For I, who hold ſage Homer's rule the beſt,
Welcome the coming, ſpeed the going Gueſt.)

" Pray

NOTES.

VER. 154. *Standing Armies came.*] A conſtant topic of declamation againſt the court, at this time. WARTON.

The outcry was equally violent againſt the *Exciſe*, and no leſs unjuſtly. See Coxe's Memoirs, ch. 41.

Nam [d] *propriæ telluris* herum natura neque illum,
Nec me, nec quemquam ſtatuit. nos expulit ille;
Illum aut [e] nequities aut [f] *vafri inſcitia juris*,
Poſtremum expellet certe [g] *vivacior heres*,
[h] Nunc ager *Umbreni ſub nomine*, nuper *Oſelli*
Dictus erat: nulli proprius; ſed cedit in uſum
Nunc mihi, nunc alii. [i] quocirca vivite fortes,
Fortiaque adverſis opponite pectora rebus.

NOTES.

Ver. 160. *Welcome the coming,*] From Homer, Od. b. 15. v. 74.

χρη ξεινον παρεοντα φιλειν, εθελοντα δε πεμπειν.

Theocritus has finely touched this ſubject in the ſixteenth Idyllium. Warton.

Ver. 165 *Well, if the uſe be mine, &c.*] In a letter to this Mr. Bethel, of March 2c, 1743, he ſays, "My Landlady, Mrs. *Vernon*, being dead, this Garden and Houſe are offered me in ſale; and, I believe, (together with the cottages on each ſide my graſs plot next the Thames,) will come at about a thouſand pounds. If I thought any very particular friend would be pleaſed to live in it after my death, (for, as it is, it ſerves all my purpoſes as well, during life,) I would purchaſe it; and more particularly could I hope two things; that the friend who ſhould like it, was ſo much younger and healthier than myſelf, as to have a proſpect of its continuing his, ſome years longer than I can of its continuing mine. But moſt of thoſe I love are travelling out of the world, not into it; and unleſs I have ſuch a view given me, I have no vanity nor pleaſure that does not ſtop ſhort of the Grave."—So that we ſee (what ſome who call themſelves his friends would not believe) his thoughts in proſe and verſe were the ſame. Warburton.

Ver. 171-2. *Or in pure equity, (the caſe not clear,)*
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:]

A Proteſtant Miſer's money in *Chancery*, and a Catholic Miſer's perſon in *Purgatory*, are never to be got out, till the Law and the Church have been well paid for their redemption. Warburton.

Ver. 175 *that to* Bacon *could*] Gorhambury, near St. Alban's, a fine and venerable old manſion. Warton.

Pope, with his uſual proneneſs to invective, alludes to a very reſpectable nobleman, William, firſt Lord *Grimſtone*.

" Pray Heav'n it laſt! (cries SWIFT) as you go on
" I wiſh to God this houſe had been your own:
" Pity! to build, without a ſon or wife:
" Why, you'll enjoy it only all your life."
Well, if the uſe be mine, can it concern one,
Whether the name belong to Pope or Vernon?
What's [d] *Property?* dear Swift! you ſee it alter
From you to me, from me to [e] Peter Walter;
Or, in a mortgage, prove a Lawyer's ſhare;
Or, in a jointure, vaniſh from the heir;
Or, in pure [f] equity, (the caſe not clear,)
The Chanc'ry takes your rents for twenty year:
At beſt, it falls to ſome [g] ungracious ſon,
Who cries, " My father's damn'd, and all's my own."
[h] Shades, that to BACON could retreat afford,
Become the portion of a booby Lord;
And Hemſley, once proud Buckingham's delight,
Slides to a Scriv'ner or a city Knight.
[i] Let lands and houſes have what Lords they will,
Let Us be fix'd, and our own maſters ſtill.

NOTES.

VER. 177. *And Hemſley,*] Helmſley, in Yorkſhire.

VER. 177. *proud Buckingham's, &c.*] Villiers Duke of Buckingham. POPE.

THIS imitation appears to me, the leaſt ſucceſsfully poliſhed and pointed of any he has attempted. The obſervations, indeed, are not very ſtriking in the original; and as to Pope, if Bethel always " ſpoke what he thought, and always thought as he ought," we cannot be impreſſed with the *ſageneſs* of his remarks. The chief merit of Horace is the language, and in this reſpect Pope has followed him with much leſs ſucceſs than he has done in his other Imitations.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA I.

PRIMA dicte mihi, ſumma dicende camena,
[b] Spectatum ſatis, et donatum jam rude, quæris,
Mæcenas, iterum antiquo me includere ludo.
Non eadem eſt ætas, non mens. [c] Veianius, armis
[d] Herculis ad poſtem fixis, latet abditus agro;
Ne populum [e] extrema toties exoret arena.

Eſt

NOTES.

Ver. 1. *whoſe love*] Equal to the affection which Horace in the original profeſſes for Mecænas. It has been ſuſpected that his affection to his friend was ſo ſtrong, as to make him reſolve not to outlive him; and that he actually put into execution his promiſe of ibimus, ibimus. Od. xvii. lib. 3. Both died in the end of the year 746; Horace only three weeks after Mecænas, November 27. Nothing can be ſo different as the plain and manly ſtyle of the former, in compariſon of what Quintilian calls the calamiſtros of the latter, for which Sanctorius and Macrobius, cap. 86. ſay Auguſtus frequently ridiculed him, though Auguſtus himſelf was guilty of the ſame fault: as when he ſaid, *vapidè ſe habere* for *malè*. WARTON.

Ver. 3. *Sabbath of my days?*] i. e. The 49th year, the age of the Author. WARBURTON.

Ver. 8. *Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,*] An occaſional ſtroke of Satire on ill-placed ornaments. He has more openly ridiculed them in his *Epiſtle on Taſte*;

"Load ſome vain Church with old theatric ſtate,
Turn *Arcs of Triumph to a Garden gate.*" WARBURTON.

He is ſaid to have alluded to the entrance of Lord Peterborough's Lawn at Beviſmount, near Southampton.

There

EPISTLE I.

TO LORD BOLINGBROKE.

ST. JOHN, whoſe love indulg'd my labours paſt,
Matures my preſent, and ſhall bound my laſt!
Why [b] will you break the Sabbath of my days?
Now ſick alike of Envy and of Praiſe.
Public too long, ah let me hide my Age!
See modeſt [c] Cibber now has left the Stage:
Our Gen'rals now, [d] retir'd to their Eſtates,
Hang their old Trophies o'er the Garden gates,
In Life's cool Ev'ning ſatiate of Applauſe,
Nor [e] fond of bleeding, ev'n in BRUNSWICK's cauſe.
A Voice

NOTES.

There is more pleaſantry and humour in Horace's comparing himſelf to an old gladiator, worn out in the ſervice of the public, from which he had often begged his life, and has now at laſt been diſmiſſed with the uſual ceremonies, than for Pope to compare himſelf to an old actor or retired general. Pope was in his forty-ninth year, and Horace probably in his forty-ſeventh, when he wrote this Epiſtle. Bentley has arranged the writings of Horace in the following order. He compoſed the firſt book of his Satires between the twenty-ſixth and twenty eighth year of his age; the ſecond book, from the year thirty-one to thirty-three; next, the Epodes, in his thirty-fourth and fifth year; next, the firſt book of his Odes, in three years, from his thirty-ſixth to his thirty eighth year; the ſecond book in the two next years; then the firſt book of the Epiſtles, in his forty-ſixth and ſeventh year; next to that, the fourth book of his Odes, in his forty-ninth year: laſtly, the Art of Poetry, and ſecond book of the Epiſtles, to which an exact date cannot be aſſigned. WARTON.

VER. 10. *ev'n in* BRUNSWICK's *cauſe.*] In the former Editions it was *Britain's cauſe.* But the terms are ſynonimous. WARBURTON.

[f] Eſt mihi purgatam crebro qui perſonat aurem;
Solve [g] ſeneſcentem mature ſanus equum, ne
Peccet ad extremum ridendus, et ilia ducat.
Nunc itaque et [h] verſus, et *cætera ludicra* pono:
Quid [i] verum atque *decens*, curo et rogo, et *omnis* in
hoc ſum:
[k] Condo, et compono, quæ mox depromere poſſim.
Ac ne forte roges, [l] quo me *duce*, quo *Lare* tuter:
Nullius addictus jurare in verba magiſtri,
[m] Quo me cunque rapit tempeſtas, deferor *hoſpes*.
Nunc *agilis* fio, et merſor [n] *civilibus undis*,
Virtutis veræ cuſtos, [o] *rigiduſque ſatelles*:

Nunc

NOTES.

Ver. 15. *Leſt ſtiff,*] He has excelled Boileau's imitation of theſe verſes, Ep. 10. v. 44. And indeed Boileau himſelf is excelled by an old French Poet, whom he has frequently imitated, that is, Le Freſnaie Vauquelin, whoſe Poems were publiſhed 1612. Vauquelin ſays, that he profited much by reading the Satires of Arioſto; he alſo wrote an Art of Poetry; one of his beſt pieces is an imitation of Horace's Trebatius, being a dialogue between himſelf and the Chancellor of France. Warton.

Ver. 16. *You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's horſe.*] The fame of this heavy Poet, however problematical elſewhere, was univerſally received in the City of London. His verſification is here exactly deſcribed: ſtiff, and not ſtrong; ſtately, and yet dull, like the ſober and ſlow-paced Animal generally employed to mount the Lord Mayor: and therefore here humorouſly oppoſed to Pegaſus. Pope.

Ver. 26. *And houſe with* Montagne *now, or now with* Locke.] *i. e.* Chuſe either an *active* or a *contemplative* life, as is moſt fitted to the ſeaſon and circumſtances. For he regarded theſe Writers

as

[f] A Voice there is, that whiſpers in my ear,
('Tis Reaſon's voice, which ſometimes one can hear,)
" Friend Pope! be prudent, let your [g] Muſe take
" breath,
" And never gallop Pegaſus to death;
" Leſt ſtiff, and ſtately, void of fire or force,
" You limp, like Blackmore on a Lord Mayor's
" horſe."

Farewell then [h] Verſe, and Love, and ev'ry Toy,
The Rhymes and Rattles of the Man or Boy;
What [i] right, what true, what fit we juſtly call,
Let this be all my care—for this is All:
To lay this [k] harveſt up, and hoard with haſte
What ev'ry day will want, and moſt, the laſt.

But aſk not, to what [l] Doctors I apply?
Sworn to no Maſter, of no Sect am I:
As drives the [m] ſtorm, at any door I knock:
And houſe with Montagne now, or now with Locke.
Sometimes a [n] Patriot, active in debate,
Mix with the World, and battle for the State,
Free as young Lyttelton, her cauſe purſue,
Still true to Virtue, [o] and as warm as true:

Sometimes

NOTES.

as the beſt Schools to form a man for the world; or to give him a knowledge of himſelf: *Montagne* excelling in his obſervations on ſocial and civil life; and *Locke*, in developing the faculties, and explaining the operations of the human mind. WARBURTON.

VER. 29. *Free as young Lyttelton,*] A juſt, and not overcharged encomium, on an excellent man, who had always ſerved his friends with warmth, (witneſs his kindneſs to Thomſon,) and his country with activity and zeal. His Poems and Dialogues of the Dead are written

Nunc in * Ariſtippi [p] *furtim* præcepta *relabor*,
Et mihi res, non me rebus, ſubjungere conor.
[q] Ut nox longa, quibus mentitur amica; dieſque
Lenta videtur *opus debentibus:* ut piger annus
Pupillis, quos dura premit cuſtodia matrum:
Sic mihi tarda [r] fluunt *ingrataque* tempora, quæ ſpem
Conſiliumque *morantur* agendi gnaviter [s] id, quod
Æque *pauperibus* prodeſt, *locupletibus* æque,
Æque neglectum *pueris*, *ſenibuſque* nocebit.
[t] *Reſtat*, ut his ego me ipſe regam [u] ſolerque *elementis:*
[w] Non poſſis oculo quantum contendere Lynceus;
Non

* Omnis Ariſtippum decuit color, et ſtatus, et res. [p] POPE.

NOTES.

written with elegance and eaſe; his obſervations on the Converſion of St. Paul, with clearneſs and cloſeneſs of reaſoning; and his Hiſtory of Henry II. with accuracy and knowledge of thoſe early times and of the Engliſh Conſtitution; and which was compiled from a laborious ſearch into authentic documents, and the records lodged in the Tower and at the Rolls. A little before he died, he told me, that he had determined to throw out of the collection of all his works, which was then to be publiſhed, his firſt juvenile performance, the Perſian Letters, written 1735, in imitation of thoſe of his friend Monteſquieu, whom he had known and admired in England, in which he ſaid there were principles and remarks that he wiſhed to retract and alter. I told him, that notwithſtanding his caution, the bookſellers, as in fact they have done, would preſerve and inſert theſe letters. Another little piece, written alſo in his early youth, does him much honour: the Obſervations on the Life of Tully, in which, perhaps, a more diſpaſſionate and impartial character of Tully is exhibited than in the panegyrical volumes of Middelton. WARTON.

Sometimes with Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,
Indulge my candor, and grow all to all;
Back to my [p] native Moderation ſlide,
And win my way by yielding to the tide.
[q] Long, as to him who works for Debt, the day,
Long as the Night to her whoſe Love's away,
Long as the Year's dull circle ſeems to run,
When the briſk Minor pants for Twenty-one:
So flow th' [r] unprofitable moments roll,
That lock up all the Functions of my ſoul;
That keep me from myſelf; and ſtill delay
Life's inſtant buſineſs to a future day:
That [s] taſk, which as we follow, or deſpiſe,
The eldeſt is a fool, the youngeſt wiſe.
Which done, the pooreſt can no wants endure;
And which not done, the richeſt muſt be poor.
[t] Late as it is, I put myſelf to ſchool,
And feel ſome [u] comfort, not to be a fool.
[w] Weak tho' I am of limb, and ſhort of ſight,
Far from a Lynx, and not a Giant quite;
I'll

NOTES

VER. 31. *Ariſtippus, or St. Paul,*] There is an impropriety and indecorum, in joining the name of the moſt profligate parasite of the court of Dionyſius, with that of an Apoſtle. [r] In a few lines before, the name of Montagne is not ſufficiently contraſted by the name of Locke; the place required that two philoſophers, holding very different tenets, ſhould have been introduced. Hobbes might have been oppoſed to Hutcheſon. I know not why he omitted a ſtrong ſentiment that follows immediately,

"Et mihi res, non me rebus ſubjungere conor;" Ver. 20.

which line Corneille took for his motto. WARTON.

VER. 45. *can no wants endure:*] i. e. *Can want nothing:* badly expreſſed. WARBURTON.

Non tamen idcirco contemnas lippus inungi:
Nec, quia deſperes invicti membra Glyconis,
Nodoſa corpus nolis prohibere chiragra.
Eſt quadam prodire [x] tenus, ſi non datur ultra.
[y] Fervet Avaritia, miſeroque cupidine pectus?
Sunt *verba* et *voces*, quibus hunc lenire dolorem
Poſſes, et [z] magnam morbi deponere partem.
Laudis amore tumes? Sunt [a] certa *piacula*, quæ te
Ter pure lecto poterunt recreare libello.
[b] Invidus, iracundus, iners, vinoſus, [c] *amator*;
Nemo [d] adeo *ferus* eſt, ut non miteſcere poſſit,
Si modo culturæ patientem commodet aurem.
[e] Virtus eſt, vitium fugere; et ſapientia prima,
Stultitia caruiſſe. vides, quæ [f] maxima credis
Eſſe mala, exiguum cenſum, turpemque repulſam,
Quanto devites animi, capitiſque labore.

Impiger

NOTES.

Ver. 51. *I'll do what Mead*] Mr. Pope highly eſteemed and loved this worthy man; whoſe unaffected humanity and benevolence have ſtifled much of that envy which his eminence in his profeſſion would otherwiſe have drawn out. Speaking of his obligations to this great Phyſician and others of the Faculty, in a Letter to Mr. Allen, about a month before his death, he ſays, "There is no end of my kind treatment from the Faculty. They are in general the moſt *amiable* companions, and the beſt friends, as well as the moſt *learned* men I know." Warburton.

Ver. 65. *to abhor;—more.*] Dr King informed me that theſe were two of the rhymes to which Swift, who was ſcrupulouſly exact in this reſpect, uſed to object, as he frequently did to ſome others in Pope; and particularly to two in the Eſſay on Criticiſm, Verſe 237. where *delight* is made to rhyme to *wit*; and to many in his Homer. Warton.

I'll do what Mead and Cheſelden adviſe,
To keep theſe limbs, and to preſerve theſe eyes.
Not to [x] go back, is ſomewhat to advance,
And men muſt walk at leaſt before they dance.
Say, does thy [y] blood rebel, thy boſom move
With wretched Av'rice, or as wretched Love?
Know, there are Words, and Spells, which can control
[z] Between the Fits this Fever of the Soul;
Know, there are Rhymes, which [a] freſh and freſh apply'd
Will cure the arrant'ſt Puppy of his Pride.
Be [b] furious, envious, ſlothful, mad, or drunk,
[c] Slave to a Wife, or Vaſſal to a Punk,
A Switz, a High-dutch, or a Low-dutch [d] Bear;
All that we aſk is but a patient Ear.
[e] 'Tis the firſt Virtue, Vices to abhor;
And the firſt Wiſdom, to be Fool no more.
But to the world no [f] bugbear is ſo great,
As want of Figure, and a ſmall Eſtate.
To either India ſee the Merchant fly,
Scar'd at the ſpectre of pale Poverty!
See him, with pains of body, pangs of ſoul,
Burn through the Tropic, freeze beneath the Pole!
Wilt

NOTES.

VER. 70. *Scar'd at the ſpectre*] Pope has given life to the image, and added terror to the ſimple expreſſion, *Pauperiem*. Bolingbroke tranſlated this paſſage in Horace, in about twenty-ſix lines, and ſent them to Swift in a letter, dated March 16, 1719. But a poor performance. Pope has omitted the Olympian games.
WARTON.

Impiger extremos curris mercator ad Indos,
Per [g] mare *pauperiem* fugiens, per ſaxa, per ignes:
Ne cures [h] ea, quæ *ſtulte* miraris et optas,
Diſcere, et audire, et meliori credere non vis?
Quis circum pagos et circum compita pugnax
Magna coronari contemnat Olympia, cui ſpes,
Cui ſit conditio dulcis ſine pulvere palma?
" [i] Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum.
" O cives, cives! [k] quærenda pecunia primum eſt;
" Virtus poſt nummos:" hæc [l] *Janus ſummus* ab *imo*
Perdocet: hæc recinunt juvenes dictata ſeneſque,
[m] Lævo ſuſpenſi loculos tabulamque lacerto.
Eſt [n] animus tibi, ſunt mores, eſt lingua, fideſque:
Sed quadringentis ſex ſeptem millia deſint,

Plebs

NOTES.

VER. 77. *Here, Wiſdom calls, &c.*] All from hence to Ver. 110, is a pretty cloſe tranſlation; but in general done with ſo maſterly a ſpirit, that the Original, though one of the moſt finiſhed paſſages in Horace, looks only like the *imitation* of it.

WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold.*] This perhaps is the moſt faulty line in the whole collection. The Original is,

" Vilius eſt auro argentum, virtutibus aurum;"

which only ſays, *That as Silver is of leſs value than Gold, ſo Gold is of leſs value than Virtue:* in which *ſimple inferiority*, and not the *proportion* of it, is implied. For it was as contrary to the Author's purpoſe, as it is to common ſenſe, to ſuppoſe, that virtue was but juſt as much better than gold, as gold is better than ſilver. Yet Mr Pope, too attentive to his conſtant object *conciſeneſs*, has, before he was aware, fallen into this abſurd meaning. However, this and many other inaccuracies in his works had been corrected, had he lived; as many, that now firſt appear in this edition, were actually corrected a little before his death.

And

Wilt thou do nothing for a nobler end,
Nothing to make Philoſophy thy friend?
To ſtop thy fooliſh views, thy long deſires,
And [g] eaſe thy heart of all that it admires?
[h] Here, Wiſdom calls: [i] "Seek Virtue firſt, be bold!
"As Gold to Silver, Virtue is to Gold."
There, London's voice: [k] "Get Money, Money ſtill!
"And then let Virtue follow, if ſhe will."
This, this the ſaving doctrine, preach'd to all,
From [l] low St. James's up to high St. Paul;
From him whoſe [m] quills ſtand quiver'd at his ear,
To him who notches ſticks at Weſtminſter.
Barnard in [n] ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;
"Pray then, what wants he?" Fourſcore thouſand pounds;
A Penſion,

NOTES.

And here I cannot but do juſtice to one of his many good qualities, a very rare one, indeed, and what none but a truly great genius can afford to indulge; I mean his extreme readineſs, and unfeigned pleaſure, in acknowledging his miſtakes: this, with an impatience to reform them, he poſſeſſed in a greater degree, and with leſs affectation, than any man I ever knew. WARBURTON.

VER. 84. *notches ſticks*] Exchequer Tallies. WARBURTON.

VER. 85. *Barnard in ſpirit, ſenſe, and truth abounds;*] Sir John Barnard. It was the Poet's purpoſe to ſay, that this great Man (who does ſo much honour to his Country) had a fine genius, improved and put in uſe by a true underſtanding; and both, under the guidance of an integrity ſuperior to all the temptations of intereſt, honours, or any meaner paſſion. Many events, ſince the paying this tribute to his virtue, have ſhewn how much, and how particularly it was due to him. WARBURTON.

VER. 85. *Barnard*] Sir John Barnard, Knight, was born at Reading, and brought up at a ſchool at Wandſworth in Surry; his parents were Quakers. In 1703, he quitted the Society of Quakers, was received into the church by Compton, biſhop of London, and continued a member of it.

[o] *Plebs* eris. [p] at pueri ludentes, *Rex* eris, aiunt,
Si recte facies. Hic [q] *murus aheneus eſto*,
Nil *conſcire* ſibi, nulla palleſcere culpa.
[r] Roſcia, dic ſodes, melior lex, an puerorum eſt
Nænia, quæ regnum recte facientibus offert,
Et *Maribus* [s] *Curiis* et decantata *Camillis*?
[t] Iſne tibi melius ſuadit, qui, "Rem facias; rem,
"Si poſſis, recte; ſi non, quocunque modo rem."
Ut [u] propius ſpectes lacrymoſa poëmata Pupî!
An, [w] qui fortunæ te reſponſare ſuperbæ
Liberum et erectum, [x] *præſens* hortatur et aptat?

Quod

NOTES.

VER. 88. *Bug, and Dorimant*] It cannot now be diſcovered to whom theſe names belong. So ſoon does Satire become unintelligible. The ſame may be ſaid of ver. 112 WARTON.

VER. 95. *Be this thy Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;*] "Hic murus aheneus eſto."
Dacier laughs at an able Critic, who was ſcandalized, that the ancient Scholiaſts had not explained what Horace meant by *a wall of braſs*; for, ſays Dacier, "Chacun ſe fait des difficultez à ſa mode, et demande des remarques proportionnées a ſon goût:" he then ſets himſelf in good earneſt about this important inquiry; and, by a paſſage in Vegetius, luckily diſcovers, that it ſignified an *old veteran*, armed cap-a-pie in *braſs*, and PLACED TO COVER HIS FELLOW. Our Poet has happily ſerved himſelf of this impertinence to convey a very fine ſtroke of Satire.
WARBURTON.

VER. 106. *eye a King.*] Our Author is ſo perpetually expreſſing an affected contempt for kings, that it becomes almoſt a nauſeous cant.

——the *pride of kings*——
——*ſome monſter of a king*——
——*pity kings*—the *gift of kings*——
——*gods of kings—much above a king*——
——*Settle wrote of kings*——
——*Midas*; and a *king*, and many others.

Hawkins

A Penſion, or ſuch Harneſs for a ſlave
As Bug now has, and Dorimant would have.
Barnard, thou art a [o] Cit, with all thy worth;
But Bug and D*l, Their *Honours*, and ſo forth.
Yet ev'ry [p] Child another ſong will ſing,
"Virtue, brave boys! 'tis Virtue makes a King."
True, conſcious Honour is to feel no ſin,
He's arm'd without that's innocent within;
Be this thy [q] Screen, and this thy Wall of Braſs;
Compar'd to this, a Miniſter's an Aſs.
[r] And ſay, to which ſhall our applauſe belong,
This new Court jargon, or the good old ſong?
The modern language of corrupted Peers,
Or what was ſpoke at [s] CRESSY and POITIERS?
[t] Who counſels beſt? who whiſpers, "Be but great,
"With Praiſe or Infamy leave that to fate;
"Get Place and Wealth, if poſſible, with grace;
"If not, by any means get Wealth and Place."
For what? to have a [u] Box where Eunuchs ſing,
And foremoſt in the Circle eye a King.
Or [w] he, who bids thee face with ſteddy view
Proud Fortune, and look ſhallow Greatneſs through:
And, [x] while he bids thee, ſets th' Example too?
If

NOTES.

Hawkins Brown laughed at him for this affectation, in the pleaſant Imitations of Engliſh Poets, on Tobacco.

"Come let me taſte thee, unexciſed by *kings*." WARTON.

But Pope, when he ſpoke with ſuch diſreſpect of kings, had in his eye the Houſe of Brunſwick.

[7] Quod ſi me Populus Romanus forte roget, cur
Non, ut [a] porticibus, ſic judiciis fruar iſdem;
Nec ſequar aut fugiam, quæ diligit ipſe vel odit:
Olim quod [a] vulpes ægroto cauta leoni
Reſpondit, referam: Quia me veſtigia terrent
Omnia te adverſum ſpectantia, nulla retrorſum.
[b] *Bellua multorum* eſt *capitum.* nam quid ſequar, aut quem?
Pars hominum geſtit [c] conducere *publica:* ſunt qui
[d] Cruſtis et *pomis* viduas venentur avaras,
Excipiantque ſenes, quos in vivaria mittant:

Multis

NOTES.

Ver. 116. *Becauſe I ſee,*] Both Poets have told this Fable, which Plato alſo was fond of, with an elegant brevity, a quality for which Babrius was eminent, and in which our modern fabuliſts miſerably fail. Why did Pope omit ægroto? And why would he connect the paſſage that immediately follows in a forced and quaint manner, which Horace never thought of? As if the word *bellua* had any relation to the *lion* before mentioned? Warton.

Ver. 130. *Dotards fawn;*] The legacy-hunters, the hæredipetæ, were a more common character among the ancients than with us. The ridicule, therefore, is now not ſo ſtriking. Lucian has five pleaſant dialogues on the ſubject, from page 343 to 363, in the Quarto Edition of Hemſterhuſius. Horace himſelf appears to have failed more in expoſing this folly, than in any other of his Satires; and principally ſo, by mixing ancient with modern manners, and making Tireſias inſtruct Ulyſſes in petty frauds, and artifices too ſubtle for the old prophet and hero to dictate and to practiſe. Sat. 5. lib. ii.

Ben Jonſon's Fox is not much reliſhed from our not being acquainted with ſuch characters, which are finely ridiculed by Plautus, in the Soldier, 3d Act.

Illi apud me edunt, me curant, viſunt quid agam ecquid velim;
Priuſquam lucet, aſſunt; rogitant, ut nocte ſomnum ceperim;

Eos

If [r] ſuch a Doctrine, in St. James's air,
Should chance to make the well-dreſt Rabble ſtare;
If honeſt S*z take Scandal at a Spark,
That leſs admires the [z] Palace than the Park:
Faith I ſhall give the anſwer [a] Reynard gave:
" I cannot like, dread Sir, your Royal Cave:
" Becauſe I ſee, by all the tracks about,
" Full many a Beaſt goes in, but none come out."
Adieu to Virtue, if you're once a Slave:
Send her to Court, you ſend her to her grave.
Well, if a King's a Lion, at the leaſt
The [b] People are a many-headed Beaſt:
Can they direct what meaſures to purſue,
Who know themſelves ſo little what to do?
Alike in nothing but one Luſt of Gold,
Juſt half the land would buy, and half be ſold:
Their [c] Country's Wealth our mightier Miſers drain,
Or croſs, to plunder Provinces, the Main;
The reſt, ſome farm the Poor-box, ſome the Pews;
Some keep Aſſemblies, and would keep the Stews;
Some [d] with fat Bucks on childleſs Dotards fawn;
Some win rich Widows by their Chine and Brawn;
While

NOTES.

Eos pro liberis habeo qui mihi mittunt munera;
Sacrificant? dant inde partem mihi majorem, quam ſibi;
Abducunt ad exta; me ad ſe ad prandium, ad cœnam vocant.

WARTON.

VER. 128. *ſome farm the Poor-box,*] Alluding moſt probably to a Society, calling itſelf the " Charitable Corporation;" by which thouſands were cheated and ruined.

[e] *Multis* occulto creſcit res fœnore. [f] verum
Eſto, aliis alios rebus ſtudiiſque teneri:
Iidem eadem poſſunt horam durare probantes?
[g] Nullus in orbe ſinus *Baiis* prælucet amœnis,
Si dixit *dives*; [h] lacus et mare *ſentit* amorem
Feſtinantis heri: cui ſi [i] vitioſa *libido*
Fecerit auſpicium; cras ferramenta *Teanum*
Tolletis, fabri. [k] lectus genialis in aula eſt?
Nil ait eſſe prius, melius nil cœlibe vita:
[l] Si non eſt, jurat bene ſolis eſſe maritis.
[m] Quo teneam vultus mutantem Portea nodo?
Quid [n] *pauper?* ride: mutat [o] *cœnacula, lectos*
Balnea,

NOTES.

Ver. 138. *Sir Job*] Superior to the Original; a pleaſing little landſcape is added to the Satire. But Greenwich-hill is not an exact parallel for Baiæ; where the Romans of the beſt taſte and faſhion built their villas. Pope's is the villa of a citizen. The abſurd and aukward magnificence of ſome opulent citizens has, of late, been frequently expoſed; but nowhere with more humour than in the Connoiſſeur, and in the characters of Sterling and Mrs. Heidelberg in the Clandeſtine Marriage. This ridicule of citizens was borrowed from the French We have ſome citizens whoſe good taſte is equal to their riches. Warton.

Ver. 143. *Now let ſome whimſey, &c.*] This is very ſpirited, but much inferior to the elegance of the Original:

"Cui ſi vitioſa Libido
"Fecerit auſpicium;"

which alluding to the religious manners of that time, no modern imitation can reach. Warburton.

Ver. 147. *live in Town.*"] Horace ſays, he will carry his buildings from ſo proper and pleaſant a ſituation as Baiæ to Teanum; a ſituation unhealthy, diſagreeable, and inland. Pope ſays,

While with the ſilent growth of ten per cent,
In dirt and darkneſs, [e] hundreds ſtink content.
Of all theſe ways, if each [f] purſues his own,
Satire, be kind, and let the wretch alone:
But ſhew me one who has it in his pow'r
To act conſiſtent with himſelf an hour.
Sir Job [g] ſail'd forth, the ev'ning bright and ſtill,
"No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich-hill!"
[h] Up ſtarts a Palace, lo, th' obedient baſe
Slopes at its foot, the woods its ſides embrace,
The ſilver Thames reflects its marble face.
Now let ſome whimſey, or that [i] Dev'l within
Which guides all thoſe who know not what they mean,
But give the Knight (or give his Lady) ſpleen;
"Away, away! take all your ſcaffolds down,
"For Snug's the word: My dear! we'll live in Town."
At am'rous Flavio is the [k] ſtocking thrown?
That very night he longs to lie alone.
[l] The Fool, whoſe Wife elopes ſome thrice a quarter,
For matrimonial ſolace dies a martyr.
Did ever [m] Proteus, Merlin, any witch,
Transform themſelves ſo ſtrangely as the Rich?
Well, but the [n] Poor—The Poor have the ſame itch;
They change their [o] weekly Barber, weekly News,
Prefer a new Japanner to their ſhoes,
Diſcharge

NOTES.

ſays, he will not build at all, he will again retire to town. He has, I think, deſtroyed the connection by this alteration. Mutability of temper is indeed equally exhibited in both inſtances, but Horace keeps cloſer to his ſubject. WARTON.

Balnea, [p] *tonſores*; conducto navigio æque
Nauſeat, ac locuples, quem ducit priva triremis.
[q] Si curatus *inæquali* tonſore capillos
Occurro; rides. ſi forte ſubucula pexæ
Trita ſubeſt tunicæ, vel ſi toga *diſſidet impar*;
Rides. quid, [r] mea cum pugnat *ſententia* ſecum;
Quod petiit, ſpernit; repetit quod nuper omiſit;
[s] Æſtuat, et vitæ diſconvenit ordine toto;
[t] Diruit, ædificat, mutat quadrata rotundis?
[u] Inſanire putas ſolennia me, neque rides,
Nec [w] *medici* credis, nec *curatoris* egere
A *prætore* dati; rerum [x] tutela mearum

Cum

NOTES.

Ver. 163. *You laugh, if coat*] I am inclined to think that Horace laughs at himſelf, not at Virgil as hath been ſuppoſed, for the ungraceful appearance he ſometimes made among the courtiers of Auguſtus, on account of the incongruity of his dreſs.
Warton.

Ver. 177. *Philoſopher, and Friend?*] Bentley was for reading, in the original, with Heinſius, *ſuſpicientis*, inſtead of *reſpicientis*; which reading Geſner oppoſes. Horace, in theſe concluding lines, laughs at the high-flown and unnatural doctrines of the Stoics. Pope has turned this piece of irony into a great compliment to Bolingbroke, whom he ſo much idolized; little imagining what this friend would ſay of him ſoon after his deceaſe.
Warton.

Ver. 177. *Is this my Guide, &c.*] Pope in another place calls Bolingbroke "his Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend."

This is an high-flown panegyric. With all Bolingbroke's pretenſions to *wiſdom*, no one had *ſelf* more at heart; ſo different was his character from that of the Stoic painted by Horace. He would willingly have placed the Pretender on the throne, and he would as willingly have ſerved George the Firſt, if, by doing either

Diſcharge their Garrets, move their beds, and run
(They know not whither) in a Chaiſe and one;
They [p] hire their ſculler, and when once aboard,
Grow ſick, and damn the climate—like a Lord.
[q] You laugh, half Beau, half Sloven if I ſtand,
My wig all powder, and all ſnuff my band;
You laugh, if coat and breeches ſtrangely vary,
White gloves, and linen worthy Lady Mary!
But when [r] no Prelate's Lawn with hair-ſhirt lin'd,
Is half ſo incoherent as my Mind,
When (each opinion with the next at ſtrife,
One [s] ebb and flow of follies all my life)
I [t] plant, root up; I build, and then confound;
Turn round to ſquare, and ſquare again to round;
[u] You never change one muſcle of your face,
You think this Madneſs but a common caſe,
Nor [w] once to Chanc'ry, nor to Hale apply;
Yet hang your lip, to ſee a Seam awry!
Careleſs how ill I with myſelf agree,
Kind to my dreſs, my figure, not to Me.
Is this my [x] Guide, Philoſopher, and Friend?
This he, who loves me, and who ought to mend?
Who ought to make me (what he can, or none)
That Man divine whom Wiſdom calls her own;
Great

NOTES.

either, he thought he could have obtained that rank and ſtation, which he conſidered as due to his tranſcendental abilities. He ſeems in no inſtance to have acted from ſteady principles. He would have compromiſed, after George the Firſt was called to

Cum ſis, et prave ſectum ſtomacheris ob unguem,
De te *pendentis*, te *reſpicientis* amici.

Ad ſummam, *ſapiens* uno [y] minor eſt *Jove*, dives,
[z] Liber, [a] honoratus, [b] pulcher, [c] rex denique regum;
Præcipue ſanus, [d] niſi cum pituita moleſta eſt.

NOTES.

the throne, with any Party, ſo he could have gratified his *ambition*, and the lofty idea he entertained of himſelf. When he was in the ſervice of the Pretender, he diſdained the *employment* and the *employer*.

" Æſtuat indignans anguſto limite."

He merely wanted a prouder ſcene of action, and the foremoſt rank among th actors.

Ver. 188. *clouds this Demy-God.*] In this Imitation, Pope evidently dwells *con amore*, as uſual, on his own virtues, opulence, &c.

It is ſingular, however, that he ſhould have made ſuch a boaſt of his " *native moderation*." All his friends were Tories, many of them profeſſed Jacobites. Blount had ſome connection, it was thought, with the leaders of the Rebellion in 1715. Atterbury was convicted; Bolingbroke, " his guide and friend," *had been in the ſervice* of the Pretender; Shippen never denied his real politics, though the heat of Party dignified him with the name of " Patriot." Sir William Wyndham, Murray, &c. were all of the ſame ſide. Pope ſhews evident caution whenever he introduces Sir Robert Walpole; he treats him with a ſort of diſtant reſpect, but he was indebted to him for recommending his friend the Abbe Southcote to Cardinal Fleuri, and it might be more wiſe to attack *kings*, than their *prime miniſter*. He courted Craggs and Addiſon, before he *felt his own importance*.

Warton has paid a juſt tribute of applauſe to Lyttelton. Lyttelton conſulted Pope about his Paſtorals*. As it elucidates Pope's concern in his young Friend's Poems, the reader, perhaps, will excuſe my inſerting an original letter from Lyttelton to Dodington, on this ſubject.

" Dear

* Four Paſtorals by Lord Lyttelton, publiſhed in Dodſley's collection.

Great without Title, without Fortune bleſs'd;
Rich [y] ev'n when plunder'd, [z] honour'd while oppreſs'd;
Lov'd [a] without youth, and follow'd without pow'r;
At home, tho' exil'd; [b] free, tho' in the Tow'r;
In ſhort, that reas'ning, high, immortal Thing,
Juſt [c] leſs than Jove, and much above a King,
Nay, half in heav'n—[d] except (what's mighty odd)
A Fit of Vapours clouds this Demy-God.

NOTES.

"Dear Sir, Hagley, November 24, 1731.

"The approbation you expreſs of my verſes, and the praiſe "you beſtow, cannot but be extremely pleaſing to me, as they "are the effects of a friendſhip upon which I ſet ſo high a value. "When I ſent my Paſtorals to Mr. Pope, I deſired him to *make* "*any corrections* he ſhould judge proper, and accordingly he has "favoured me with *ſome alterations*, which I beg you will give "yourſelf the trouble of inſerting in your copy. At the end of "the firſt page, after this line,

"*When now the ſetting-ſun leſs fiercely burn'd,*"

"be pleaſed to add the two following:

"Blue vapours roſe along the mazy rills,
And light's laſt bluſhes ting'd the diſtant hills."

"In the ſecond, read the following lines thus:

"Auſpicious Pan, the monarch of the plain,
Shall come a ſuitor for his fav'rite ſwain,
For him, their lov'd muſician, evr'y fawn,
For him each blooming ſiſter of the lawn."

"In the third, inſtead of "And fills with frantic pains, &c."

"And blackens each fair image in our breaſt"

"Again, inſtead of "Pleas'd by not ſtudying, &c."

"He pleas'd, becauſe he ſtudied not to pleaſe."

"Perhaps, too, the verſes would run better, if, inſtead of "A "Town, with ſpiring towers is crown'd;" you were to put, "with ſpiring turrets crown'd;" but then the verb "is," muſt "be underſtood.

"I don't

" I don't know whether you won't have reaſon to think I am " too ſolicitous about thoſe trifles, by my giving you the trouble " to alter them; but I would have them appear in as good a " dreſs as poſſible, for fear of their being a diſgrace to the per- " ſons I have addreſſed them to. My Father and Mother deſire " their compliments. I am, with great reſpect and truth, your " moſt obliged humble ſervant, G. Lyttelton."

I have admitted this as a circumſtance connected with literature, and with Pope.

After Pope's death, the GREAT PHILOSOPHER AND FRIEND, to whom this Epiſtle is addreſſed, became the moſt implacable ENEMY to his memory. Pope had printed privately 1500 copies of the " Patriot King," the MS. of which pamphlet Bolingbroke had intruſted to him, and theſe were found after his death. Bolingbroke felt that Pope had violated his honour, and he employed Mallet to abuſe him, and ſtigmatize his memory. Mallet, it is ſaid, had for the taſk the copy-right of Bolingbroke's philoſophic labours. So ended the Hiſtory of this " *Friendſhip* and *Philoſophy!*"

THE SIXTH EPISTLE

OF THE

FIRST BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA VI.

NIL *admirari*, prope res eſt una, Numici,
Solaque quæ poſſit facere et ſervare beatum.
[b] Hunc ſolem, et ſtellas, et decedentia certis
Tempora momentis, ſunt qui [c] formidine nulla
Imbuti ſpectent. [d] quid cenſes, munera terræ?
Quid, maris extremos Arabas [e] ditantis et Indos?
Ludicra, quid, [f] plauſus, et amici dona Quiritis?
Quo ſpectanda modo, [g] quo *ſenſu* credis et *ore?*

Qui

NOTES.

VER 1. *dear* MURRAY,] This piece is the moſt finiſhed of all his Imitations, and executed in the high manner the Italian Painters call *con amore*. By which they mean, the exertion of that principle, which puts the faculties on the ſtretch, and produces the ſupreme degree of *excellence*. For the Poet had all the warmth of affection for the great Lawyer to whom it is addreſſed: and, indeed, no man ever more deſerved to have a *Poet for his friend*. In the obtaining of which, as neither vanity, party, nor fear had any ſhare, (which gave birth to the attachments of many of his noble acquaintance,) ſo he ſupported his title to it by all the good offices of a generous and true Friendſhip. WARBURTON.

VER. 4. *Creech.*] From whoſe Tranſlation of Horace the two firſt lines are taken. POPE.

VER. 4. *Words of Creech.*] Who, in truth, is a much better tranſlator than he is uſually ſuppoſed and allowed to be. He is a nervous and vigorous writer; and many parts, not only of his Lucretius, but of his Theocritus and Horace, (though now decried,) have not been excelled by other tranſlators. One of his pieces may be pronounced excellent: his tranſlation of the thirteenth Satire of Juvenal; equal to any Dryden has given us of at author. WARTON.

EPISTLE VI.

TO MR. MURRAY*.

"NOT to admire, is all the Art I know,
"To make men happy, and to keep them ſo."
(Plain Truth, dear MURRAY, needs no flow'rs of ſpeech,
So take it in the very Words of Creech.)
[b] This Vault of Air, this congregated Ball,
Self-center'd Sun, and Stars that riſe and fall,
There are, my Friend! whoſe philoſophic eyes
Look through, and truſt the Ruler with his Skies,
To him commit the Hour, the Day, the Year,
And view [c] this dreadful All without a fear.
Admire we then what [d] Earth's low Entrails hold,
Arabian ſhores, or Indian ſeas infold;
All the mad trade of [e] Fools and Slaves for Gold?
Or [f] Popularity? or Stars and Strings?
The Mob's applauſes, or the gifts of Kings?
Say with what [g] eyes we ought at Courts to gaze,
And pay the Great our homage of Amaze?

If

NOTES.

* Afterwards the celebrated Lord Mansfield. This was written 1737.

VER. 8. *truſt the Ruler*] This laſt line is quaint and even obſcure; the two firſt vigorouſly expreſſed. Horace thought of a ſtriking and exalted paſſage in Lucretius, Book v. l. 1185.
WARTON.

[h] Qui *timet* his adverſa, fere miratur eodem
Quo *cupiens* pacto: pavor eſt *utrobique* moleſtus:
Improviſa ſimul ſpecies exterret *utrumque*:
[i] Gaudeat, an doleat; cupiat, metuatne; quid ad rem,
Si, quidquid vidit melius pejuſve ſua ſpe,
Defixis oculis, animoque et corpore torpet?

[k] Inſani ſapiens nomen ferat, æquus iniqui;
Ultra quam ſatis eſt, *virtutem* ſi petat ipſam.

[l] I nunc, argentum et marmor [m] *vetus*, æraque et artes
Suſpice: cum gemmis [n] Tyrios mirare colores:
Gaude, quod ſpectant oculi te [o] mille loquentem:
Gnavus [p] mane forum, et veſpertinus pete tectum;
[q] Ne plus frumenti dotalibus emetat agris
Mutus, et (indignum; quod ſit pejoribus ortus)
[r] Hic tibi ſit potius, quam tu mirabilis illi.
[s] Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas;
Defodiet,

NOTES.

Ver. 44. *Yet Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;*
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:] One of the nobleſt houſes in Europe.—The original is,

"Quicquid ſub terra eſt, in apricum proferet ætas;
"Defodiet, condetque nitentia."

This wants neither force nor elegance; yet is vaſtly inferior to the Imitation, where a very fine panegyric on two great characters, in the ſecond line, gives dignity and eaſe to the maſterly conciſeneſs of the firſt. Warburton.

Ver. 45. *It brighten'd* Craggs's,] His father had been in a low ſituation; but, by induſtry and ability, got to be Poſt Maſter General and Agent to the Duke of Marlborough. Warton.

Engraved by C. Knight from a Drawing by Gardner.

JAMES CRAGGS, ESQ^R. SEN^R.

(Post Master General)

From a Picture by Kneller,

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors May 1, 1807.

UNIV. OF MICH.

If weak the [h] pleaſure that from theſe can ſpring,
The fear to want them is as weak a thing:
Whether we dread, or whether we deſire,
In either caſe, believe me, we admire;
Whether we [i] joy or grieve, the ſame the curſe,
Surpriz'd at better, or ſurpriz'd at worſe.
Thus good or bad, to one extreme betray
Th' unbalanc'd mind, and ſnatch the Man away;
For [k] Virtue's ſelf may too much zeal be had;
The worſt of Madmen is a Saint run mad.
[l] Go then, and if you can, admire the ſtate
Of beaming diamonds, and reflected plate;
Procure a Taste to double the ſurprize,
And gaze on [m] Parian Charms with learned eyes:
Be ſtruck with bright [n] Brocade, or Tyrian Dye,
Our Birth-day Nobles' ſplendid Livery.
If not ſo pleas'd, at [o] Council-board rejoice,
To ſee their Judgments hang upon thy Voice;
From [p] morn to night, at Senate, Rolls, and Hall,
Plead much, read more, dine late, or not at all.
But wherefore all this labour, all this ſtrife?
For [q] Fame, for Riches, for a noble Wife?
Shall [r] One whom Nature, Learning, Birth, conſpir'd
To form, not to admire, but be admir'd,
Sigh, while his Chloe blind to Wit and Worth
Weds the rich Dulneſs of ſome Son of earth?
Yet [s] Time ennobles, or degrades each Line;
It brighten'd Craggs's, and may darken thine:
And what is Fame? the Meaneſt have their day,
The Greateſt can but blaze, and paſs away.

Defodiet, condetque nitentia. [t] cum bene notum
Porticus Agrippæ, et via te conſpexerit Appî;
Ire tamen reſtat, Numa [u] quo devenit et Ancus.
[w] Si latus aut renes morbo tentantur acuto,
Quære fugam morbi. [x] vis recte vivere? quis non?
Si

NOTES.

Ver. 45. Craggs] In the Political State of Great Britain, publiſhed 1721, is the following curious account of the ſenior Craggs.: "He was born in the Biſhoprick of Durham, of people "of the meaneſt rank; but being a *hopeful youth*, his relations "were reſolved to do ſomething extraordinary for him; when "his apprenticeſhip was expired, he took a *ſhort walk* of about "200 miles up to London." &c.

Ver. 48. *Grac'd as thou art, with all the Pow'r of Words,*] It is ſaid that Pope was Murray's inſtructor in elocution.

Ver. 49. *Houſe of Lords:*] In 1738, Murray was ſucceſsful as counſel in appeals before the Houſe, for no leſs than eleven cauſes. Life of Lord Mansfield.

Ver. 52. *Where* Murray, *&c.*] The concurring teſtimony of friends and enemies confirms the high panegyric here expreſſed on Lord Mansfield, yet the intended parallel fails in its moſt material part. The Roman Conſul has left unequivocal proofs of the fertile and comprehenſive genius attributed to him by his contemporaries; the Britiſh Chancellor will be known to poſterity in the character of a wiſe and virtuous Hiſtorian. This cannot be ſaid of the late Lord Chief Juſtice, eminent, learned, and poſſeſſed of the higheſt endowments, as he certainly was.

Ver 53. Tully, Hyde!] Equal to either, in the miniſtry of his profeſſion; and, where the parallel fails, as it does in the reſt of the character, ſuperior to both. Tully's brighteſt talents were frequently tarniſhed by *Vanity* and *Fear*; and Hyde's moſt virtuous purpoſes perverted and defeated by ſuperſtitious notions concerning the divine origin of Government, and the unlimited obedience of the People. Warburton.

Ver. 53. *than* Hyde!] Much beyond the Original; particularly on account of the very happy and artful uſe Pope has made of the neighbourhood of the Houſe of Parliament to Weſtminſter

Grac'd as thou art, [t] with all the Pow'r of Words,
So known, ſo honour'd, at the Houſe of Lords:
Conſpicuous Scene! another yet is nigh,
(More ſilent far,) where Kings and Poets lie;
Where MURRAY (long enough his Country's pride)
Shall be no more than TULLY, or than HYDE!
[v] Rack'd with Sciatics, martyr'd with the Stone,
Will any Mortal let himſelf alone?
See Ward by batter'd Beaus invited over,
And deſp'rate Miſery lays hold on Dover.
The caſe is eaſier in the Mind's diſeaſe;
There all Men may be cur'd, whene'er they pleaſe.
Would ye be [x] bleſt? deſpiſe low Joys, low Gains;
Diſdain whatever CORNBURY diſdains;
Be virtuous, and be happy for your pains.

But

NOTES.

minſter Abbey; and of the well-turned and unexpected compliment he has paid to his illuſtrious friend. The character of Lord Chancellor Clarendon ſeems to grow every day brighter, the more it is ſcrutinized, and his integrity and abilities are more aſcertained and acknowledged, even from the publication of private papers, never intended to ſee the light. When Clarendon was going from Court, juſt after his profligate and ungrateful maſter had obliged him to reſign the great ſeal, the Ducheſs of Cleveland meanly and wantonly inſulted him from a window in the palace. He looked up at her, and only ſaid, with a calm and contemptuous dignity, "Madam, if you live, you will grow old." WARTON.

VER. 57. *And deſp'rate Miſery* lays hold *on Dover.*] Warburton ſays, "*There is a prettineſs* in this *expreſſion, which depends on its contraſt to that ſlippery medicine,* by which this Quack rendered himſelf famous, *namely Quickſilver!*"

VER. 60. *Would ye be bleſt?*] This amiable young nobleman wrote from Paris, 1752, a very preſſing remonſtrance to Mr.

Si virtus hoc *una* poteſt dare, fortis omiſſis
Hoc age *deliciis*.

[y] virtutem verba putes, et
Lucum ligna? [z] cave ne portus occupet alter.
Ne Cibyratica, ne Bithyna negotia perdas.
[a] Mille talenta rotundentur, totidem altera, porro et
Tertia ſuccedant, et quæ pars quadret acervum.

Scilicet

NOTES.

Mallet, to diſſuade him, but in vain, from publiſhing a very offenſive digreſſion on the Old Teſtament, in Lord Bolingbroke's Letters on Hiſtory. "I muſt ſay to you, Sir, for the world's ſake, and for his ſake, that part of the work ought by no means to be communicated further. If this digreſſion be made public, it will be cenſured, it muſt be cenſured, it ought to be cenſured. It will be criticiſed too by able pens, whoſe erudition, as well as their reaſonings, will not eaſily be anſwered:" He concludes by ſaying, "I therefore recommend to you to ſuppreſs that part of the work, as a good citizen of the world, for the world's peace, as one intruſted and obliged by Lord Bolingbroke, not to raiſe ſtorms to his memory." WARTON.

VER. 61. *Whatever* CORNBURY *diſdains;*] When Lord Cornbury returned from his travels, the late Earl of Eſſex, his brother-in-law, told him he had got a handſome penſion for him. To which Lord Cornbury anſwered with a compoſed dignity—How could you tell, my Lord, that I was to be ſold; or, at leaſt, how came you to know my price ſo exactly? To this anecdote Pope alludes. RUFFHEAD.

VER. 63. *art thou one,*] Here we have a direct and deciſive cenſure of a celebrated infidel writer; at this time, therefore, which was 1737, Pope was ſtrongly and openly on the ſide of Religion, as he knew the great lawyer to be, to whom he was writing. Horace, it is ſaid, alludes to the words of a dying Hercules in a Greek Tragedy; and Dion Caſſius relates, in the twenty-ſeventh Book of his Hiſtory, that theſe were the words which Brutus uſed juſt before he ſtabbed himſelf, after his defeat at Philippi. But it is obſervable, that this fact reſts ſolely on the credit of this fawning and fulſome Court Hiſtorian; and the Plutarch, who treats largely of Brutus, is ſilent on the ſubject. If Brutus had

[y] But art thou one, whom new opinions ſway,
One who believes as Tindal leads the way,
Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,
Thinks that but words, and this but brick and ſtones?
Fly [z] then, on all the Wings of wild Deſire,
Admire whate'er the maddeſt can admire:
Is Wealth thy paſſion? Hence! from Pole to Pole,
Where winds can carry, or where waves can roll,
For Indian ſpices, for Peruvian Gold,
Prevent the greedy, and outbid the bold:
[a] Advance thy golden Mountain to the ſkies;
On the broad baſe of Fifty Thouſand riſe,
Add one round hundred, and (if that's not fair)
Add fifty more, and bring it to a ſquare.
For, mark th' advantage; juſt ſo many ſcore
Will gain a [b] Wife with half as many more,
Procure

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had adopted this paſſage, I cannot bring myſelf to believe, that Horace would ſo far have forgotten his old republican principles, as to have mentioned the words adopted by the dying patriot, with a mark of reproach and reprobation,

It muſt be added, to what is ſaid above, of our Author's orthodoxy at this time, that he wrote a very reſpectful letter to Dr. Waterland, to thank him for his Vindication of the Athanaſian Creed, dated October 16, 1737. Which letter was given by Dr. Waterland to Mr. Seed, and was in the poſſeſſion of Mr. Seed's widow, 1767, who ſhewed it to Mr. Bowyer the eminent and learned Printer. WARTON.

VER. 65. *Who Virtue and a Church alike diſowns,*] The one he renounces in his *party-pamphlets*; the other, in his *Rights of the Chriſtian Church*. WARBURTON.

Tindal was of All-Souls College Oxford, and remarkable for his excentricities.

Scilicet [b] uxorem *cum dote, fidemque*, et [c] *amicos*,
Et *genus*, et *formam*, regina [d] Pecunia donat;
Ac bene nummatum decorat Suadela, Venuſque.
Mancipiis locuples, eget aeris [e] *Cappadocum rex*.
Ne fueris hic tu. [f] chlamydes Lucullus, ut aiunt,
Si poſſet centum ſcenæ præbere rogatus,
Quî poſſum tot? ait: tamen et quæram, et quot habebo
Mittam: poſt paulo ſcribit, ſibi millia quinque
Eſſe domi chlamydum: partem, vel tolleret omnes.
[g] Exilis domus eſt, ubi non et multa *ſuperſunt*,
Et *dominum fallunt*, et *proſunt furibus*. [h] ergo,
Si res ſola poteſt facere et ſervare beatum,
Hoc primus repetas opus, hoc poſtremus omittas.

Si

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Ver. 77. *For, mark*] Not imitated with the vigour and energy of the Original. This 77th line is uncommonly weak and languid. Three Divinities, for ſuch Horace has deſcribed them, Pecunia, Suadela, and Venus, conſpire in giving their various accompliſhments to this favourite of Fortune. Warton.

Ver. 85. *His Wealth*] By no means equal to the Original: there is ſo much pleaſantry in alluding to the known ſtory of the Prætor coming to borrow dreſſes (paludamenta) for a chorus in a public ſpectacle that he intended to exhibit, who aſked him to lend him a hundred, ſays Plutarch; but Lucullus bade him take two hundred. Horace humorouſly has made it five thouſand. We know nothing of Timon, except it be the Nobleman introduced in the Epiſtle to Lord Burlington, Ver. 99. There is ſtill another beauty in Horace; he has ſuddenly, according to his manner, introduced Lucullus ſpeaking; "*qui poſſum*," &c. He is for ever introducing theſe little interlocutions, which give his Satires and Epiſtles an air ſo lively and dramatic. Warton.

Procure her beauty, make that beauty chaſte,
And then ſuch [c] Friends—as cannot fail to laſt.
A [d] Man of Wealth is dubb'd a Man of Worth,
Venus ſhall give him Form, and Anſtis Birth.
(Believe me, many a [e] German Prince is worſe,
Who proud of Pedigree, is poor of Purſe.)
His Wealth brave [f] Timon glorioufly confounds;
Aſk'd for a groat, he gives a hundred pounds;
Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,
Takes the whole Houſe upon the Poet's day.
[g] Now, in ſuch exigencies not to need,
Upon my word, you muſt be rich indeed;
A noble Superfluity it craves,
Not for yourſelf, but for your Fools and Knaves;
Something, which for your Honour they may cheat,
And which it much becomes you to forget.
[h] If Wealth alone then make and keep us bleſt,
Still, ſtill be getting, never, never reſt.

But

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VER. 52. *Anſtis Birth.*] Anſtis, whom Pope often mentions, was Garter King of Arms.

VER. 87. *Or if three Ladies like a luckleſs Play,*] The common Reader, I am ſenſible, will be always more ſolicitous about the names of theſe *three Ladies*, the unlucky *Play*, and every other trifling circumſtance that attended this piece of gallantry, than for the explanation of our Author's ſenſe, or the illuſtration of his poetry; even where he is moſt moral and ſublime. But had it been Mr. Pope's purpoſe to indulge ſo impertinent a curioſity, he had ſought elſewhere for a commentator on his writings. WA. BURTON.

Notwithſtanding this remark of Dr. Warburton, I have taken ſome pains, though indeed in vain, to aſcertain who theſe Ladies

[l] Si fortunatum ſpecies et gratia præſtat,
[k] *Mercemur* ſervum, qui dictet nomina, lævum
Qui fodicet latus, et [l] cogat trans pondera dextram
Porrigere: [m] Hic multum in Fabia valet, ille *Velina:*
Cui libet, is faſces dabit; eripietque curule,
Cui volet, *importunus* ebur: [n] Frater, Pater, adde:
Ut cuique eſt ætas, ita quemque [o] *facetus* adopta.
Si [p] bene qui cœnat, bene vivit; lucet, eamus
Quo ducit gula: piſcemur, venemur, ut [q] olim
Gargilius: qui mane plagas, venabula, ſervos,
Differtum tranſire forum populumque jubebat,
Unus ut e multis populo ſpectante referret,
Emptum mulus aprum. [r] crudi, tumidique lavemur,
Quid *deceat*, quid non, obliti; Cærite cera
Digni; [s] *remigium vitioſum* Ithacenſis Ulyſſei;
Cui *potior* [t] *patria* fuit interdicta voluptas.

Si,

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were, and what the play they patronized. It was once ſaid to be Young's Buſiris. WARTON.

Ver. 104. *Who rules in Cornwall, &c.*] Pope here ſeems to allude to Viſcount Falmouth, who brought into Parliament ſeveral members for the Corniſh boroughs.

Ver. 109. *laugh at your own jeſt.*] An admirable picture of ſeptennial folly and meanneſs during an election canvaſs, in which the arts of Engliſh ſolicitation are happily applied to Roman. Some ſtrokes of this kind, though mixed with unequal traſh, in the Paſquin of Fielding, may be mentioned as capital, and full of the trueſt humour. WARTON.

See in Anſty's Latin Epiſtle to Bampfield, a truly humourous deſcription of this kind:

"Tum numerat quot habet ſenior POT-WOBLER amicos,"

[j] But if to Pow'r and Place your paſſion lie,
If in the Pomp of Life conſiſt the joy;
Then [k] hire a Slave, or (if you will) a Lord
To do the Honours, and to give the Word;
Tell at your Levee, as the Crowds approach,
To whom [l] to nod, whom take into your Coach,
Whom honour with your hand: to make remarks,
Who [m] rules in Cornwall, or who rules in Berks:
" This may be troubleſome, is near the Chair:
" That makes three Members, this can chooſe a
" May'r."
Inſtructed thus, you bow, embrace, proteſt,
Adopt him [n] Son, or Couſin at the leaſt,
Then turn about, and [o] laugh at your own jeſt.
Or if your life be one continu'd Treat,
If [p] to live well means nothing but to eat;
Up, up! cries Gluttony, 'tis break of day,
Go drive the Deer, and drag the finny-prey;
With hounds and horns go hunt an Appetite—
So [q] Ruſſel did, but could not eat at night,
Call'd happy Dog! the Beggar at his door,
And envy'd Thirſt and Hunger to the Poor.
Or ſhall we [r] ev'ry Decency confound,
Through Taverns, Stews, and Bagnios take our round,
Go dine with Chartres, in each Vice outdo
[s] K—l's lewd Cargo, or Ty—y's Crew,
From Latian Syrens, French Circæan Feaſts,
Return well travell'd, and transform'd to Beaſts,
Or for a Titled Punk, or foreign Flame,
Renounce our [t] Country, and degrade our Name?

If

" Si, Mimnermus uti cenſet, ſine *amore jociſque*
Nil eſt jucundum; vivas in amore jociſque.
" Vive, vale. ſi quid noviſti rectius iſtis,
Candidus imperti: ſi non, his utere mecum.

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Ver. 126. *Wilmot*] Earl of Rocheſter. Warburton.

Ver. 128. *And* Swift *cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"*] Our Poet, ſpeaking in one place of the purpoſe of his Satire, ſays,

" In this impartial glaſs, my Muſe intends
Fair to expoſe myſelf, my foes, my *friends*;"

and, in another, he makes his Court-Adviſer ſay,

" Laugh at your *Friends*, and if your *Friends* be ſore,
So much the better you may laugh the more:"

becauſe their impatience under reproof would ſhew, they had a great deal amiſs, which wanted to be ſet right.

On this principle, *Swift* falls under his correction. He could not bear to ſee a Friend he ſo much valued, live in the miſerable abuſe of one of Nature's beſt gifts, unadmoniſhed of his folly. Swift, as we may ſee by ſome poſthumous volumes, lately publiſhed, ſo diſhonourable and injurious to his memory, trifled away his old age in a diſſipation that women and boys might be aſham'd of. For when men have given into a long habit of employing their *wit* only to ſhew their parts, to edge their ſpleen, to pander to a faction; or, in ſhort, to any thing but that for which Nature beſtowed it, namely to recommend Virtue, and ſet off Truth; old age, which abates the paſſions, will never rectify the abuſes they occaſioned. But the remains of *wit*, inſtead of ſeeking and recovering their proper channel, will run into that miſerable depravity of taſte here condemned: and in which Dr. Swift ſeems to have placed no inconſiderable part of his wiſdom. " I chuſe," ſays he, in a letter to Mr. Pope, " my Companions amongſt thoſe of the leaſt conſequence, and moſt compliance: I read the moſt trifling books I can find: and whenever I write, it is upon the moſt trifling ſubjects." And again, " I love *La Bagatelle* better than ever. I am always writing bad Proſe or worſe Verſes, either of rage or raillery," *&c.* And again in a Letter to Mr. Gay, " My rule is, Vive la Bagatelle!" Warburton.

In

If, after all, we muſt with [u] Wilmot own,
The cordial Drop of Life is Love alone;
And SWIFT cry wiſely, "Vive la Bagatelle!"
The Man that loves and laughs, muſt ſure do well.
[w] Adieu—if this Advice appear the worſt,
E'en take the Counſel which I gave you firſt:
Or better Precepts if you can impart,
Why do, I'll follow them with all my heart.

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In this note, Dr. Warburton makes ſome ſevere ſtrictures on the manner in which Swift employed his wit, in his latter days. And indeed, in many of his remarks, it appears that Warburton was not partial to the character of Swift; whom he had attacked in one of his earlieſt productions, on portents and prodigies; in which he ſays, page 32: "The religious Author of the Tale of a Tub will tell you, religion is but a reſervoir of fools and madmen; and the virtuous Lemuel Gulliver will anſwer for the ſtate, that it is a den of ſavages and cut-throats." Edition 12mo. 1727. "Miſanthropy," ſays a true philoſopher, "is ſo dangerous a thing, and goes ſo far in ſapping the very foundation of morality and religion, that I eſteem the laſt part of Swift's Gulliver (that I mean relative to his Houyhnhnms and Yahoos) to be a worſe book to peruſe, than thoſe which we forbid as the moſt flagitious and obſcene. One abſurdity in this author (a wretched philoſopher, though a great wit) is well worth remarking; in order to render the nature of men odious, and the nature of beaſts amiable, he is compelled to give human characters to his beaſts, and beaſtly characters to his men; ſo that we are to admire the beaſts, not for being beaſts, but amiable men; and to deteſt the men, not for being men, but deteſtable beaſts.

"Whoever has been reading this unnatural filth, let him turn for a moment to a Spectator of Addiſon, and obſerve the philanthropy of that claſſical Writer; I may add, the ſuperior purity of his diction, and his wit."

HARRIS's Philological Enquiries, page 538.

WARTON.

With the exception of a few unequal lines, this is the moſt pleaſing and finiſhed of all his Imitations. Murray, to whom it was addreſſed, and who afterwards became ſo much more eminent, having highly diſtinguiſhed himſelf by his elegant claſſical attainments at Chriſt-church, Oxford, was admitted a ſtudent at Lincoln's Inn, April 1724,—his ſubſequent hiſtory is well known.

Lord Cornbury, to whom Pope pays ſo elegant a compliment, was in all reſpects a moſt amiable man. He reſided for ſome time at Spa, on account of his health. In a letter from Pope to Mrs. Price, (which I have been favoured with, by her grandſon, Uvedale Price,) he is thus mentioned:

"Pray, Madam, tell my Lord Cornbury I am not worſe than "he left me, though I have endured ſome uneaſineſs ſince, beſide "what his indiſpoſition, when I parted, gave me.

"I earneſtly wiſh his return, but not till he can bring himſelf "whole to us, who want honeſt and able men too much to part "with him, &c."

Henry Viſcount Cornbury was great grandſon of the celebrated Lord Chancellor Clarendon, and only ſon of Henry Earl of Clarendon and Rocheſter.

Lord Cornbury acted with the greateſt moderation and uprightneſs in political affairs; though a Tory, and violent in oppoſition to Sir Robert Walpole, he yet oppoſed the unconſtitutional motion of Sandys, for the removal of that miniſter, in a manly and ſenſible ſpeech. See Coxe's Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, ch. 55. This amiable nobleman died before his father in 1753, without iſſue, and the title afterwards became extinct.

THE FIRST EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE;

With this Motto in the firſt Edition, in folio, 1737:

" *Ne rubeam pingui donatus munere.*" HOR.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE Reflections of *Horace*, and the Judgments paſſed in his Epiſtle to *Auguſtus*, ſeemed ſo ſeaſonable to the preſent Times, that I could not help applying them to the uſe of my own Country. The Author thought them conſiderable enough to addreſs them to his Prince; whom he paints with all the great and good qualities of a Monarch, upon whom the Romans depended for the Increaſe of an *Abſolute Empire*. But to make the Poem entirely Engliſh, I was willing to add one or two of thoſe which contribute to the Happineſs of a *Free People*, and are more conſiſtent with the Welfare of our *Neighbours*.

This Epiſtle will ſhew the learned World to have fallen into two miſtakes: one, that *Auguſtus was a Patron of Poets in general;* whereas he not only prohibited all but the Beſt Writers to name him, but recommended that Care even to the Civil Magiſtrate: *Admonebat Prætores, ne paterentur Nomen ſuum obſolefieri*, &c. The other, that this Piece was only a *general Diſcourſe of Poetry;* whereas it was an *Apology for the Poets*, in order to render *Auguſtus* more their Patron. *Horace* here pleads the Cauſe of his Cotemporaries, firſt againſt the Taſte of the *Town*, whoſe humour it was to magnify the Authors of the preceding Age; ſecondly againſt the *Court* and *Nobility*, who encouraged only the Writers for the Theatre; and

and laſtly againſt the *Emperor* himſelf, who had conceived them of little Uſe to the Government. He ſhews (by a View of the Progreſs of Learning, and the Change of Taſte among the Romans) that the Introduction of the Polite Arts of *Greece* had given the Writers of his Time great advantages over their Predeceſſors; that their *Morals* were much improved, and the Licence of thoſe ancient Poets reſtrained: that *Satire* and *Comedy* were become more juſt and uſeful; that whatever extravagancies were left on the Stage, were owing to the *Ill Taſte* of the *Nobility*; that Poets, under due Regulations, were in many reſpects uſeful to the *State*; and concludes, that it was upon them the *Emperor* himſelf muſt depend, for his Fame with Poſterity.

We may further learn from this Epiſtle, that *Horace* made his Court to this Great Prince by writing with a decent Freedom toward him, with a juſt Contempt of his low Flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own Character. POPE.

EPISTOLA I.

AD AUGUSTUM.

CUM tot [a] ſuſtineas et tanta negotia ſolus,
Rex Italas armis tuteris, moribus ornes,
Legibus emendes; in [b] publica commoda peccem,
Si longo ſermone morer tua tempora, Cæſar.
[c] Romulus*, et Liber pater, et cum Caſtore Pollux,
Poſt ingentia facta, [d] Deorum in templa recepti,
Dum

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* *Romulus,*] Dion Caſſius informs us, book 53. that Auguſtus was particularly pleaſed to be called Romulus. WARTON.

VER. 1. *While you, great Patron*] All thoſe naufeous and outrageous compliments, which Horace, in a ſtrain of abject adulation, degraded himſelf by paying to Auguſtus, Pope has converted into bitter and pointed ſarcaſms, conveyed under the form of the moſt artful irony.

"Horace," ſays Pope, in the advertiſement to this piece, "made his court to this great prince, (or rather this cool and ſubtle tyrant,) by writing with a decent freedom towards him, with a juſt contempt of his low flatterers, and with a manly regard to his own character." Surely he forgot the 15th and 16th lines:

Jurandaſque tibi per numen ponimus aras,
Nil oriturum alias, nil ortum tale fatentes, &c. WARTON.

VER. 2. *open all the Main;*] This has been thought a very obſcure expreſſion; but it ſhould be remembered that irony is the leading feature of this Epiſtle. It was written in 1737, at the time when the Spaniſh depredations at ſea were ſuch, that there was an univerſal cry that the Britiſh flag had been inſulted, and the contemptible and degraded Engliſh braved on their own element. At this period, ſays Mr. Coxe, "the Houſe was daily inundated

EPISTLE I.

TO AUGUSTUS.

WHILE you, great Patron of Mankind! [a] ſuſtain
The balanc'd World, and open all the Main;
Your Country, chief, in Arms abroad defend,
At home, with Morals, Arts, and Laws amend;
[b] How ſhall the Muſe, from ſuch a Monarch, ſteal
An hour, and not defraud the Public Weal?
[c] Edward and Henry, now the Boaſt of Fame,
And virtuous Alfred, a more [d] ſacred Name,

After

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" with petitions and papers relating to the inhumanities commit-
" ted on the Engliſh priſoners taken on board of trading veſſels."
" Opening all the Main," therefore, means that the King was ſo LIBERAL as to leave it OPEN TO THE SPANIARDS, who committed with impunity whatever outrages they pleaſed, on thoſe who were before conſidered the almoſt excluſive maſters of it.

The ſame explanation may be given of

" Your Country, chief, in *arms abroad* defend."

This line means quite the *contrary*. The people were wearied with ſo long a period of peace, and in 1738 the public mind was agitated almoſt to phrenzy, and the cry of inſtant war, retaliation, and revenge, reſounded from one part of England to the other; it is therefore with the bittereſt ſarcaſm that Pope exclaims,

" Your Country, chief, IN ARMS ABROAD DEFEND!"

It was not till two years afterwards, October 19th, 1739, that war, ſo long inſiſted on, was declared, which declaration was received with the greateſt demonſtrations of enthuſiaſm and joy. How then could any one *at the time* be ignorant of the *real meaning* of Pope's expreſſions?

VER. 5. *from ſuch a Monarch.*] This fine imitation was firſt publiſhed in 1737. The ſtrong ſatire with which it abounds was

Dum terras hominumque colunt genus, aſpera bella
Componunt, agros adſignant, oppida condunt;
[e] Ploravere ſuis non reſpondere favorem
Speratum meritis. diram qui contudit Hydram,
Notaque fatali portenta labore ſubegit,
Comperit [f] invidiam ſupremo fine domari.

[g] Urit enim fulgore ſuo, qui prægravat artes
Infra ſe poſitas: extinctus amabitur idem.
[h] Præſenti tibi *maturos* largimur honores,
[i] Jurandaſque tuum per numen ponimus aras,
[k] *Nil oriturum* alias, *nil ortum tale* fatentes.
Sed tuus hoc populus ſapiens et juſtus in uno,
* *Te noſtris ducibus, te Graiis* anteferendo,
Cætera nequaquam ſimili ratione modoque
Æſtimat; et, niſi quæ terris ſemota ſuiſque
Temporibus defuncta videt, faſtidit et odit:

Sic

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concealed with ſuch delicate art and addreſs, that many perſons, and ſome of the higheſt rank in the court, as I have been well informed, read it as a panegyric on the king and miniſtry, and congratulated themſelves that Pope had left the oppoſition, in which he had been engaged. But it may ſeem ſtrange they ſhould not ſee the drift and intention of ſuch lines, as, the ſix firſt, the twenty ninth, the three hundred and fifty-fourth, the three hundred and fifty-ſixth, the three hundred and ſeventy-ſixth, the three hundred and ninety-fourth, and many other lines.

After a Life of gen'rous Toils endur'd,
The Gaul ſubdu'd, or Property ſecur'd,
Ambition humbled, mighty Cities ſtorm'd,
Or Laws eſtabliſh'd, and the World reform'd;
[e] Clos'd their long Glories, with a ſigh, to find
Th' unwilling Gratitude of baſe mankind!
All human Virtue, to its lateſt breath,
[f] Finds Envy never conquer'd, but by Death.
The great Alcides, ev'ry Labour paſt,
Had ſtill this Monſter to ſubdue at laſt.
[g] Sure fate of all, beneath whoſe riſing ray
Each ſtar of meaner merit fades away!
Oppreſs'd we feel the beam directly beat,
Thoſe Suns of Glory pleaſe not till they ſet.
To thee, the World its preſent homage pays,
The Harveſt early, [h] but mature the praiſe:
Great Friend of LIBERTY! in *Kings* a Name
Above all Greek, above all Roman Fame*:
Whoſe Word is Truth, as ſacred and rever'd,
[i] As Heav'n's own Oracles from Altars heard.
Wonder of Kings! like whom, to mortal eyes
[k] None e'er has riſen, and none e'er ſhall riſe.
Juſt in one inſtance, be it yet confeſt
Your People, Sir, are partial in the reſt:
Foes to all living worth except your own,
And Advocates for folly dead and gone.
Authors, like coins, grow dear as they grow old;
It is the Ruſt we value, not the Gold.

[1] Sic fautor *veterum*, ut tabulas peccare vetantes
Quas bis quinque viri ſanxerunt, fœdera regum,
Vel Gabiis vel cum rigidis æquata Sabinis,
Pontificum libros, annoſa volumina Vatum,
[m] Dictitet Albano Muſas in monte locutas.

Si,

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VER. 37. *Chaucer's worſt ribaldry*] The laws of the Decemviri do not at all anſwer to Chaucer; nor the *annoſa volumina vatum* to Spenſer and Ben Jonſon. Nor in verſe below, 48, *tumbling through a hoop*, to *luctamur*. Dr. Hurd gives a forced meaning to *Achivis unctis*, and ſays it means, the *unwearied aſſiduity* of the Greek artiſts; the practice of *anointing* being eſſential to their agoniſtic trials, and that Horace puts the attending circumſtances for the thing itſelf. WARTON.

VER. 38. *And beaſtly Skelton, &c.*] Skelton, Poet Laureat to Henry VIII. a volume of whoſe verſes has been lately reprinted, conſiſting almoſt wholly of ribaldry, obſcenity, and ſcurrilous language. POPE.

His Poems, ſays Dr. Farmer, are printed, 1736, with the Title of "Pithy, Pleaſant, and Profitable Workes of Maiſter Skelton, Poete Laureate." But, ſays Cibber, after ſeveral other Writers, "How, or by what intereſt he was made Laureat, or whether it was a title he aſſumed to himſelf, cannot be determined." This is an error pretty generally received, and it may be worth our while to remove it.

A facetious Author ſays, *That a Poet Laureat, in the modern idea, is a gentleman who hath an annual ſtipend for reminding us of the new-year and the birth-day:* but formerly a Poet Laureat was a real Univerſity Graduate.

"Skelton wore lawrell wreath
"And paſt in ſchoels ye knoe,"

ſays Churchyarde in the Poem prefixed to his Works. And Maſter Caxton, in his Preface to the Boke of Eneydos, 1490, hath a paſſage, which well deſerves to be quoted without abridgment: "I praye mayſter John Skelton late created Poet Laureate in the Unyverſite of Oxenforde, to overſee and correcte "thys ſayd booke, and taddreſſe and expowne whereas ſhall be "founde faulte; to theym that ſhall requyre it; for hym I "knowe

[l] Chaucer's worſt ribaldry is learn'd by rote,
And beaſtly Skelton Heads of Houſes quote:
One likes no language but the Fairy Queen;
A Scot will fight for Chriſt's Kirk of the Green; 40
And each true Briton is to Ben ſo civil,
[m] He ſwears the Muſes met him at the Devil.
Tho'

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" knowe for ſuffycyent to expowne and Englyſhe every dyf-
" ficulte that is therein, for he hath late tranſlated the Epyſtles
" of Tullye and the Book of Dyodorus Syculus, and diverſe
" other Workes, out of Latyn into Engliſhe, not in rude and
" old langage, but in polyſhed and ornate terms, craftily, as he
" that hath redde Vyrgyle, Ouyde, Tullye, and all the other
" noble Poets and Oratours, to me unknowen: and alſo he hath
" redde the IX Muſes, and underſtands their muſicalle ſcyences,
" and to whom of them eche ſcyence is appropred: I ſuppoſe he
" hath dronken of Elycon's well!" Skelton was rector of Dis in Norfolk, and patronized by the Earl of Northumberland. He wrote againſt Wolſey. Eraſmus ſtyled him, very ſtrangely, Britannicarum Literarum Lumen et Decus. A moſt curious and accurate account, accompanied with remarks on the poetry and taſte of this country in the reign of Henry VII. is given in the 15th ſection of the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry. WARTON.

VER. 40. *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green;*] A Ballad made by a King of Scotland. POPE.

It was printed at Oxford 1691, in quarto, by Gibſon, who was then a young man, at the end of Polemo Middinia, a Macaronic Poem by W. Drummond of Hawthornden. WARTON.

VER. 40. *Chriſt's Kirk of the Green;*] The old popular ſong of Chriſt's Kirk on the Green, written by James the Firſt of Scotland, was republiſhed in a handſome manner by Allan Ramſay 1724, in two vols. called the Evergreen.

Mr. Ellis ſays, it is ſtill popular in Scotland; the firſt ſtanza is,

" Was nevir in Scotland herd or ſene
" Such dancing and deray,
" Nowthir at Falkland on the Greene,
" Nor Pebills at the play,

" It

Si, quia [n] Graiorum ſunt antiquiſſima quæque
Scripta vel optima, Romani penſantur eadem
Scriptores trutina; non eſt quod multa loquamur:
Nil intra eſt oleam, nil extra eſt in nuce duri.
Venimus ad ſummum fortunæ: *pingimus*, atque
[o] *Pſallimus*, et [p] *luctamur Achivis doctius unctis.*
Si [q] meliora dies, ut vina, poemata reddit;
Scire velim, chartis pretium quotus arroget annus.
Scriptor abhinc annos centum qui decidit, inter
Perfectos vetereſque referri debet, an inter
Viles atque novos? excludat jurgia finis.
Eſt vetus atque probus, [r] centum qui perficit annos.
Quid? qui deperiit minor uno menſe, vel anno,
Inter quos referendus erit? [s] vetereſne poetas,
An quos et præſens et poſtera reſpuat ætas?
Iſte quidem veteres inter ponetur [t] *honeſte*,
Qui vel menſe brevi, vel toto eſt junior anno.
Utor permiſſo, caudæque pilos ut [u] equinæ
Paulatim vello: et demo unum, demo et item unum;
Dum

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" It was of Wowers, as I ween;
" At Chryſt's Kirk on the day;
" Their came to Killies waſhing clean,
" In new Kirtills of Gray,
" Full gay,
" At Chryſt-Church on the green,
" That day."

Ver. 42. *met him at the Devil.*] The Devil Tavern, where Ben Jonſon held his Poetical Club. Pope.

Ver. 43. *Tho' juſtly Greece*] The Poet does not admit that the *moſt ancient Greek* writings were the beſt; what he allows is, the Superiority of the oldeſt Greek writings *extant*: which is a very different thing. The turn of his argument confines us to this ſenſe. Hurd.

Tho' juſtly [n] Greece her eldeſt ſons admires,
Why ſhould not We be wiſer than our ſires?
In ev'ry Public Virtue we excel;
We build, we paint, [o] we ſing, we dance as well,
And [p] learned Athens to our art muſt ſtoop,
Could ſhe behold us tumbling through a hoop.
If [q] Time improve our Wit as well as Wine,
Say at what age a Poet grows divine?
Shall we, or ſhall we not, account him ſo,
Who dy'd, perhaps, a hundred years ago?
End all diſpute; and fix the year preciſe
When Britiſh Bards begin t'immortalize?
"Who laſts a [r] century can have no flaw,
"I hold that Wit a Claſſic, good in law."
Suppoſe he wants a year, will you compound?
And ſhall we deem him [s] Ancient, right and ſound,
Or damn to all Eternity at once,
At ninety-nine, a Modern and a Dunce?
"We ſhall not quarrel for a year or two;
"By [t] courteſy of England, he may do."
Then, by the rule that made the [u] Horſe-tail bare,
I pluck out year by year, as hair by hair,
And

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VER. 55. *can have no flaw,*] A very reprehenſible expreſſion; as alſo the words below, verſe 58, *right and ſound.* On the contrary, *look in Stowe*, verſe 66, is very happy. WARTON.

VER. 63. *the Horſe-tail bare;*] Lambinus ſays this paſſage relates to a ſtory mentioned in Plutarch of a ſoldier of Sertorius. WARTON.

Dum cadat elusus ratione [w] ruentis acervi,
Qui redit in [x] *fastos*, et virtutem æstimat annis,
Miraturque nihil, nisi quod [y] *Libitina* sacravit.

[z] Ennius et *sapiens*, et *fortis*, et *alter Homerus*,
Ut critici dicunt, leviter curare videtur
Quo [a] *promissa* cadant, et *somnia Pythagorea*.
Nævius [b] in manibus non est; at [c] mentibus hæret
Pene recens: [d] adeo sanctum est vetus omne poema
Ambigitur [e] quoties, uter utro sit prior; aufert
Pacuvius docti famam senis, Accius alti;
Dicitur

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Ver. 69. *Shakespear*,] Shakespear and Ben Jonson may truly be said not much to have thought of this Immortality; the one in many pieces composed in haste for the Stage; the other, in his latter works in general, which *Dryden* called his *Dotages*. Pope.

Dryden does, indeed, call them so, but very undeservedly. The truth is, he was not enough acquainted with the manners of the preceding Age, to judge competently of them. Besides, nothing is more inconstant than his characters of his own Country Poets, nor less reasonable than most of his critical notions; for he had many occasional ends to serve, and few principles to go upon. This may be said as to the character of his critical works in general, though written with great elegance and vivacity.

Warburton.

This censure of Dryden's critical works is, Warton thinks, too severe.

Ver. 69. *and ev'ry Play-house bill*] A ridicule on those who talk of *Shakespear*, because he *is in fashion*; who, if they dared to do justice to *their taste or conscience*, would own they liked *Durfey* better. Warburton.

Ver. 71. *For gain, not glory*,] I believe this perfectly true of Shakespear, but not of Ben Jonson; who was not made, as was Shakespear, a poet by accident, but had spent his life in a close study

And melt [v] down Ancients like a heap of ſnow:
While you, to meaſure merits, look in [x] Stowe,
And eſtimating Authors by the year,
Beſtow a Garland only on a [y] Bier.
[z] Shakeſpear, (whom you and ev'ry Play-houſe bill
Style the Divine, the Matchleſs, what you will,)
For gain, not glory, wing'd his roving flight,
And grew immortal in his own deſpight.
Ben, old and poor, as little ſeem'd to heed
[a] The Life to come, in ev'ry Poet's Creed.
Who now reads [b] Cowley? if he pleaſes yet,
His Moral pleaſes, not his pointed Wit;
Forgot his Epic, nay Pindaric Art,
But ſtill [c] I love the Language of his Heart.
" Yet ſurely, [d] ſurely, theſe were famous men!
" What boy but hears the ſayings of old Ben?
" In all [e] debates where Critics bear a part,
" Not one but nods, and talks of Jonſon's Art,
" Of

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ſtudy of the art. And as ſome of his plays, particularly the Silent Woman, were the firſt models of juſt comedy in our language, he could not, with propriety, be ſubſtituted for the ruder writers of Rome. The expreſſion in verſe 74, *the Life to come*, is ſomewhat licentious. WARTON.

VER. 72. *in his own deſpight.*] It was a good idea of Foote's, that Shakeſpear only meant to write *farces*; but the fine poetry, &c. he *threw in, gratis*.

VER. 77. *Forgot his Epic,*] Rhymer abſurdly prefers the Davideis to the Jeruſalem of Taſſo. WARTON.

VER. 77. *Pindaric Art,*] Which has much more merit than his Epic, but very unlike the Character, as well as Numbers, of Pindar. POPE.

Dicitur Afranî toga conveniſſe Menandro;
Plautus ad exemplar Siculi properare Epicharmi,
Vincere Cæcilius gravitate, Terentius arte:
Hos ediſcit, et hos arcto ſtipata theatro
Spectat Roma potens; [f] habet hos numeratque poetas
Ad noſtrum tempus, Livî ſcriptoris ab ævo.
[g] Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat.

Si

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Ver. 83. *Cowley's Wit;*] Why mention Cowley*, when only dramatic writers are ſpoken of, and characterized? In verſe 85, he alludes to a line of Rocheſter on Shadwell and Wycherley. It is plain he was only copying the trite and trivial opinions of the pretenders to taſte, by omitting Otway, and mentioning only Southern and Rowe, as maſters of the pathetic; but whoſe Iſabella and Jane Shore may in truth be almoſt put in competition with Belvidera. It is ſingular that Horace, in the Original, ſhould mention Afranius only as the copier of Menander, and not Terence. Inſtead of Livi, meaning Livius Andronicus, in the ſucceeding lines, Bentley would read Lævi; becauſe he ſays that Livius Andronicus was too obſolete to be read by the ſcholars of Orbilius. Warton.

Ver. 85. *Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;*] Nothing was leſs true than this particular: But the whole paragraph has a mixture of irony, and muſt not altogether be taken for Horace's own judgment, only the common Chat of the pretenders to Criticiſm; in ſome things right, in others, wrong; as he tells us in his anſwer,

"Interdum vulgus rectum videt: eſt ubi peccat." Pope.

Ver. 85. *How Shadwell haſty.*] Theſe lines anſwer to lines 58, 59, in the Original. Dr. Hurd obſerves, that Menander and his follower Terence were not admired by the Roman writers, till after the Auguſtan age: The reaſon was, "that popular eloquence which continued, in a good degree of vigour, to that time, participating more of the freedom of the *old* comic banter, and rejecting, as improper to its end, the refinements of the *new*, inſenſibly

* Cowley wrote four plays.

" Of Shakeſpear's Nature, and of Cowley's Wit;
" How Beaumont's Judgment check'd what Fletcher
" writ;
" How Shadwell haſty, Wycherley was ſlow;
" But, for the Paſſions, Southern ſure and Rowe.
" Theſe, [f] only theſe, ſupport the crowded ſtage,
" From eldeſt Heywood down to Cibber's age."
All this may be; [g] the People's Voice is odd,
It is, and it is not, the voice of God.

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inſenſibly depraved the public taſte; which, by degrees only, and not till a ſtudied and cautious declamation had, by the neceſſary influence of abſolute power, ſucceeded to the liberty of their old oratory, was fully reconciled to the delicacy and ſtrict decorum of Menander's wit." WARTON.

VER. 89. *the People's Voice is odd.*] "The capricious levity of popular opinion hath been noted even to a proverb: and yet it is this, which, after all, fixes the fate of authors. This ſeemingly odd phænomenon I would thus account for: What is uſually complimented with the high and reverend appellation of public judgment is, in any ſingle inſtance, but the repetition or echo, for the moſt part eagerly catched and ſtrongly reverberated on all ſides, of a few leading voices, which have happened to gain the confidence, and ſo direct the cry of the public. But, (as, in fact, it too often falls out,) this prerogative of the few may be abuſed to the prejudice of the many. The partialities of friendſhip, the faſhionableneſs of the writer, his compliance with the reigning taſte, the lucky concurrence of time and opportunity, the cabal of a party, nay, the very freaks of whim and caprice; theſe, or any of them, as occaſion ſerves, can ſupport the dulleſt, as the oppoſite diſadvantages can depreſs the nobleſt performance; and give a currency or neglect to either, far beyond what the genuine character of each demands. Hence the public voice, which is but the aggregate of theſe corrupt judgments, infinitely multiplied, is, with the wiſe, at ſuch a juncture, deſervedly of little eſteem. Yet, in a ſucceſſion

Si [h] veteres ita miratur laudatque poetas,
Ut nihil anteferat, nihil illis comparet; errat:
Si quædam nimis [i] *antique*, ſi pleraque [k] *dure*
Dicere

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ſucceſſion of ſuch judgments, delivered at different times and by different ſets or juntos of theſe ſovereign arbiters of the fate of authors, the public opinion naturally gets clear of theſe accidental corruptions. Every freſh ſucceſſion ſhakes off ſome; till, by degrees, the work is ſeen in its proper form, unſupported of every other recommendation, than what its native inherent excellence beſtows upon it. Then, and not till then, the voice of the people becomes ſacred; after which it ſoon advances into divinity, before which all ages muſt fall down and worſhip. For now reaſon alone, without her corrupt aſſeſſors, takes the chair; and her ſentence, when once promulgated and authorized by the general voice, fixes the unalterable doom of authors."

Ὅλως καλα νομιζε υψη και αληθινα, τα διαπαντος αρεσκοντα και πασιν. Longinus, Sect. 7.

Hurd.

Ver. 91. *Gammer Gurton*] A piece of very low humour, one of the firſt printed Plays in Engliſh, and therefore much valued by ſome Antiquaries. Pope.

It was written by J. Still, afterwards Biſhop of Bath and Wells.

If our author had been more acquainted with, and had not ſo much deſpiſed, our old Plays, he would have acquitted himſelf better in his edition of Shakeſpear. An edition * of this Comedy, written 1551, was given by Mr. R. Dodſley, in his valuable Collection of Old Plays; a publication which had the merit of exciting an attention to our ancient writers. Warton.

J. Still was born at Grantham in Lincolnſhire 1542, and educated at Chriſt's College Cambridge. Ellis.

T. Warton and Ellis have both quoted his pleaſant ballad, introduced in "Gammer Gurton," of "Jolly good Ale, and old."

"I love no roaſt but a nut-brown toaſt,
"And a crab laid in the fire;
"A little

* Warton ſays, a very *correct* edition; Stevens adds, "very *incorrect*."

To [h] Gammer Gurton if it give the bays,
And yet deny the Careleſs Huſband praiſe,
Or ſay our Fathers never broke a rule;
Why then, I ſay, the Public is a Fool.
But let them own, that greater Faults than we
They had, and greater Virtues, I'll agree.
Spenſer himſelf affects the [i] Obſolete,
And Sidney's verſe halts ill on [k] Roman feet:
Milton's

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" A little bread ſhall do me ſtead,
" Much bread I not deſire:
" No froſt, no ſnow, no wind, I trow,
" Can hurt me if I wold,
" I am ſo wrapt and thoroughly capt,
" Of Jolly good Ale, and old."

Sir John Harrington thus ſpeaks of him: " But what STILL " ſhall I uſe to ſet forth this STILL, whom well nigh thirty yeeres " ſince, my reverend Tutor in Cambridge *ſtil'd* by this name, " *Divine Still*, &c. who was often content to grace my young " exerciſes with his venerable preſenſe, who, from that time to " this, hath given me ſome helps, more hopes, and ſome en- " couragements, in my beſt ſtudies? To whom I never came but " I grew more religious, from whom I never went but I parted " better inſtructed." (State of the Church.)

VER. 92. *Careleſs Huſband praiſe,*] This line is quoted as an inſtance of our Author's candour towards Cibber. This play was at firſt denied to be Cibber's, and was given to the Duke of Argyle, and other noblemen. It met with the greateſt ſucceſs, and was ſoon aſcribed to its right author. Mrs. Oldfield's abilities were firſt known and admired by her acting Lady Betty Modiſh. The reconciliation ſcene between Sir Charles and Lady Eaſy was applauded. It is ſingular, that Cibber ſhould be the firſt writer that, after the Reſtoration, produced a play, his Love's Laſt Shift, in which any purity of manners, any decency of language, and any reſpect to the honour of the marriage-bed, were preſerved. (See Davis's Miſcell. p. 400. v. 3.) WARTON.

VER. 97. *affects the Obſolete,*] One, who is allowed to have ſtudied Spenſer attentively, has remarked, " that the cenſure of

Dicere cedit eos, [l] *ignava* multa fatetur;
Et ſapit, et mecum facit, et Jove judicat æquo
[m] Non equidem inſector, *delendaque carmina* Livi
Eſſe reor, memini quæ [n] *plagoſum* [o] *mihi parvo*
Orbilium dictare;
ſed emendata videri
Pulchraque, et exactis minimum diſtantia, miror:
Inter

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of Johnſon upon his ſtyle, is perhaps unreaſonable; Spenſer in affecting the ancients writ no language." The ground-work and ſubſtance of his ſtyle is the language of his age. This indeed is ſeaſoned with various expreſſions, adopted from the elder poets; but in ſuch a manner, that the language of his age was rather ſtrengthened and dignified, than debaſed and diſguiſed, by ſuch a practice. In truth, the affectation of Spenſer in this point is by no means ſo ſtriking and viſible as B. Jonſon has inſinuated; nor is his phraſeology ſo difficult and obſolete as it is generally ſuppoſed to be. For many ſtanzas together, we may frequently read him with as much facility as we can the ſame number of lines in Shakeſpear. Obſervations on the Fairy Queen, vol. i. p. 133. by Thomas Warton, A. M. Warton.

Ver. 98. *And Sidney's verſe*] For a Specimen, Dr. Warton quotes the following ſtanza of one of his Sapphics: Arcadia, book i p. 142.

" If the ſpheres ſenſeleſs do yet hold a muſic,
" If the ſwan's ſweet voice be not heard, but at death,
" If the mute timber when it hath the life loſt
" Yieldeth a lute's tune."

Ver. 100. *Now ſerpent-like,*] Nobody can deny there are inequalities in this poem; and this obſervation of our Author is adopted from Dryden, who ſays, that Milton runs into a flat thought ſometimes for a hundred lines together; " but 'tis when he is got into a tract of ſcripture:" but ſuch paſſages bear no proportion to the genral sublime of the poem. Warton.

Ver. 104. *Bentley*] This excellent Critic, who had the fortune to be extravagantly deſpiſed and ridiculed by two of the greateſt

Milton's ſtrong pinion now not Heav'n can bound,
Now Serpent-like, in [l] proſe he ſweeps the ground,
In Quibbles, Angel and Archangel join,
And God the Father turns a School-divine.
[m] Not that I'd lop the beauties from his book,
Like [n] flaſhing Bentley with his deſp'rate hook,
Or damn all Shakeſpear, like th' affected Fool
At court, who hates whate'er he [o] read at ſchool.

But

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greateſt Wits [P. S.], and as extravagantly feared and flattered by two of the greateſt Scholars of his time [C. H.], will deſerve to have that juſtice done him now, which he never met with while alive.

He was a great Maſter both of the languages and the learning of polite Antiquity; whoſe Writings he ſtudied with no other deſign than to correct the errors of the text. For this he had a ſtrong natural underſtanding, a great ſhare of penetration, and a ſagacity and acumen very uncommon. All which qualities he had greatly improved by long exerciſe and application. Yet, at the ſame time, he had ſo little of that elegance of judgment, we call *Taſte*, that he knew nothing of *Style*, as it accommodates itſelf, and is appropriated to, the various kinds of compoſition. And his reaſoning faculty being infinitely better than that of his imagination, the *Style of Poetry* was what he leaſt underſtood. So that, that clearneſs of conception, which ſo much aſſiſted his critical ſagacity, in diſcovering and reforming errors in books of ſcience, where a philoſophical preciſion and grammatical exactneſs of language is employed, ſerved but to betray him into abſurd and extravagant conjectures, whenever he attempted to reform the text of a Poet; whoſe diction he was always for reducing to the proſaic rules of logical ſeverity; and whenever he found what a great maſter of ſpeech calls *verbum ardens*, he was ſure not to leave it till he had thoroughly quenched it in his critical ſtandiſh. But to make Philology amends, he was a perfect Maſter of all the myſteries of the ancient *Rythmus*.

The moſt important of his Works, as a ſcholar, is his *Critique on the Epiſtles of Phalaris*; and the leaſt conſiderable, his *Remarks*

on

Inter quæ [p] *verbum emicuit* ſi forte *decorum*,
Si [q] *verſus* paulo *concinnior* unus et alter;
Injuſte *totum* ducit venitque poema.
[r] Indignor quidquam reprehendi, non quia craſſe
Compoſitum, illepideve putetur, ſed quia nuper;
Nec veniam antiquis, ſed honorem et præmia poſci.
Recte

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on the Diſcourſe concerning Free-thinking. Yet the firſt, with all its ſuperiority of learning, argument, and truth, was borne down by the vivacity and clamour of a Party, which (as uſual) carried the public along with them: while the other, employed only in the eaſy and trifling taſk of expoſing a very dull and very ignorant Rhapſodiſt, was as extravagantly extolled. For it was his odd fortune (as our Poet expreſſes it) to paſs for

"A Wit with Dunces, and a Dunce with Wits:"

whereas in truth he was neither one nor the other. The injuſtice that had been done him in the firſt caſe, made him always ſpeak, amongſt his friends, of the blind partiality of the public, in the latter, with the contempt it deſerved. For however he might ſometimes miſtake his own force, he was never the dupe of the public judgment: of which, a learned Prelate, now living, gave me this inſtance: He accidentally met Bentley in the days of Phalaris; and after having complimented him on that noble Piece of Criticiſm, (the *Anſwer* to the Oxford writers,) he bad him not be diſcouraged at this run upon him: for though they had got the laughers on their ſide, yet mere wit and raillery could not hold it out long againſt a work of ſo much learning. To which the other replied, "Indeed, Dr. S. I am in no pain about the matter. For it is a maxim with me, that no man was ever written out of reputation, but by himſelf." WARBURTON.

VER. 109. *Sprat,*] Rightly put at the head of the ſmall Wits. He is now known to moſt advantage as the Friend of Mr. Cowley. His Learning was compriſed in the well rounding of a period: For, as Seneca ſaid of Triarius, "Compoſitione verborum

But for the Wits of either Charles's days,
The Mob of Gentlemen who wrote with eaſe;
Sprat, Carew, Sedley, and a hundred more,
(Like twinkling ſtars the Miſcellanies o'er,)
One Simile, that [p] ſolitary ſhines
In the dry deſert of a thouſand lines,
Or [q] lengthen'd Thought that gleams through many a page,
Has ſanctify'd whole poems for an age.
[r] I loſe my patience, and I own it too,
When works are cenſur'd, not as bad but new;
While if our Elders break all reaſon's laws,
Theſe fools demand not pardon, but Applauſe.

On

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belle cadentium multos *Scholaſticos* delectabat, omnes decipiebat." As to the turn of his piety and genius, it is beſt ſeen by his laſt Will and Teſtament, where he gives God thanks that he, who had been bred neither at Eaton nor Weſtminſter, but at a little country ſchool by the Churchyard ſide, ſhould at laſt come to be a Biſhop —But the honour of being a Weſtminſter School boy ſome have at one age, and ſome at another; and ſome all their life long. Our grateful Biſhop, though he had it not in his youth, yet it came upon him in his old age. WARBURTON.

VER. 110. *Like twinkling ſtars*] Among the traſh that fills thoſe ſix volumes, called Dryden's Miſcellanies, are ſeveral copies of verſes ſo dull and deſpicable, that they would hardly gain admittance in a modern monthly magazine:

"Unfiniſhed things one knows not what to call."

Dodſley's ſix volumes are on the whole ſuperior. Milton, in his Second Defence, has very ſeverely proſcribed the common writers of miſcellaneous poems: "Poetas equidem verè dictos, et diligo et colo, et audiendo ſæpe delector; iſtos vero verſiculorum nugivendos quis non oderit? quo genere nihil ſultius, aut vanius,

[a] Recte necne *crocum floreſque* perambulet *Attæ*
Fabula, ſi dubitem; clament periiſſe pudorem
Cuncti pene *patres*: ea eum reprehendere coner,
Quæ [b] *gravis Æſopus*, quæ doctus *Roſcius* egit.

Vel

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aut corruptius, aut mendacius. Laudant, vituperant, ſine delectû, ſine diſcrimine, judicio, aut modo, nunc principes, nunc plebeios, doctos juxta atque indoctos, probos an improbos perinde habent; prout Cantharus, aut ſpes nummuli, aut fatuus ille furor inflat, ac rapit." A ſenſible French writer makes the very ſame complaint that our author has done in verſe 116 Some ſhining paſſages, and a few ſtriking lines, were ſufficient to recommend a whole piece. The weakneſs and meanneſs of many other lines were excuſed, on being conſidered only as made merely for connecting the former, and therefore they were called, as we learn from Marolles's Memoirs, des Vers de Paſſages. Du Bos, Sect 7. The reading ſuch works, ſays Bayle, is like the journey of a caravan over the deſerts of Arabia, which often goes twenty or thirty leagues together without finding a ſingle fruit-tree or fountain. This thought has a cloſe reſemblance to the 111th line of our Poet. WARTON.

VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave action dignify'd,*
Or well-mouth'd Booth—]

The epithet *gravis*, when applied to a Tragedian, ſignifies dignity of geſture and action; and in this ſenſe the imitator uſes the word *grave*: nothing being more deſtructive of his character than *ranting*, the common vice of Stage-Heroes, from which this admirable Actor was entirely free. The epithet *well-mouth'd*, a term of the *chaſe*, here applied to his ſucceſſor, was not given without a particular deſign, and to inſinuate, that there was as wide a difference between their performances, as there is between ſcientific muſic and the harmony of brute ſounds, between elocution and vociferation. This compliment was paid to BETTERTON, as the earlieſt of our Author's friends; whom he no leſs eſteemed (as *Cicero* did ROSCIUS) for the integrity of his life and manners, than for the

excellence

'On Avon's bank, where flowers eternal blow,
If I but aſk, if any weed can grow?
One Tragic ſentence if I dare deride
Which 'Betterton's grave action dignify'd,

Or

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excellence of his dramatic performance. Our Author lived to ſee with pleaſure, though after a conſiderable interruption, theſe qualities again revive and unite in the perſon of a *third* accompliſhed Actor*: the preſent ornament of the Engliſh Theatre.

WARBURTON.

'VER. 122. *Which Betterton's grave*] There are few characters drawn with ſuch preciſion, life, nature, and truth, as what Cibber has given us of Betterton, in the fourth chapter of his life. It required no ſmall maſtery of language, and knowledge of the difficult art of acting, to be able to convey to the reader an exact and complete idea of the manner in which Betterton ſo admirably perſonated the characters of Othello, Hamlet, Hotſpur, Brutus, and Macbeth. It were to be wiſhed the ſame juſtice could be done to Mr. Garrick, who perhaps would not ſuffer much by a compariſon with Betterton. It is at leaſt to be lamented that Dr. Johnſon ſhould ſpeak ſo contemptuouſly, as he has done more than once, of the profeſſion and abilities of his friend and pupil. Booth was educated at Weſtminſter ſchool, under the celebrated Dr. Buſby, who had himſelf a great love of theatrical repreſentations; and whoſe early praiſes of Booth for performing the Pamphilus of Terence, determined him to try his fortune on the ſtage. His firſt appearance was in the part of Oroonoko, on the Iriſh theatre; and in London, that of Maximus in Valentinian. He was reckoned ſecond to Betterton after he had performed Artaban in Rowe's Ambitious Step Mother, and Pyrrhus in the Diſtreſt Mother. But Othello was thought his maſterpiece. He was a man of conſiderable literature, ſtrict integrity, and amiable manners. His figure was clumſy, he ſtooped, had a large head, and very ſhort arms. Roſcius ſquinted. The lines 122 and 123, on Betterton and Booth, contain too feeble an encomium on the merits of theſe two excellent actors. WARTON.

* Mr. Garrick.

Vel quia nil [u] rectum, niſi quod placuit ſibi, ducunt,
Vel quia turpe putant parere minoribus, et quæ
Imberbi didicere, ſenes perdenda fateri.
Jam [w] *Saliare Numæ carmen* qui laudat, et illud,
Quod mecum ignorat, ſolus vult ſcire videri;
Ingeniis non ille favet plauditque ſepultis,
Noſtra ſed impugnat, nos noſtraque lividus odit.
[x] Quod ſi tam Græcis *novitas* inviſa fuiſſet,
Quam nobis; quid nunc eſſet vetus? aut quid haberet,
Quod legeret tereretque viritim publicus uſus?
[y] Ut primum poſitis nugari Græcia bellis
Cœpit, et in *vitium fortuna labier æqua;*
Nunc athletarum ſtudiis, nunc arſit [z] *equorum.*

Marmoris

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Ver. 124. *a muſter-roll of Names,*] An abſurd cuſtom of ſeveral Actors, to pronounce with emphaſis the mere *Proper Names* of Greeks or Romans, which (as they call it) *fill the mouth* of the Player. Pope.

Ver. 129, 130.] Inferior to the Original: as Ver. 133-4. excel it. Warburton.

Ver. 140. *with* Charles *reſtor'd;*] He ſays properly, *reſtor'd*, becauſe the luxury he brought in, was only the revival of that which had been practiſed in the reigns of his Father and Grandfather. Warburton.

Warton juſtly remarks, that it was more than a revival.

Ver. 142.] A Verſe of the Lord Lanſdown. Pope.

Ver. 143. *in Horſemanſhip t'excel,—And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance*] The Duke of Newcaſtle's book of Horſemanſhip: the Romance of *Partheniſſa* by the Earl of Orrery, and moſt of the French Romances tranſlated by *Perſons of Quality*. Pope.

How deep this infection then reached, may be ſeen (but not without ſurpriſe) from the famous George Lord Digby's tranſlating the three firſt books of Caſſandra. Neither Philoſophy,

Public

Or well-mouth'd Booth with emphaſis proclaims,
(Tho' but, perhaps, a muſter-roll of Names,)
How will our Fathers riſe up in a rage,
And ſwear all ſhame is loſt in George's Age!
You'd think [u] no Fools diſgrac'd the former reign,
Did not ſome grave Examples yet remain,
Who ſcorn a Lad ſhould teach his father ſkill,
And, having once been wrong, will be ſo ſtill.
He, who to ſeem more deep than you or I,
Extols old Bards, [w] or Merlin's Prophecy,
Miſtake him not; he envies, not admires,
And to debaſe the Sons, exalts the Sires.
[x] Had ancient times conſpir'd to diſallow
What then was new, what had been ancient now?
Or what remain'd, ſo worthy to be read
By learned Critics, of the mighty Dead?
[y] In Days of Eaſe, when now the weary Sword
Was ſheath'd, and *Luxury* with *Charles* reſtor'd;
In ev'ry taſte of foreign Courts improv'd,
"All, by the King's Example, liv'd and lov'd."
Then Peers grew proud in [z] Horſemanſhip t'excel,
New-market's Glory roſe, as Britain's fell;

The

NOTES.

Public Buſineſs, nor the Bigotry of Religion, could keep him (when the folly was become faſhionable) from an amuſement fit only for boys and girls. WARBURTON.

Aſtræa, by Honorè d'Urfè, was the beſt of theſe High Romances, the firſt volume of which was publiſhed 1610, and dedicated to Henry the Fourth. Boileau has written a Dialogue in the manner of Lucian, full of wit and pleaſantry, to expoſe the High Romance of Gomberville, Calprenade, and De Scuderi, tom. iii. p. 1. WARTON.

[a] Marmoris aut eboris fabros aut æris amavit;
Suſpendis [b] picta vultum mentemque tabella;

Nunc

NOTES.

VER. 146. *And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.*] The riſe and progreſs of the ſeveral branches of literary ſcience is one of the moſt curious parts of the hiſtory of the human mind; and yet it is that which, amongſt us, is leaſt attended to. This of *fictitious hiſtory*, or the *Fable*, is not below our notice.—The cloſe connection which every individual has with all that relates to MAN in general, ſtrongly inclines us to turn our attention on human affairs, in preference to moſt other purſuits, and eagerly to wait the courſe and iſſue of them. But as the progreſs of human actions is too ſlow to gratify our curioſity, obſervant men very early contrived to ſatisfy our impatience, by the invention of *hiſtory*, Which, by recording the principal circumſtances of paſt Facts, and laying them cloſe together in a continued narration, kept the mind from languiſhing, and gave conſtant exerciſe to its reflections.

But as it commonly happens, that in all indulgent refinements on our ſatisfactions, the Procurers to our pleaſures run into exceſs; ſo it happened here. Strict matters of fact, however delicately dreſſed up, ſoon grew too inſipid, to a taſte ſtimulated by the luxury of art: Men wanted ſomething of more poignancy, to quicken and enforce a jaded appetite. Hence in the politer ages, thoſe feigned hiſtories relating the quick turns of capricious Fortune; and, in the more barbarous, the ROMANCES, abounding with the falſe provocative of enchantment and prodigies.

But ſatiety, in things unnatural, brings on diſguſt. And the reader at length began to ſee, that too eager a purſuit after *adventures* had drawn him from, what firſt engaged his attention, MAN and *his ways*, into the fairy walks of Phantoms and Chimeras. And now, thoſe who had run furtheſt after theſe deluſions, were the firſt to ſtop ſhort and recover themſelves. For the next ſpecies of fiction, which took its name from its NOVELTY, was of Spaniſh invention. Theſe preſented us with ſomething of *humanity*: but in a forced unnatural ſtate. For as every thing before had been conducted by *Necromancy*, ſo all, now, was managed

The Soldier breath'd the Gallantries of France,
And ev'ry flow'ry Courtier writ Romance.
Then [a] Marble, ſoften'd into life, grew warm,
And yielding Metal flow'd to human form:
Lely on [b] animated Canvas ſtole
The ſleepy eye, that ſpoke the melting ſoul.

No

NOTES.

managed by *intrigue*. And though this *humanity* had indeed a kind of *life*, it had, yet, as in its infancy, nothing of *manners*. On which account, thoſe who could not penetrate into the ill conſtitution of its plan, grew, however, diſguſted at the dryneſs of the *Conduct*, and want of eaſe in the *Cataſtrophe*.

The avoiding of theſe defects gave riſe to the HEROICAL ROMANCES of the French, here ridiculed by our Poet; in which, ſome celebrated ſtory of antiquity was ſo diſguiſed by modern fable and invention, as was juſt ſufficient to ſhew that the contrivers of them neither knew how to lie nor ſpeak truth. In theſe voluminous extravagancies, *Love* and *Honour* ſupplied the place of *Life* and *Manners*. But the over-refinement of *Platonic* ſentiments always ſinks into the dregs of the *gentle paſſion*. Thus, in attempting a more natural repreſentation of it, in the little AMATORY NOVELS which ſucceeded thoſe heavier volumes, though the Writers avoided the dryneſs of the *Spaniſh intrigue*, and the extravagance of the *French Heroiſm*, yet, by giving too natural a picture of their ſubject, they introduced a worſe evil than a corruption of *Taſte*.

At length this great people (to whom, it muſt be owned, every branch of Science has been infinitely obliged) hit upon the true ſecret by which alone a deviation from fact and reality, in the commerce of *Man*, could be really amuſing to an improved mind, or uſeful to promote that improvement. And this was by a faithful and chaſte copy of LIFE AND MANNERS.

In this ſpecies of Writing, Mr. De Marivaux in France, and Mr. FIELDING in England, ſtand the foremoſt. And by enriching it with the beſt part of the *Comic* art, may be ſaid to have brought it to its perfection. But the rage of appetite for theſe

Nunc [c] tibicinibus, nunc eſt gaviſa tragœdis:
[d] Sub nutrice puella velut ſi luderet infans,
Quod cupide petiit, mature plena reliquit.
Quid placet, aut odio eſt, quod non mutabile credas?
Hoc paces habuere bonæ, ventique ſecundi.
[e] Romæ dulce diu fuit et ſolemne, recluſa
Mane

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amuſements, which ſucceeded, and the monſtrous things that now ſerve for our entertainment, will put us in mind of a ſtory, which Plutarch tells of Cæſar: who obſerving certain Barbarians at Rome, careſſing young puppy-dogs and apes, aſked if the women bred no children amongſt thoſe ſtrangers, that they were ſo fond of theſe groteſque reſemblances.—Yet, amidſt all this nonſenſe, when things were at the worſt, we have been lately entertained with what I will venture to call, a Maſter piece, in the *Fable*; and of a new ſpecies likewiſe. The piece I mean, is, THE CASTLE OF OTRANTO. The ſcene is laid in *Gothic Chivalry*. Where a beautiful imagination, ſupported by ſtrength of judgment, has enabled the Author to go beyond his ſubject, and effect the full purpoſe of the *ancient Tragedy*; that is, *to purge the paſſions by pity and terror*, in colouring as great and harmonious as in any of the beſt Dramatic Writers. WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *Lely on animated Canvas*] If Wycherley in his Comedies had nature, ſay Mr Walpole, it is nature ſtark naked. "The painters of that time veiled it but little more; Sir Peter Lely ſcarce ſaves appearances but by a bit of fringe or embroidery. His nymphs, generally repoſed on the turf, are too wanton and too magnificent, to be taken for any thing but maids of honour. Yet fantaſtic as his compoſitions ſeem, they were pretty much in the dreſs of the times, as is evident by a Puritan tract in the year 1678, intitled, Juſt and Reaſonable Reprehenſions of Naked Breaſts and Shoulders."

When Oliver Cromwell ſat to Sir Peter Lely, he ſaid to him while ſitting, "Mr Lely, I deſire you would uſe all your ſkill to paint my picture truly like me, and not flatter me at all; but remark all theſe roughneſſes, pimples, warts, and every thing as you ſee me, otherwiſe I will never pay a farthing for it."

WARTON.

No wonder then, when all was Love and Sport,
The willing Muſes were debauch'd at Court:
On [c] each enervate ſtring they taught the note
To pant, or tremble through an Eunuch's throat.
But [d] Britain, changeful as a Child at play,
Now calls in Princes, and now turns away.
Now Whig, now Tory, what we lov'd we hate;
Now all for Pleaſure, now for Church and State;
Now for Prerogative, and now for Laws;
Effects unhappy! from a Noble Cauſe.
[e] Time was, a ſober Engliſhman would knock
His ſervants up, and riſe by five o'clock,

Inſtruct

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Ver. 150. *The ſleepy eye,*] This charming line bears a wonderful reſemblance to one in an exquiſite Greek Epigram of Antipater, which it is not probable Pope could have ſeen:

Ἠτακέραις λευσσοῦσα κοραῖς μαλακωτέρον ὕπνω.

Liquiſcentibus tuens oculis mollius ſomno Warton.

Ver. 151. *all was Love and Sport,*] The Memoirs of Grammont, without Burnet's Hiſtory, would be alone a ſufficient monument of the unexampled and coarſe corruption and debauchery of the Court of Charles the Second, who diffuſed a taſte, not only for French manners, but for French government, into this Country, full of low admiration of that vain, unfeeling, ambitious, profuſe Deſpot, Louis XIV. Warton.

The Memoirs of Grammont were written by Hamilton, who tranſlated Pope's Eſſay on Criticiſm.

Ver 152. *debauch'd at Court:*] In a letter to Lord Clarendon, January 27, 1658; the Duke of Ormond ſays of Charles II. "I fear his immoderate delight in empty, effeminate, and vulgar converſations, is become an irreſiſtible part of his nature, and will never ſuffer him to animate his own deſigns, and other actions, with that ſpirit which is requiſite for his quality, and much more for his fortune." Warton.

Mane domo vigilare, clienti promere jura;
Scriptos [e] nominibus rectis expendere nummos;
[f] *Majores* audire, minori dicere, per quæ
Crescere res posset, minui damnosa libido.
Mutavit mentem populus levis, [h] et calet uno
Scribendi studio: puerique patresque severi
Fronde comas vincti cœnant, et carmina dictant.
Ipse ego, qui nullos me affirmo scribere versus,
Invenior [i] Parthis *mendacior;* et prius orto
Sole vigil, calamum et chartas et scrinia posco.
[k] Navem agere *ignarus* navis timet: abrotonum ægro
Non audet, nisi qui *didicit*, dare: quod *medicorum* est,
Promittunt [l] medici: tractant fabrilia fabri:

Scribimus

NOTES.

Ver. 153. *on each enervate string, &c.*] The Siege of Rhodes by Sir William Davenant, the first Opera sung in England. Pope.

Ver. 155. *But Britain,*] Our Author has widely and improperly departed from the context and meaning of his Original. Horace speaks only of a change of taste in works of Art and Literature. Pope has altered it to Politics and Disputes on Government. Warton.

Ver. 172. *Our Wives read Milton,*] Our age deserves rather to be congratulated than satirized, for the general diffusion of knowledge and literature that has taken place, particularly among the fair sex; among whom may be found, not only many intelligent readers, but also able judges of poetry. See Mrs. Montagu's Essay on Shakespear. Warton.

Ver. 182. *Ward*] A famous Empiric, whose Pill and Drop had several surprizing Effects, and were one of the principal subjects of writing and conversation at this time. Pope.

Ver. 186. *Should Ripley venture,*] Politics and Partiality, says Lord Orford, in his Anecdotes on Painting, concurred to help on this censure. Ripley was employed by the minister, and had not the countenance of Lord Burlington, the patron of Pope. It is

no

Inſtruct his Family in ev'ry rule,
And ſend his Wife to church, his Son to ſchool.
To [f] worſhip like his Fathers, was his care;
To teach their frugal Virtues to his Heir;
To prove, that Luxury could never hold;
And place, on good [g] Security, his Gold.
Now times are chang'd, and one [h] Poetic Itch
Has ſeiz'd the Court and City, poor and rich:
Sons, Sires, and Grandſires, all will wear the Bays,
Our Wives read Milton, and our Daughters Plays,
To Theatres, and to Rehearſals throng,
And all our Grace at table is a Song.
I, who ſo oft renounce the Muſes, [i] lie,
Not —'s ſelf e'er tells more *Fibs* than I;
When ſick of Muſe, or follies we deplore,
And promiſe our beſt Friends to rhyme no more;
We wake next morning in a raging fit,
And call for pen and ink to ſhow our Wit.
[k] He ſerv'd a 'Prenticeſhip, who ſets up ſhop;
Ward try'd on Puppies, and the Poor, his Drop;
Ev'n [l] Radcliff's Doctors travel firſt to France,
Nor dare to practiſe till they've learn'd to dance.
Who builds a Bridge that never drove a pile?
(Should Ripley venture, all the world would ſmile;)
But

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no leſs true, that the Admiralty is a moſt ugly edifice, and deſervedly veiled by Mr. Adams's handſome ſcreen. Yet Ripley in the mechanic part, and in the diſpoſition of apartments and conveniences, was unluckily ſuperior to the Earl himſelf. Lord Orford's

[n] Scribimus indocti doctique poemata paſſim.

[o] Hic error tamen, et levis hæc inſania, quantas
Virtutes habeat, ſic collige: vatis [p] *avarus*
Non temere eſt animus: [q] verſus amat, hoc ſtudet unum;

Detrimenta,

NOTES.

Orford's at Houghton, and Lord Walpole's at Woollerton, one of the beſt houſes of the ſize in England, will, as long as they remain, acquit this artiſt of the charge of ignorance. Warton.

Ver. 191. *the Folly benefits mankind;*] For the honour and defence of our favourite art, we muſt here add Dr. Hurd's note on this paſſage:

"This apology for poets, and, in them, for poetry itſelf, though delivered with much apparent negligence and unconcern, yet, if conſidered, will be found to comprize in it every thing, that any, or all, of its moſt zealous advocates have ever pretended in its behalf.

"For it comprehends: I. [From Ver. 118 to 124.] The perſonal good qualities of the Poet. Nothing is more inſiſted on by thoſe, who take upon themſelves the patronage and recommendation of any art, than that it tends to raiſe in the profeſſor of it all thoſe virtues which contribute moſt to his own proper enjoyment, and render him moſt agreeable to others. Now this it ſeems may be urged on the ſide of poetry, with a peculiar force. For not only the ſtudy of this art hath a direct tendency to produce a neglect or diſregard of worldly honours and emoluments (from the too eager appetite of which almoſt all the calamities, as well as the more unfriendly vices, of men ariſe), but he, whom the benign aſpect of the muſe hath glanced upon and deſtined for her peculiar ſervice, is, by conſtitution, which is ever the beſt ſecurity, fortified againſt the attacks of them. Thus his raptures in the enjoyment of his muſe, make him overlook the common accidents of life: (ver. 121.) he is generous, open, and undeſigning by nature: (ver. 122.) to which we muſt not forget to add, that he is temperate, that is to ſay, poor by profeſſion.

Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo.

"II. (From ver. 124 to 139,) The Utility of the Poet to the State: and this both on a Civil and Moral Account. For, 1.

But [m] thoſe who cannot write, and thoſe who can,
All rhyme, and ſcrawl, and ſcribble, to a man.
Yet, Sir, [n] reflect, the miſchief is not great;
Theſe Madmen never hurt the Church or State:
Sometimes the Folly benefits mankind;
And rarely [o] Av'rice taints the tuneful mind.
Allow him but his [p] plaything of a Pen,
He ne'er rebels, or plots, like other men:

Flight

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the poets, whom we read in our younger years, and from whom we learn the power of words, and hidden harmony of numbers, that is as a profound Scotchman teaches, the firſt and moſt eſſential principles of eloquence, enable, by degrees, and inſtruct their pupil to appear with advantage in that extenſively uſeful capacity of a public ſpeaker.

"And, indeed, graver writers than our poet have ſent the orator to this ſchool. But the pretenſions of poetry go on much farther. It delights (from ver. 130 to 132.) to immortalize the triumphs of virtue; to record or feign illuſtrious examples of heroic worth, for the ſervice of the riſing age: and, which is the laſt and beſt fruit of philoſophy itſelf, it can relieve even the languor of ill-health, and ſuſtain poverty herſelf under the ſcorn and inſult of contumelious opulence.

"2. In a moral view its ſervices are not leſs conſiderable; (for it may be obſerved the poet was ſo far of a mind with the philoſopher, to give no quarter to immoral poets;) and to this end it ſerves, 1. (ver. 127) in turning the ear of youth from that early corruptor of its innocence, the ſeducement of a looſe and impure communication.

"2. Next (ver 128.) in forming our riper age, (which it does with all the addreſs and tenderneſs of friendſhip, Amicis præceptis,) by the ſanctity and wiſdom of its precepts. And, 3. which is the proper office of tragedy, in correcting the exceſſes of the natural paſſions (ver. 122.).

"The reader who doth not turn himſelf to the Original, will be apt to miſtake this detail of the virtues of poetry, for an account

Detrimenta, [q] *fugas* servorum, *incendia* ridet;
Non [r] *fraudem socio*, puerove incogitat ullam
Pupillo;

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count of the policy and legislation of ancient and modern times; whose proudest boast, when the philanthropy of their enthusiastic projectors ran at the highest, was but to prevent the impressions of vice, to form the mind to habits of virtue, and to curb and regulate the passions.

"III. His Services to Religion. This might well enough be said, whether by religion we understand an internal reverence of the Gods, which poetry first and principally intended, or their popular adorations and worship, which by its fictions, as of necessity conforming to the received fancies of superstition, it must greatly tend to promote and establish; but the Poet, artfully seizing a circumstance, which supposes and concludes in it both these respects, renders his defence vastly interesting.

"All the customary addresses of Heathenism to its Gods, more especially on any great and solemn emergency, were the work of the Poet. For nature, it seems, had taught the Pagan world, what the Hebrew Prophets themselves did not disdain to practise, that to lift the imagination, and, with it, the sluggish affections of human nature, to Heaven, it was expedient to lay hold on every assistance of art. They therefore presented their supplications to the Divinity in the richest and brightest dress of eloquence, which is poetry. Not to insist, that devotion, when sincere and ardent, from its very nature, enkindles a glow of thought which communicates strongly with the transports of poetry. Hence the language of the Gods (for so was poetry accounted, as well from its being the divinest species of communication our rude conceptions can well frame even for superior intelligences, as for that it was the fittest vehicle of our applications to them) became not the ornament only, but an essential in the ceremonial of Paganism. And this, together with an allusion to a form of public prayer (for such was his secular ode), composed by himself, gives, at once, a grace and sublimity to this part of the apology, which are perfectly inimitable.

"Thus hath the great Poet, in the compass of a few lines, drawn together a complete defence of his art; for what more could the warmest admirer of poetry, or, because zeal is quicken-

ed

a Flight of Caſhiers, or Mobs, he'll never mind; 195
And knows no loſſes while the Muſe is kind.
To [r] cheat a Friend, or Ward, he leaves to Peter;
The good man heaps up nothing but mere metre,
Enjoys

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ed by oppoſition, what more could the vehement declaimer againſt Plato (who proſcribed it) urge in its behalf, than that it furniſhes, to the Poet himſelf, the ſureſt means of ſolitary and ſocial enjoyment; and further ſerves to the moſt important civil, moral, and religious purpoſes." WARTON.

VER. 195. *Flight of Caſhiers,*] Alluding to Mr Knight's (one of the Caſhiers of the South Sea Company) flying into France on the failure of that Bubble, by which Pope was a conſiderable ſufferer. WARTON.

VER. 195. *Flight of Caſhiers,*] See in Coxe's intereſting Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, an account of the panic of the nation, the extreme violence of the people againſt the Directors of the South Sea Company, and the flight of Knight the Caſhier:

"A committee of ſecrecy being appointed by the commons to examine all the books, papers, and proceedings relating to the execution of the South Sea act, the members were choſen from the moſt violent of thoſe who were advocates for indiſcriminate and unrelenting ſeverity. Alarmed at theſe proceedings, Knight, caſhier of the company, who alone was privy to all the ſecret tranſactions, eſcaped from England, ſoon after his firſt examination, carrying with him the regiſter called the green book, and it was generally ſuſpected, that he took this ſtep with the connivance of government. The committee having reported this event to the Houſe, the Commons ordered the doors to be locked, and the keys laid on the table. General Roſs then ſtated, that the committee had diſcovered, "a train of the deepeſt villany and fraud hell ever contrived to ruin a nation, which, in due time, ſhould be laid before the Houſe." In conſequence of this vague aſſertion, four of the directors, who were members, were expelled the houſe, and taken into cuſtody. The other directors ſhared the ſame fate; all their books, papers, and effects were ſeized, and the royal aſſent was given to a bill, for reſtraining them from leaving the kingdom, diſcovering their eſtates, and diſqualifying them for holding offices in any of the companies."

Pupillo; vivit ſiliquis, et pane ſecundo';
' Militiæ quanquam piger et malus, *utilis urbi;*
Si das hoc, parvis quoque rebus magna juvari;
" Os tenerum pueri balbumque poeta figurat:
Torquet

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Ver. 197. *To cheat a Friend,*] The Friend, perhaps, was George Pitt, Eſq. of Shroton, in the county of Dorſet, anceſtor of the preſent Lord Rivers. He lived abroad, and, during his abſence, intruſted the management of his eſtates to Walter. Though it appears that Peter went down but once in a year from London to Shroton, merely to receive the annual rents, at the ſame time that he viſited his own eſtate in Dorſetſhire, yet he had 400l. per annum *for his trouble.* Beſides this, he brought in a claim of 800l. for *extra ſervices.* This was conteſted in Chancery, and the caſe is now before me, from which it appears how juſtly *Pope deſcribed him.*

Ver. 201. *Of little uſe*] Except theſe two lines, "*vivit ſiliquis,*" and "*militiæ quanquam piger et malus,*" all that follows is ſerious in the Original. And I do not think "*os tenerum*" is ridicule.
Warton.

Ver. 204. *And (tho' no Soldier)*] Horace had not acquitted himſelf much to his credit in this capacity *(non bene relicta parmula)* in the battle of Philippi. It is manifeſt he alludes to himſelf, in this whole account of the Poet's character; but with an intermixture of irony: *Vivit ſiliquis et pane ſecundo,* has a relation to his Epicuriſm: *Os tenerum pueri,* is ridicule: The nobler office of a Poet follows; *Torquet ab obſcœnis—Mox etiam pectus—Recte facta refert, &c.* which the Imitator has applied where he thinks it more due than to himſelf. He hopes to be pardoned, if, as he is ſincerely inclined to praiſe what deſerves to be praiſed, he arraigns what deſerves to be arraigned, in the 210, 211, and 212th Verſes.
Pope.

Enjoys his garden and his book in quiet;
And then—a perfect Hermit in his [t] diet.
Of little use the Man you may suppose,
Who says in verse what others say in prose;
Yet let me show, a Poet's of some weight,
And ([t] tho' no Soldier) useful to the State.
[u] What will a Child learn sooner than a song?
What better teach a Foreigner the tongue?
What's long or short, each accent where to place,
And speak in public with some sort of grace.
I scarce can think him such a worthless thing,
Unless he praise some Monster of a King;
Or Virtue, or Religion turn to sport,
To please a lewd, or unbelieving Court.
Unhappy Dryden!——In all Charles's days,
Roscommon only boasts unspotted bays;
And in our own (excuse some Courtly stains)
No whiter page than Addison remains.
He,

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VER. 215. *excuse some Courtly stains*] We are not to understand this as a disapprobation of Mr. Addison for celebrating the virtues of the present Royal Family. It relates to a certain circumstance, in which he thought that amiable Poet did not act with the ingenuity that became his character.

When Mr. Addison, in the year 1713, had finished his *Cato*, he brought it to Mr. Pope for his judgment. Our Poet, who thought the sentiments excellent, but the action not enough theatrical, gave him his opinion fairly*; and told him that he had better

* Why might it not be said, that Pope was *actuated by jealousy*, when he recommended this; as it has been said, Addison was, when he told Pope that the Rape of the Lock, without the *machinery*, was *merum sal*, and recommended the omission of the Sylphs!

Torquet * ab *obſcœnis* jam nunc ſermonibus aurem;
Mox etiam pectus præceptis format amicis,

Aſperitatis,

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better not bring it upon the Stage, but print it like a claſſical performance, which would perfectly anſwer his deſign. Mr. Addiſon approved of this advice; and ſeemed diſpoſed to follow it. But ſoon after, he came to Mr. Pope, and told him, that ſome friends, whom he could not diſoblige, inſiſted on his having it acted. However, he aſſured Mr. Pope, that it was with no *Party* views; and deſired him to ſatisfy the Treaſurer and the Secretary in that particular; and at the ſame time gave him the Poem to carry to them for their peruſal. Our Poet executed his commiſſion in the moſt friendly manner; and the Play, and the project for bringing it upon the Stage, had their approbation and encouragement. Throughout the carriage of this whole affair, Mr. Addiſon was ſo exceedingly afraid of party imputations, that when Mr. Pope, at his requeſt, wrote the famous Prologue to it, and had ſaid,

" Britons, ARISE, be worth like this approv'd,
" And ſhew you have the virtue to be mov'd;"

he was much troubled; ſaid it would be called, ſtirring the people to rebellion; and earneſtly begged he would ſoften it into ſomething leſs obnoxious. On this account it was altered, as it now ſtands, to *Britons, attend*,—though at the expence both of the ſenſe and ſpirit. Notwithſtanding this, the very next year, when the preſent illuſtrious Family came to the ſucceſſion, Mr. Addiſon thought fit to make a merit of CATO, as purpoſely and directly written to oppoſe to the ſchemes of a faction. His Poem, to Her Royal Highneſs the Princeſs of Wales, beginning in this manner,

" The Muſe, that oft with ſacred raptures fir'd
" Has gen'rous thoughts of Libery inſpir'd;

" And,

The *event* was exactly contrary to what was predicted by both, for no play had ſo great a run as Cato, poſſibly owing to its being conſidered as a Party-production; and *the Sylphs* have made the Rape of the Lock infinitely ſuperior to any thing of the kind that was ever written.

He, * from the taſte obſcene reclaims our youth,
And ſets the Paſſions on the ſide of Truth,
Forms the ſoft boſom with the gentleſt art,
And pours each human Virtue in the heart.

Let

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" And, boldly riſing for Britannia's Laws,
" Engag'd great CATO in her country's cauſe;
" On you ſubmiſſive waits." WARBURTON.

In Spence's Collections, I read theſe anecdotes of Addiſon, at his houſe at Byfleet in Surry, 1754. Theſe anecdotes, which were very curious, and contained many unknown particular circumſtances of his contemporaries, were ſold to Mr. Dodſley the bookſeller, and prepared to be publiſhed; when Dr. Lowth, the late excellent biſhop of London, and Dr. Ridley, on a cloſe inſpection of them, imagined, that from ſome perſonalities in them, they were improper for the public eye. They therefore prevailed on Mr. Dodſley to relinquiſh his bargain, which he readily and generouſly agreed to do; and the Anecdotes were ſealed up and delivered into the hands of the late Duke of Newcaſtle, the patron and friend of Spence. When Dr. Johnſon was writing the Lives of the Poets, application was made to the Duke for an inſpection of what related to Pope. It is to be hoped no farther uſe was ever made of them in any other publication. WARTON.

VER. 216. *No whiter page than Addiſon remains.*] Mr. Addiſon's literary character is much miſtaken, as characters generally are when taken (as his has been) in the groſs. He was but an ordinary Poet, and a worſe Critic. His verſes are heavy, and his judgment of men and books ſuperficial. But, in the pleaſantry of comic adventures, and, in the dignity of moral allegories, he is inimitable. Nature having joined in him, as ſhe had done once before in *Lucian* (who wanted the other's wiſdom to make a right uſe of it) the ſublime of Plato to the humour of Menander.

WARBURTON.

If Addiſon's verſes are heavy, as is aſſerted in this note, yet has he diſplayed (for I muſt repeat the aſſertion) a great power of true poetic imagination, in his Viſion of Mirza, the Story of Balſora, of Conſtantia and Theodoſius, and many moſt beautiful allegories. The author, who called his Campaign a Gazette in Rhyme, never meant to deny that there were many very brilliant

Asperitatis, et invidiæ corrector, et iræ;
Recte facta refert; [x] orientia tempora notis
Instruit exemplis; [y] *inopem* solatur et *ægrum*.

Castis

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passages in this poem. The regular march from place to place, which he followed, like the route of a muster-master-general, was all that was pointed at. See Boileau, Art. Poet. Warton.

Ver. 217. *He, from the taste obscene, &c.*] This, in Imitation of his Original, refers to the true Poet,

" torquet ab obscœnis;"

and likewise to Mr. Addison's papers in the *Tatlers*, *Spectators*, and *Guardians*; the Character of which is given in the preceding note. But the excellence of the papers called the *Spectator*, may be best gathered from their breaking through party-madness, at their birth, and, like the infant Hercules, in the fable of the two Snakes, strangling the rage both of the Whig and Tory papers. The fact is too important not to be delivered to posterity. Swift had enflamed party-rage into madness, by his *Examiners*, where all the Heads of the Whig interest found their characters torn in pieces, and treated in the most cruel and unjust manner. The *Tatler*, till then the delight of the Public, was no longer heard; and the efforts of *Steel*'s indiscreet zeal to turn it into a party-paper, did not succeed. So the *Tatler* soon became silent, as no longer inspired by Mr. Addison, who disliked that foolish attempt. But relying on his strength, and supported by the honesty of his intentions, he resolved to try whether it was possible to soften the savage rage of Party, by calling off the public attention to it, and fixing it on those amiable *lucubrations*, with a few of which, the world had been so lately charmed in the *Tatler*. It was this, and, at the same time, to keep his friend Steel out of mischief, which made him espouse the projected paper of the *Spectator*. His constant assistance in it had a wonderful effect. It was indeed the full effort of the finest and most original genius in this way of writing. Yet whoever now reflects upon the success at that critical juncture, cannot be less struck with it, than men were at that time. Swift, as appears by his Letters lately published, was surprised at the extraordinary success. It mortified his pride, that Mr. A. could draw the public attention from party-matters, when

Let Ireland tell, how Wit upheld her Cauſe,
Her Trade ſupported, and ſupplied her Laws;
And leave on SWIFT this grateful verſe ingrav'd,
"The Rights a Court attack'd, a Poet ſav'd."
Behold the hand that wrought a Nation's cure,
Stretch'd to [x] relieve the Idiot and the Poor,
Proud Vice to brand, or injur'd Worth adorn,
And [y] ſtretch the Ray to Ages yet unborn.
Not but there are, who merit other palms;
Hopkins and Sternhold glad the heart with Pſalms:
The

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when managed by him, where he ſhone without a rival. He frequently drops hints of his uneaſineſs that Whigs and Tories were unanimous in the applauſes they gave to the *Spectator*; and invidiouſly repreſents it as a woman's paper, and patronized chiefly by the Ladies. WARBURTON.

VER. 220. *And pours each*] All this Addiſon has accompliſhed in an eminent and unequalled degree in his Proſe Writings; but propriety required that the example ſhould have been given, not from writings in proſe, but verſe. Pope has here deſerted and deviated from his Original, and put a change on his readers. I will juſt add, that Addiſon ſaid he had taken the admirable character of Vellum from the Scornful Lady. WARTON.

VER. 224. "*The Rights a Court attack'd,*] For this paſſage our Author was threatened with a proſecution. WARTON.

VER. 226. *the Idiot and the Poor,*] A foundation for the maintenance of Idiots, and a Fund for aſſiſting the Poor, by lending ſmall ſums of money on demand. POPE.

VER. 229. *who merit other palms;*] Horace, in the ſeven lines of the Original, *Caſtis cum pueris, &c.* is perfectly ſerious, and Pope has indulged a vein of ill-placed humour and pleaſantry, in laughing at poor Sternhold and Hopkins, and Pſalm-ſinging in country churches. A very accurate and entertaining account is given in the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, of this muſical verſion of the Pſalms, which was made after the model of Clement Marot,

Caſtis cum [a] pueris ignara puella mariti
Diſceret unde [b] *preces*, vatem ni Muſa dediſſet?
Poſcit opem chorus, et *præſentia numina* ſentit;
Cœleſtes implorat aquas, docta prece blandus;
Avertit morbos, [c] *metuenda pericula* pellit;
Impetrat et *pacem*, et locupletem frugibus annum.
[d] Carmine Dî ſuperi placantur, carmine Manes.
[e] Agricolæ priſci, fortes, parvoque beati,
Condita poſt frumenta, levantes tempore feſto
Corpus et ipſum animum ſpe finis dura ferentem,
Cum ſociis operum pueris et conjuge fida,
Tellurem porco, Silvanum lacte piabant,
Floribus et vino Genium memorem brevis ævi.
Feſcennina per hunc inventa licentia morem
[f] Verſibus alternis opprobria ruſtica fudit;

Liber-

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who, about the year 1570, hoped to have introduced a ſpirit of devotion into the Court of Francis I. by ſubſtituting divine hymns inſtead of chanſons d'amour, among the ladies and nobility. And Thomas Sternhold, a native of Hampſhire, and educated at Wincheſter college, hoped to do the ſame in the court of Edward VI. to whom he was a groom of the bedchamber. His coadjutor was John Hopkins, a ſchool-maſter in Suffolk, who tranſlated fifty-eight of the Pſalms; and another aſſiſtant was William Whyttingham, dean of Durham, who alſo verſified the Decalogue, the Nicene, Apoſtolic, and Athanaſian Creeds. And Thomas Norton, who joined with Lord Buckhurſt in writing the tragedy of Gorboduc, joined alſo in this work, and turned into metre twenty-ſeven Pſalms. Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. iii. p. 168. by Thomas Warton. WARTON.

VER. 240. *by Violence of Song.*] Dr. Brown, an able judge of muſic, ſays, that the performance of our parochial pſalms, though in the villages it be often as mean and meagre as the words that are ſung, yet in great towns, where a good organ is ſkilfully and devoutly

The [z] Boys and Girls whom Charity maintains,
Implore your help in theſe pathetic ſtrains:
How could Devotion [a] touch the country pews,
Unleſs the Gods beſtow'd a proper Muſe?
Verſe chears their leiſure, Verſe aſſiſts their work,
Verſe prays for Peace, or ſings down [c] Pope and Turk.
The ſilenc'd Preacher yields to potent ſtrain,
And feels that Grace his pray'r beſought in vain;
The bleſſing thrills through all the lab'ring throng,
And [d] Heav'n is won by Violence of Song.
Our [e] rural Anceſtors, with little bleſt,
Patient of labour when the end was reſt,
Indulg'd the day that hous'd their annual grain,
With feaſts, and off'rings, and a thankful ſtrain:
The joy their wives, their ſons, and ſervants ſhare,
Eaſe of their toil, and part'ners of their care:
The laugh, the jeſt, attendants on the bowl,
Smooth'd ev'ry brow, and open'd ev'ry ſoul:
With growing years the pleaſing Licence grew,
And [f] Taunts alternate innocently flew.

But

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devoutly employed by a ſenſible organiſt, the union of this inſtrument with the voices of a well-inſtructed congregation, forms one of the grandeſt ſcenes of unaffected piety that human nature can afford. The reverſe of this appears, when a company of illiterate people form themſelves into a choir diſtinct from the congregation. Here devotion is loſt between the impotent vanity of thoſe who ſing, and the ignorant wonder of thoſe who liſten.

But Mr. Maſon has exhauſted this ſubject in his very judicious and elegant Eſſay on Pſalmody. WARTON.

Libertaſque recurrentes accepta per annos
Luſit amabiliter: [g] donec jam ſævus apertam
In rabiem cœpit verti jocus, et per honeſtas
Ire domos impune minax. doluere cruento
Dente laceſſiti: fuit intactis quoque cura
Conditione ſuper communi: [h] quin etiam lex
Pœnaque lata, malo quæ nollet carmine quemquam
Deſcribi. vertere modum, formidine fuſtis
Ad [i] *bene dicendum, delectandumque* redacti.

[k] Græcia capta ferum victorem cepit, et artes
Intulit agreſti Latio. ſic horridus ille
Defluxit

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Ver. 263. *We conquer'd France,*] Pope has failed in aſcribing that introduction of our polite literature to France, which Horace attributes to Greece among the Romans (ver. 15. orig.). It was to Italy, among the moderns, that we owed our true taſte in poetry. Spenſer and Milton imitated the Italians, and not the French. And if he had correctneſs in his view, let us remember, that in point of regularity and correctneſs, the French had no dramatic piece equal to the Silent Woman of Ben Jonſon, performed 1609; at which time Corneille was but three years old. The rules of the drama are as much violated in the Cid, 1637, beautiful as it is, as in the Macbeth, Lear, and Othello, all written before Corneille was born; whoſe firſt comedy, Melite, which is now never acted, was repreſented 1624. The pieces of the very fertile Hardy (for he wrote ſix hundred), the immediate predeceſſor of Corneille, are full of improbabilities, indecorums, and abſurdities, and by no means comparable to Melite. As to the correctneſs of the French ſtage, of which we hear ſo much, the rules of the three unities are indeed rigorouſly and ſcrupulouſly obſerved; but the beſt of their tragedies, even ſome of thoſe of the ſweet and exact Racine, have defects of another kind, and are what may be juſtly called deſcriptive and declamatory dramas; and contain the ſentiments and feelings of the author, or the ſpectator,

But Times corrupt, and [g] Nature, ill-inclin'd,
Produc'd the point that left a ſting behind;
Till friend with friend, and families at ſtrife,
Triumphant Malice rag'd through private life.
Who felt the wrong, or fear'd it, took th' alarm,
Appeal'd to Law, and Juſtice lent her arm.
At length, by wholeſome [h] dread of ſtatutes bound,
The Poets learn'd to pleaſe, and not to wound:
Moſt warp'd to [i] Flatt'ry's ſide; but ſome, more nice,
Preſerv'd the freedom, and forebore the vice.
Hence Satire roſe, that juſt the medium hit,
And heals with Morals what it hurts with Wit.

[k] We conquer'd France, but felt our Captive's charms;
Her Arts victorious triumph'd o'er our Arms;
Britain

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ſpectator, rather than of the perſon [illegible]d as ſpeaking.
"After the Reſtoration," ſays [illegible]; Waller, with the Earl of Dorſet, Mr. Godol[illegible]thers, tranſlated the Pompey of Corneille; and the [illegible] Recitations began to be in reputation." But the model [illegible]m the Cardinal and injudiciouſly choſen; for the Pompey of [illegible] his moſt exceptionable tragedies. And the [illegible] It was the firſt they gave of it is performed pitifully enough. The Sophoniſba of confeſſes, that Corneille is always [illegible] his Italy and France, ſelves, that they are great men. [illegible] drama from the Denham as maſters of verſification; [illegible] WARTON.

bute nothing to the harmony and [illegible] ſoever we ought to thing to our national taſte, by [illegible] ſtronger epithet, and Virgil, and the Greek tragedies [illegible] alſo another Poet found as much, and diſplay as [illegible] y his way, is equal, that can be found in Dryden. [illegible] I venture no Engliſh he that ſtudies Milton attentiv[illegible] gain a truth Moliere. genuine poetry, than he that f[illegible] himſelf on French ſchool of and their followers. WART[illegible]

Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comœdia* tanto
Plus oneris, quanto veniæ minus. [s] aſpice, Plautus
Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
Ut patris attenti, lenonis ut inſidioſi:

Quantus

NOTES.

virtue, and whoſe life was irreproachable, was forbidden Chriſtian burial by Harlay archbiſhop of Paris, becauſe he was an actor; and, on a remonſtrance from his wife to the king, was at laſt allowed to be privately interred without the uſual funeral ceremonies, while Madam Moliere cried out, "Quoi, l'on refuſera la ſepulture à un homme qui merite des autels!" As to the ſkilfulneſs of Racine in ſpeaking, mentioned above, it is known that he taught Chammeſle, with whom he was in love, to ſpeak with juſtneſs and propriety, who alſo inſtructed her niece Madam du Clos in the ſame ſtyle of ſpeaking; but which ſort of declamation being rather too pompous and ſtiff, was brought down to a more natural tone by Baron and Le Couvreur. Garrick did the ſame on our ſtage. WARTON.

VER. 282. *Some doubt,*] "Tragedy," ſays Dr. Hurd, "whoſe dram... ...hos, produces it by action, while comedy produces formed 1609; ...ro ...s, by character. Now it is much more dif- The rules of th... he hac...rs, than to plan action, becauſe that re- beautiful as it is, ...ives for ... of human nature; this only ten before Corne... *de Oratore* is, "ut laudem eorum jam propo- is now never acte... um ego poſſem (ſays he) ab oblivione hominum, fertile Hardy (fo... dicarem— ...beri hoc a me tantis hominum in- deceſſor of Cornei... WARBURTON.

abſurdities, and b... *...eille's noble fire,*] Father Tournemine uſed to correctneſs of the ... Chalons, who had been ſecretary to Mary de rules of the three ... etired to Rouen, was the perſon who adviſed obſerved; but th... y the Spaniſh language; and read to him ſome the ſweet and e... ...lon de Caſtro, which ſtruck Corneille ſo much, what may be ... rmined to imitate his Cid. The artifices uſed by and conta... and the engines he ſet to work to cruſh this fine play, are

Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
But Otway fail'd to poliſh or refine,
And [q] fluent Shakeſpear ſcarce effac'd a line.
Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
The [r] humble Muſe of Comedy require.
But in known Images of life, I gueſs
The labour greater, as th' indulgence leſs [s].
Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [r] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
What pert, low Dialogue has Farqu'ar writ!
How Van wants grace, who never wanted wit!

The

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his mere hiſtoric knowledge of human events, but on his philoſophic diſcernment of human paſſions; aided by a warm and enlarged invention: talents as rare, at leaſt, as the knowledge or diſcernment of human characters. If to this we add the ſubſequent alterations of giving the high colourings of paſſion to the [illegible] ordered, the difficulty of writing a complete [illegible] be in ſome reſpects equal, in others ſu[illegible] a complete comedy [illegible] 1635. It was the firſt tolerable tragedy produced in France after the Sophoniſba of Mairet, 1633. It is remarkable that, both in Italy and France, Sophoniſba was the ſtory that gave riſe to the drama from the hands of Triſſino and Mairet. WARTON.

VER. 275. *ſomething to admire.* How highly ſoever we ought to think of the exact Racine, who deſerved a ſtronger epithet, and of the ſpirited Corneille, France ſhewed us alſo another Poet [illegible]thy admiration, I mean Moliere; who, in his way, is equal, not ſuperior, to the two former; I fear we have no Engliſh [illegible]ter of comedy whom we can [illegible] competition with Moliere. [illegible] this incomparable writer, whoſe comedies are a ſchool of virtue,

Nam [p] ſpirat tragicum ſatis, et feliciter audet:
Sed [q] turpem putat inſcite metuitque *lituram*.
Creditur, ex [r] *medio* quia res arceſſit, habere
Sudoris minimum; ſed habet *Comœdia* tanto
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Quo pacto [t] *partes tutetur* amantis ephebi,
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Ver. 282. *Some doubt,*] "Tragedy," ſays Dr. Hurd, "whoſe end is the pathos, produces it by action, while comedy produces its end, the humorous, by character. Now it is much more difficult to paint manners, than to plan action, becauſe that requires the Philoſopher's knowledge of human nature; this only the Hiſtorian's knowledge of human events." But in anſwer to this aſſertion, Dr. Brown obſerves, "That, in the courſe of this argument, it ſeems entirely forgot, that the tragic Poet's province is not only to plan, but to paint too. Had he no further taſk, than what depends on the mere hiſtorian's knowledge of human events, the reaſoning would hold: but as it is the firſt and moſt eſſential effort of his genius, in the conſtruction of a complete tragedy, to invent and order a pathetic plan, conſiſtent in all its parts, and riſing towards its completion by a ſucceſſion of incidents which may keep up and continually increaſe terror or pity; it is manifeſt that the perfection of his plan depends not on his

Not but the [p] Tragic ſpirit was our own,
And full in Shakeſpear, fair in Otway ſhone:
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Ev'n copious Dryden wanted, or forgot,
The laſt and greateſt Art, the Art to blot.
Some doubt, if equal pains, or equal fire
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Obſerve how ſeldom ev'n the beſt ſucceed:
Tell me if [r] Congreve's Fools are Fools indeed?
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The

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Quantus ſit Doſſennus [u] *edacibus in paraſitis*;
Quam [w] *non aſtricto* percurrat pulpita *ſocco*.
Geſtit enim [x] nummum in loculos demittere; poſt hoc
Securus, cadat an recto ſtet fabula talo.

Quem tulit ad ſcenam [y] ventoſo gloria curru,
Exanimat lentus ſpectator, ſedulus inflat:
Sic leve, ſic parvum eſt, animum quod laudis avarum
Subruit, ac reficit: [z] valeat res ludicra, ſi me
Palma negata macrum, donata reducit opimum.

[a] Sæpe etiam audacem fugat hoc terretque poetam;
Quod numero plures, virtute et honore minores,
Indocti, ſtolidique, et [b] depugnare parati
Si diſcordet eques, media inter carmina poſcunt
Aut

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In ſhort, in a good tragedy, there muſt be an union both of character and action. But it is ſaid that a good plot is not ſo eſſential to comedy as to tragedy; if ſo, the ſuperior difficulty of writing the former diſappears. In the rank and order of geniuſes it muſt, I think, be allowed, that the writer of good tragedy is ſuperior. And, therefore, I think the opinion, which I am ſorry to perceive gains ground, that Shakeſpear's chief and predominant talent lay in comedy, tends to leſſen the unrivalled excellence of our divine bard.

There ſtill remains another remark to be made on this paſſage of Horace: How were the Romans to judge of the truth and nature of the characters in their comedies, when theſe characters were thoſe of another nation, and their comedies being chiefly mere tranſlations from the Greek, and therefore to them "not known images of life!" WARTON.

VER. 287. *Congreve*] He alludes to the characters of Briſk and Witwood. Dr. Johnſon ſays, rather ſtrangely, "his comedies have the operation of tragedie." WARTON.

VER. 290. *Aſtrea*] A name taken by Mrs. Behn, Authoreſs of ſeveral obſcene Plays, &c. POPE.

The ſtage how [u] looſely does Aſtrea tread,
Who fairly puts all Characters to bed!
And idle Cibber, how he breaks the laws,
To make poor Pinky [w] eat with vaſt applauſe!
But fill their [x] purſe, our Poet's work is done,
Alike to them, by Pathos or by Pun.

O you! whom [y] Vanity's light bark conveys
On Fame's mad voyage by the wind of praiſe,
With what a ſhifting gale your courſe you ply,
For ever ſunk too low, or born too high!
Who pants for glory finds but ſhort repoſe,
A breath revives him, or a breath o'erthrows.
[z] Farewell the ſtage! if juſt as thrives the play,
The ſilly bard grows fat, or falls away.

[a] There ſtill remains, to mortify a Wit,
The many-headed Monſter of the Pit:
A ſenſeleſs, worthleſs, and unhonour'd crowd;
Who, [b] to diſturb their betters mighty proud,
Clatt'ring

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VER. 291. *Who fairly puts*] How came Mrs. Behn's name to be inſerted among the *beſt* writers that have not ſucceeded? WARTON.

VER. 295. *O you! whom Vanity's light bark conveys*] The Metaphor is finely but inferior to the Original, in many reſpects.

"Ventoſo gloria curru,"

has a happy air of Ridicule heightened by its alluſion to the Roman Triumph. WARBURTON.

Dr. Hurd imagines theſe lines are not ſpoken by the Poet in his own perſon, but are the ſentiments of an objector, whom he accordingly introduces ſpeaking them. Pope, we ſee, did not conſider the paſſage in this light. WARTON.

VER. 305. *The many-headed Monſter*] This epithet Warton ſays is taken from Ben Jonſon; I rather think from Shakeſpear.

Aut [c] *urſum* aut *pugiles*: his nam plebecula gaudet.
Verum [d] *equitis* quoque jam migravit ab *aure* voluptas
Omnis, ad *incertos oculos*, et gaudia vana.
Quatuor aut plures aulæa premuntur in horas;
Dum fugiunt [e] *equitum* turmæ, peditumque catervæ:
Mox trahitur manibus *regum* fortuna retortis;
Eſſeda feſtinant, pilenta, petorrita, naves;
Captivum portatur ebur, captiva Corinthus.
[f] Si foret in terris, rideret Democritus; ſeu
Diverſum confuſa genus panthera camelo,
Sive [g] *elephas albus* vulgi converteret ora.
Spectaret *populum* ludis attentius ipſis,
Ut ſibi præbentem mimo ſpectacula plura:

Scriptores

NOTES.

Ver. 310. *What dear delight*] In former Editions,

For Farce the People true delight affords,
Farce, long the taſte of Mobs, but now of Lords.

WARTON.

Ver. 313. *From heads to ears, and now from theirs to eyes.*] From *Plays* to *Operas*, and from Operas to *Pantomimes*.

WARBURTON.

Ver. 316. *Pageants on pageants,*] Long before Horace wrote, Tully, in an Epiſtle to Marius, book 7. had ridiculed theſe abſurd ſhews, ſpectacles, and proceſſions on the ſtage. "Quid enim delectationis habent ſexcenti muli in Clytemneſtra? aut in equo Trojano craterarum tria millia? aut armatura varia, peditatûs & equitatûs, ut in aliqua pugnâ? quæ popularem admirationem habuerunt, delectationem tibi nullam attuliſſent."

WARTON.

Clatt'ring their ſticks before ten lines are ſpoke,
Call for the Farce, [c] the Bear, or the Black-joke.
What dear delight to Britons Farce affords!
Ever the taſte of Mobs, but now [d] of Lords:
(Taſte, that eternal wanderer, which flies
From heads to ears, and now from ears to eyes.)
The Play ſtands ſtill; damn action and diſcourſe,
Back fly the ſcenes, and enter foot [e] and horſe;
Pageants on pageants, in long order drawn,
Peers, Heralds, Biſhops, Ermin, Gold, and Lawn;
The Champion too! and, to complete the jeſt,
Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.
With [f] laughter ſure Democritus had dy'd,
Had he beheld an Audience gape ſo wide.
Let Bear or [g] Elephant be e'er ſo white,
The People, ſure, the People are the ſight!

Ah

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VER. 319 *Old Edward's Armour beams on Cibber's breaſt.*] The Coronation of Henry VIII. and Queen Anne Boleyn, in which the Playhouſes vied with each other to repreſent all the pomp of a Coronation. In this noble contention the Armour of one of the Kings of England was borrowed from the Tower, to dreſs the Champion. POPE.

Of late years, and ſince this was written, theſe extravagancies have been carried to a greater length of folly and abſurdity, which have nearly ruined the ſtage, and extinguiſhed a taſte for true dramatic poetry.

Yet let this verſe ("and long may it remain!") ſhew there was one who held it in diſdain long before our Author; Rowe thus complains, in the Epilogue to his firſt play:

Muſt Shakeſpear, Fletcher, and laborious Ben,
Be left for Scaramouch and Harlequin? WARTON.

Scriptores autem [h] narrare putaret *aſello*
Fabellam ſurdo. nam quæ [i] pervincere voces
Evaluere ſonum, referunt quem noſtra theatra?
[k] *Garganum mugire* putes *nemus* aut *mare Tuſcum.*
Tantum cum ſtrepitu ludi ſpectantur, et artes,
[l] *Divitiæque peregrinæ: quibus* [m] *oblitus actor*
Cum ſtetit in ſcena, concurrit dextera lævæ.
Dixit adhuc aliquid? nil ſane. Quid placet ergo?
[n] Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno.
Ac ne forte putes me, quæ facere ipſe recuſem,
Cum recte tractent alii, laudare maligne;
Ille per extentum funem mihi poſſe videtur
Ire poeta; [o] meum qui pectus *inaniter* angit,
Irritat, mulcet, falſis terroribus implet,

Ut

NOTES.

Ver. 328. *Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,*] The fartheſt Northern Promontory of Scotland, oppoſite to the Orcades. Pope.

Ver. 331. *At Quin's high plume,*] More celebrated for acting inimitably well the characters of Zanga and Falſtaff, than that of Cato. But ſtill more juſtly celebrated for his original wit, his generoſity and friendſhip for Thomſon, whoſe diſtreſſes he once relieved in the moſt liberal and delicate manner. Warton.

Ver. 335. "*But has he ſpoken?*"] Æſopus, ſays Tully, loſt his voice by ſtraining it to ſpeak loud enough to be heard amidſt the noiſe of the theatre. We muſt always recollect the vaſt extent of the ancient theatres, and the multitude of the audience and ſpectators. Warton.

Ver. 342. '*Tis he, who gives*] Theſe ſix following verſes are much ſuperior to the Original, and ſome of the moſt forcible in our language. They contain the very end and eſſence of dramatic poetry. The ſcenes of moſt of the ancient tragedies were laid at Thebes or Athens.

This is a perfect and juſt idea of true and genuine poetry; to the excluſion of mere moral couplets and didactic lines of Horace's

Ah luckleſs [h] Poet! ſtretch thy lungs and roar,
That Bear or Elephant ſhall heed thee more;
While all its [i] throats the Gallery extends,
And all the Thunder of the Pit aſcends!
Loud as the Wolves, on [k] Orcas' ſtormy ſteep,
Howl to the roarings of the Northern deep.
Such is the ſhout, the long-applauding note,
At Quin's high plume, or Oldfield's [l] petticoat;
Or when from Court a birth-day ſuit beſtow'd,
Sinks the [m] loſt Actor in the tawdry load.
Booth enters,—hark! the Univerſal peal!
"But has he ſpoken?" Not a ſyllable.
"What ſhook the ſtage, and made the people ſtare?"
[n] Cato's long wig, flow'r'd gown, and lacquer'd chair.

Yet, leſt you think I rally more than teach,
Or praiſe malignly Arts I cannot reach,
Let me for once preſume t' inſtruct the times,
To know the Poet from the Man of Rhymes:
'Tis he, [o] who gives my breaſt a thouſand pains,
Can make me feel each Paſſion that he feigns;
Inrage, compoſe, with more than magic Art,
With Pity, and with Terror, tear my heart;
And

NOTES.

and Boileau's Satires and Epiſtles; the former of whom poſitively and directly diſclaims all right and title to the name of Poet, on the ſcore of his ethic pieces alone. For,

——neque enim concludere verſum
Dixeris eſſe ſatis——

are words we hear often repeated, but whoſe meaning is not extended and weighed as it ought to be. If by ſuch a deciſion the ranks of rhymers ſhould be diminiſhed, the greater is the dignity

Ut magus; et modo me Thebis, modo ponit Athenis.
[p] Verum age, et his, qui ſe *lectori* credere malunt,
Quam *ſpectatoris* faſtidia ferre ſuperbi,
Curam impende brevem: ſi [q] munus Apolline dignum
Vis *complere libris*; et vatibus addere calcar,
Ut ſtudio majore petant Helicona virentem.
[r] Multa quidem nobis facimus mala ſæpe poetæ,
(Ut vineta egomet ca dam mea,) cum tibi librum

Solicito

NOTES.

of the few that remain in the field. We do not, it ſhould ſeem, ſufficiently attend to the difference there is betwixt a man of wit, a man of ſenſe, and a true poet. Donne and Swift were undoubtedly men of wit and men of ſenſe; but what traces have they left of pure poetry? It is remarkable that Dryden ſays of Donne, "He was the greateſt wit, though not the greateſt poet of this nation." Which of theſe characters is the moſt valuable and uſeful is entirely out of the queſtion; all we plead for is, to have their ſeveral provinces kept diſtinct from each other.

Warton.

Ver. 348. *this part of the Poetic ſtate,*] "The excellence of our dramatic writers is by no means equal in number to the great men that we have produced in other walks. Theatric genius lay dormant after Shakeſpear; waked with ſome bold and glorious, but irregular and often ridiculous, flights in Dryden; revived in Otway; maintained a placid pleaſing kind of dignity in Rowe; and even ſhone in his Jane Shore. It trod in ſublime and claſſic fetters in Cato, but void of nature or the power of affecting the paſſions. In Southern it ſeemed a genuine ray of nature and Shakeſpear; but, falling on an age ſtill more Hottentot, was ſtifled in thoſe groſs and barbarous productions, tragi-comedies. It turned to tuneful nonſenſe in the Morning Bride: grew ſtark mad in Lee, whoſe cloak, a little the worſe for wear, fell on Young; yet in both was ſtill a Poet's cloak. It recovered its ſenſes in Hughes and Fenton, who were afraid it ſhould relapſe, and accordingly kept it down with a timid, but amiable hand, and then it languiſhed. We have not mounted again above the two laſt."—Walpole's Obſervations.

And ſnatch me, o'er the earth, or through the air,
To Thebes, to Athens, when he will, and where.
[p] But not this part of the Poetic ſtate,
Alone, deſerves the favour of the Great:
Think of thoſe Authors, Sir, who would rely
More on a Reader's ſenſe, than Gazer's eye.
Or who ſhall wander where the Muſes ſing?
Who climb their mountain, or who taſte their ſpring?
How ſhall we fill [q] a Library with Wit,
When Merlin's Cave is half unfiniſh'd yet?
My Liege! why Writers little claim your thought,
I gueſs; and, with their leave, will tell the fault:
We [r] Poets are (upon a Poet's word)
Of all mankind, the creatures moſt abſurd:
The

NOTES.

From this account of Dramatic Poets by the late Lord Orford, Dr. Warton very properly excepts the Tragedy of Douglas. I may be here permitted to pay a ſimilar tribute to the excellent Tragedies of Miſs Baillie, which abound in rich deſcription, eloquent language, and genuine pathos.

Ver. 350. *Think of thoſe Authors, Sir,*] Auguſtus being greatly and excluſively fond of dramatic Poets alone, Horace puts in a word of recommendation for thoſe of another ſpecies: The good Prince, to whom our Author was writing, was equally indifferent to Poets of all kinds and ſorts, and aſked, when ſome body was highly praiſing Milton, "Why did he not write his Paradiſe Loſt in proſe!" WARTON.

Ver. 354. *a Library*] *Munus Apolline dignum.* The Palatine Library, then building by Auguſtus. POPE.

Ver. 355. *Merlin's Cave*] A Building in the Royal Gardens of Richmond, where is a ſmall, but choice Collection of Books. POPE.

To mention Merlin's Cave, for the Palatine Library, heightens the ridicule.

 WARTON.

[s] *Solicito* damus, aut *feſſo:* cum lædimur, [t] *unum*
Si quis *amicorum* eſt auſus reprendere *verſum:*
Cum loca jam [u] recitata revolvimus *irrevocati:*
Cum [w] lamentamur non *apparere* labores
Noſtros, et *tenui* deducta poemata *filo;*
Cum [x] ſperamus eo rem venturam, ut, ſimul atque
Carmina reſcieris nos fingere, commodus ultro
Arceſſas, et egere vetes, et *ſcribere cogas.*
Sed tamen eſt [y] *operæ pretium* cognoſcere, *quales*
Ædituos habeat belli ſpectata domique
Virtus, [z] *indigno* non committenda *poetæ.*
[a] Gratus Alexandro regi Magno fuit ille
Chœrilus, incultis qui verſibus et male natis
Rettulit acceptos, regale numiſma, Philippos.
Sed veluti tractata notam labemque remittunt
Atramenta, fere ſcriptores carmine fœdo
Splendida

NOTES.

Ver. 366. *Repeat unaſk'd;*] Unavoidably weaker than the Original, loco jam recitata; public recitations before great audiences, collected for that purpoſe, being common at Rome, (ſee many Epiſtles in Pliny,) to which we have no cuſtom that can anſwer in an imitation. Juvenal, in a well known paſſage, laughs at Statius's reciting his Thebaid:

"Curritur ad vocem jucundam," &c. Warton.

Ver. 379. *Laureat's weighty place.*] It became a faſhion for all the admirers and followers of Pope to join with him in condemning Colley Cibber. Dr. Johnſon wrote a very pointed Epigram on this ſubject, which was alſo equally ſevere on George the Second:

"Auguſtus ſtill ſurvives in Maro's ſtrain,
And Spenſer's verſe prolongs Eliza's reign;
Great George's acts let tuneful Cibber ſing;
For Nature form'd the Poet for the King." Warton.

The [t] ſeaſon, when to come, and when to go,
To ſing, or ceaſe to ſing, we never know;
And if we will recite nine hours in ten,
You loſe your patience, juſt like other men.
Then too we hurt ourſelves, when to defend
A [t] ſingle verſe, we quarrel with a friend;
Repeat [u] unaſk'd; lament, the [w] Wit's too fine
For vulgar eyes, and point out ev'ry line.
But moſt, when ſtraining with too weak a wing,
We needs will write Epiſtles to the King;
And [x] from the moment we oblige the town,
Expect a place, or penſion from the Crown;
Or dubb'd Hiſtorians by expreſs command,
T' enroll your triumphs o'er the ſeas and land,
Be call'd to Court to plan ſome work divine,
As once for Louis, Boileau and Racine.
Yet [y] think, great Sir! (ſo many Virtues ſhown;)
Ah think, what Poet beſt may make them known?
Or chooſe at leaſt ſome Miniſter of Grace,
Fit to beſtow the [z] Laureat's weighty place.
[a] Charles, to late times to be tranſmitted fair,
Aſſign'd his figure to Bernini's care;

And

NOTES.

Ver. 380. *Charles, to late times, &c.*] In the third volume of the *Catholic Church Hiſtory of England*, printed at Bruſſels, 1742, fol. there is a curious anecdote concerning this matter, taken from an Italian MS. of the Memoirs of Panzani, the Pope's Agent: "Before Panzani ſet out on his journey, (to England,) which was about the year 1635, her Majeſty wrote a letter to Cardinal

Splendida facta linunt. idem rex ille, poema
Qui tam ridiculum tam care prodigus emit,
Edicto vetuit, ne quis *ſe* præter Apellem
Pingeret, aut alius Lyſippo duceret æra.
Fortis [b] *Alexandri vultum ſimulantia*, quod ſi
Judicium ſubtile videndis artibus illud
Ad libros et ad hæc Muſarum dona vocares;

Bœotum

NOTES.

Barberini; wherein, amongſt other things, ſhe deſired he would uſe his intereſt with the famous Sculptor Cavalier Bernini, that he would cut two Buſtos; one of the King, the other of herſelf: which were to be brought over by Panzani, alleging that her huſband was uncommonly curious in works of that kind, and no preſent could be more acceptable to him. Bernini was one of a haughty temper, and had lately refuſed the like favour to the Cardinal Richlieu, who deſired his own Buſto from the ſame hand. But Barberini's reputation and addreſs prevailed upon him to grant the requeſt. I mention this Buſto upon account of the extraordinary circumſtances which attended it; ſome whereof are taken notice of by our Hiſtorians: But what I ſhall further relate, is not commonly known. It is reported, that when Bernini took a view of the original picture, according to which he was to form the King's Buſto, he obſerved ſuch melancholic lines, that they in a manner ſpoke ſome diſmal fate that would befall the perſon it repreſented. And this he ſignified to thoſe who were preſent." P. 38. Warburton.

Ver. 382. *And great Naſſau*] "This prince," ſays Mr. Walpole "like moſt of thoſe in our annals, contributed nothing to the advancement of the Arts. He was born in a country where taſte never flouriſhed, and nature had not given it to him as an embelliſhment to his great qualities. Reſerved, unſociable, ill in his health, and ſowered by his ſituation, he ſought none of thoſe amuſements, that make the hours of the happy much happier. He had ſo little leiſure to attend to, or ſo little diſpoſition to men of wit, that when St. Evremond was introduced to him, the king ſaid, coldly, "I think you was a major general in the French ſervice." Warton.

And great [b] Naſſau to Kneller's hand decreed
To fix him graceful on the bounding Steed;
So

NOTES.

VER. 384. *So well in paint*] The taſte and knowledge of Charles I. in the fine arts are univerſally known and acknowledged; and his fondneſs for Shakeſpear and Fairfax's Taſſo, ſhews his judgment in Poetry. WARTON.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.*] This is not to be wondered at, ſince the *Sacerdotal* character has been ſeparated from the *Regal*. This *diſcerning of Spirits* now ſeems to be the allotment of the eccleſiaſtical branch, which the following inſtance will put out of doubt. The famous HUGO GROTIUS had, ſome how or other, ſurpriſed the world into an early admiration of his parts and virtues. But his Grace Archbiſhop Abbot was not to be deceived by dazzling appearances. In one of his *Reſcripts* to Sir Ralph Winwood, at the Hague, he unmaſks this forward Dutchman, who a little before had been ſent over to England by the States. "You muſt take heed how you truſt DOCTOR GROTIUS too far, for I perceive him to be ſo ADDICTED TO SOME PARTIALITIES IN THOSE PARTS, THAT HE FEARETH NOT TO LASH SO IT MAY SERVE A TURN. At his firſt coming to the King, by reaſon of his good Latin tongue, he was ſo tedious and full of tittle-tattle, that the KING's *judgment was of him, that he was ſome* PEDANT, full of words, and of NO GREAT JUDGMENT. And I MYSELF DISCOVERING that to be his habit, as if he did imagine that every man was bound to hear him ſo long as he would talk, did privately give him notice thereof, that he ſhould plainly and directly deliver his mind, or elſe he would make the King weary of him. This did not take place, but that afterwards he fell to it again, as was eſpecially obſerved one night at ſupper at the Lord Biſhop of Ely's, whither being brought by Mr. Caſaubon (as I think), my Lord intreated him to ſtay to ſupper, which he did. There was preſent Dr. Steward and another Civilian, unto whom he flings out ſome queſtion of that profeſſion; and was ſo full of words, that Dr. Steward afterwards told my Lord, *That he did perceive by him, that, like a* SMATTERER, *he had ſtudied ſome two or three queſtions; whereof when he came in company he muſt be talking, to vindicate his ſkill; but if he were put from thoſe, he would ſhew himſelf but a* SIMPLE FELLOW. There was preſent alſo Dr. Richardſon, the King's profeſſor of Divinity

[c] Bœotum in craſſo jurares aëre natum.

[*At neque dedecorant tua de ſe judicia, atque*
Munera, quæ multa dantis cum laude tulerunt,
Dilecti tibi Virgilius Variuſque poetæ;]

Nec magis expreſſi [d] vultus per ahenea ſigna,
Quam per vatis opus mores animique virorum
Clarorum apparent. nec ſermones ego mallem
Repentes per humum, [e] quam *res* componere *geſtas*,
Terrarumque [f] ſitus et flumina dicere, et arces
Montibus impoſitas, et [g] *barbara regna*, tuiſque
Auſpiciis

NOTES.

Divinity in Cambridge, and another Doctor in that Faculty, with whom he falleth in alſo, about ſome of thoſe queſtions, which are now controverted amongſt the Miniſters in Holland; and being matters wherein he was ſtudied, he uttered all his ſkill concerning them. My Lord of Ely sitting still at the Supper all the while, and wondering what a man he had there, who, never being in the place or company before, could overwhelm them ſo with talk for ſo long a time. I write this unto you ſo largely, that you may know the diſpoſition of the man: and how kindly he used my Lord of Ely for his good Entertainment." *Winwood's Memorials*, vol. iii. p. 459. Scribl.

Seriouſly, *my Lord of Ely*'s caſe was to be pitied. But this will not happen every day: for as expoſed as their Lordſhips may be to theſe kind of inſults, happy is it, that the men are not always at hand, who can offer them. A ſecond *Grotius*, for aught I know, may be as far off as a ſecond Century of *my Lords of Ely*. —But it was enough that this *ſimple fellow* was an Arminian and a Republican, to be deſpiſed by Abbot and his Maſter. For, in the opinion of theſe great judges of merit, Religion and Society could not ſubſiſt without Predestination and Arbitrary Power.—However, this *diſcerning ſpirit*, it is certain, had not left L. when the grave Hiſtorian Anthony Wood was ſo hoſpitably entertained there; who, in the journal of his life under the Power.

So well in paint and ſtone they judg'd of merit:
But Kings in Wit may want diſcerning Spirit.
The Hero William, and the Martyr Charles,
One knighted Blackmore, and one penſion'd Quarles;
Which made old Ben and ſurly Dennis ſwear,
"No Lord's anointed, but a [c] Ruſſian Bear."
Not with ſuch [d] majeſty, ſuch bold relief,
The Forms auguſt, of King, or conqu'ring Chief,
E'er ſwell'd on marble; as in verſe have ſhin'd
(In poliſh'd verſe) the Manners and the Mind.
Oh!

NOTES.

year 1671, tells the following ſtory: "I and John Echard, the Author of the *Contempt of the Clergy*, dined with Archbiſhop Sheldon. After dinner, when the Archbiſhop had withdrawn and *ſelected* his company, I was called into the withdrawing room, and Echard was left behind to *go drink and ſmoke with the Chaplains:*" So well adjuſted was this reſpect of perſons; Echard, the wittieſt man of the age, was very fitly left to divert the Chaplains; and Anthony Wood, without all per-adventure the dulleſt, was called in to enjoy the converſation of his Grace. WARBURTON.

VER. 385. *But Kings in Wit*] They may, nevertheleſs, be very good Kings. It is not for his verſes, any more than for his victories, that the late King of Pruſſia will be celebrated by poſterity: but for ſoftening the rigours of a deſpotic government, by a code of milder laws than his crouching people had known before; and for building many villages and farm-houſes, to encourage agriculture, and repair the waſtes and ravages of war. He muſt therefore be pardoned for an abſurd judgment, which he has paſſed on Homer, whom he could not read in the Original, where he ſays; "Ses chants et l'action ont peu ou point de liaſon les uns avec les autres, ce qui leur a mérité le nom de rapſodies." Preface to the Henriade. WARTON.

VER. 387. *penſion'd Quarles;*] Who has lately been more favourably ſpoken of by ſome ingenious critics; particularly by the author of Thirty Letters. WARTON.

Auſpiciis *totum* [h] *confecta duella* per *orbem*,
Clauſtraque [h] cuſtodem *pacis* cohibentia Janum,
Et [i] formidatam *Parthis*, te principe, Romam:
Si quantum cuperem, poſſem quoque. ſed neque parvum
[k] Carmen *majeſtas* recipit *tua*; nec meus audet
Rem tentare pudor, quam vires ferre recuſent.
Sedulitas autem [l] *ſtulte*, quem *diligit*, urget;
Præcipue cum ſe *numeris* commendat et arte.
Diſcit enim citius, meminitque libentius illud
Quod *quis* [m] *deridet*, quam quod *probat* et *veneratur*.
Nil moror [n] officium, quod me gravat: ac neque *ficto*
In [o] *pejus* vultu proponi cereus uſquam,
Nec prave factis decorari verſibus opto:
Ne [p] rubeam *pingui* donatus *munere*, et una
Cum [q] ſcriptore meo capſa porrectus aperta,
Deferar in vicum vendentem thus et odores,
Et piper, et quicquid chartis amicitur ineptis.

NOTES.

Ver. 397. *how dearly bought!*] All this is in the ſpirit of the moſt contemptuous irony.

Ver. 409. *they ſay I bite.*] If any key had been wanting to the artful irony contained in this imitation, eſpecially in the laſt ſixteen lines, this one verſe would have been ſufficient to fix the Poet's intention. Neither Dr. Warburton nor Dr. Hurd take the leaſt notice of any irony being intended in this imitation. To what motive ſhall we aſcribe this cautious ſilence? Warton.

Oh! could I mount on the Mæonian wing,
Your [e] Arms, your Actions, your Repoſe to ſing!
What [f] ſeas you travers'd, and what fields you fought!
Your Country's Peace, how oft, how dearly bought!
How [g] barb'rous rage ſubſided at your word,
And Nations wonder'd while they dropp'd the ſword!
How, when you nodded, o'er the land and deep,
[h] Peace ſtole her wing, and wrapt the world in ſleep;
Till earth's extremes your mediation own,
And [i] Aſia's Tyrants tremble at your Throne—
But [k] Verſe, alas! your Majeſty diſdains;
And I'm not us'd to Panegyric ſtrains:
The Zeal of [l] Fools offends at any time,
But moſt of all, the Zeal of Fools in rhyme.
Beſides, a fate attends on all I write,
That when I aim at praiſe, they ſay [m] I bite.
A vile [n] Encomium doubly ridicules:
There's nothing blackens like the ink of fools.
If true, a [o] woful likeneſs; and if lies,
"Praiſe undeſerv'd is ſcandal in diſguiſe:"
Well may he [p] bluſh, who gives it, or receives;
And when I flatter, let my dirty leaves
(Like [q] Journals, Odes, and ſuch forgotten things
As Euſden, Philips, Settle, writ of Kings)
Cloath ſpice, line trunks, or flutt'ring in a row,
Befringe the rails of Bedlam and Soho.

Pope, in his celebrated letter to Lord Hervey, has the *hardihood* to boaſt himſelf "*a man who never wrote* a line in which "the *religion or government of his country*, the Royal Family, "or *their miniſtry*, were diſreſpectfully *mentioned.*" The caſe was very much altered, when *he wrote this Imitation*, the drift of which cannot be miſtaken. I have before taken notice of the *circumſtances* of the *times* when it was publiſhed, which the reader ſhould keep in mind, as they are the beſt comment on ſome paſſages of particular ſeverity.

No one, however, can be inſenſible of the great powers of language, and conſummate dexterity of ſatire, which this Epiſtle evinces.

THE SECOND EPISTLE

OF THE

SECOND BOOK OF HORACE.

EPISTOLA II.

FLORE, bono claroque fidelis amice Neroni,
[b] Si quis forte velit puerum tibi vendere natum
Tibure vel Gabiis, et tecum ſic agat: "Hic et
"Candidus, et talos a vertice pulcher ad imos,
"Fiet eritque tuus nummorum millibus octo;
"Verna miniſteriis ad nutus aptus heriles;
"Literulis Græcis imbutus, idoneus arti
"Cuilibet: argilla quidvis imitaberis uda:
"Quin etiam canet indoctum, ſed dulce bibenti.
"Multa fidem promiſſa levant, ubi plenius æquo
"Laudat venales, qui vult extrudere, merces.
"Res urget me nulla: meo ſum pauper in ære
"Nemo hoc mangonum faceret tibi: non temere a me
"Quivis ferret idem: ſemel hic ceſſavit, et (ut fit)
"In ſcalis latuit metuens pendentis habenæ:
"Des nummos, excepta nihil te ſi *fuga* lædit."

Ille

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Dear Col'nel,*] Addreſſed to Colonel Cotterell of Rouſham near Oxford, the deſcendant of Sir Charles Cotterell, who, at the deſire of Charles the Firſt, tranſlated Davila into Engliſh. The ſecond line of this Imitation, "You love," &c. is feeble and uſeleſs. Horace, without preface, enters at once in his ſecond line on the ſtory, "Si quis forte," &c. And the fifteenth line, "But, Sir, to you," is uncommonly languid and proſaic.

WARTON.

VER. 4. "*This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:*] A Town in Beauce, where the French tongue is ſpoken in great purity.

VER. 20. *it is, to ſteal.*] The fault of the Slave-ſeller's Boy is only his having run away; but the young Frenchman has been guilty

EPISTLE II.

DEAR Col'nel, COBHAM'S and your country's Friend!
You love a Verſe, take ſuch as I can ſend.
[b] A Frenchman comes, preſents you with his Boy,
Bows and begins—"This Lad, Sir, is of Blois:
"Obſerve his ſhape how clean! his locks how curl'd!
"My only ſon, I'd have him ſee the world:
"His French is pure; his Voice too—you ſhall hear.
"Sir, he's your ſlave, for twenty pound a year.
"Mere wax as yet, you faſhion him with eaſe,
"Your Barber, Cook, Upholſt'rer, what you pleaſe:
"A perfect genius at an Op'ra-ſong—
"To ſay too much, might do my honour wrong.
"Take him with all his virtues, on my word;
"His whole ambition was to ſerve a Lord;
"But, Sir, to you, with what would I not part?
"Tho' faith, I fear, 'twill break his Mother's heart.
"Once (and but once) I caught him in a lie,
"And then, unwhipp'd, he had the grace to cry:
"The fault he has I fairly ſhall reveal,
"(Could you o'erlook but that,) it is, to ſteal."

If,

NOTES.

guilty of ſtealing; this makes his behaviour more unpardonable, and leſs likely to be overlooked by the purchaſer: a circumſtance that alters the nature of the alluſion, and the probability of the bargain. WARTON.

[c] Ille ferat pretium, pœnæ ſecurus, opinor.
Prudens emiſti vitioſum: dicta tibi eſt lex:
Inſequeris tamen hunc, et litę moraris iniquâ.
[d] Dixi me pigrum proficiſcenti tibi; dixi
Talibus officiis propè mancum: ne mea ſævus
Jurgares ad te quod epiſtola nulla veniret.
Quid tum profeci, mecum facientia jura
Si tamen attentas? quereris ſuper hoc etiam, quod
Exſpectata tibi non mittam carmina mendax.
[e] Luculli miles collecta viatica multis
Ærumnis, laſſus dum noctu ſtertit, ad aſſem
Perdiderat: poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
Iratus pariter, jejunis dentibus acer,
Præſidium regale loco dejecit, ut aiunt,
Summe munito, et multarum divite rerum.

Clarus

NOTES.

Ver. 24. *I think Sir Godfrey*] An eminent Juſtice of Peace, who decided much in the manner of Sancho Pancha. Pope.

Sir Godfrey Kneller. Warburton.

Ver. 27. *Conſider then,*] Horace offers ſeven reaſons by way of apology for not ſending an epiſtle to his friend Florus; that he told him he was naturally indolent; that no man in his ſenſes would write verſes, if not compelled by neceſſity; that he was now too old to be writing verſes; that it was impoſſible to gratify the different taſtes of readers; that it was alſo impoſſible to write amidſt the noiſe and buſtle of Rome; that the profeſſion of a poet is ſubject to many inconveniences, ariſing from envy, jealouſy, and flattery; that it is time to leave off trifling ſtudies and purſuits, and fix his whole attention on morals and the duties of life. Warton.

Ver. 33. *In* Anna's *Wars, &c.*] Many parts of this ſtory are well told; but, on the whole, it is much inferior to the Original. Warburton.

Marlborough is placed here to anſwer Lucullus in the Original. The character of the latter is ſo well and elegantly drawn by Middleton

[c] If, after this, you took the graceleſs lad,
Could you complain, my Friend, he prov'd ſo bad?
Faith, in ſuch caſe, if you ſhould proſecute,
I think Sir Godfrey ſhould decide the ſuit;
Who ſent the Thief that ſtole the Caſh away,
And puniſh'd him that put it in his way.
[d] Conſider then, and judge me in this light;
I told you when I went, I could not write;
You ſaid the ſame; and are you diſcontent
With Laws, to which you gave your own aſſent?
Nay worſe, to aſk for Verſe at ſuch a time!
D'ye think me good for nothing but to rhyme?
[e] In ANNA's Wars, a Soldier poor and old
Had dearly earn'd a little purſe of gold:
Tir'd with a tedious march, one luckleſs night,
He ſlept, poor dog! and loſt it, to a doit.
This put the man in ſuch a deſp'rate mind,
Between revenge, and grief, and hunger join'd
Againſt the foe, himſelf, and all mankind,
He leap'd the trenches, ſcal'd a Caſtle-wall,
Tore down a Standard, took the Fort and all.
"Prodigious well:" his great Commander cry'd,
Gave him much praiſe, and ſome reward beſide.

Next

NOTES.

dleton in the firſt volume of the Life of Tully, as to make it one of the moſt pleaſing parts of that celebrated work. WARTON.

VER. 37. *This put the man, &c.*] Much below the Original,

"Poſt hoc vehemens lupus, et ſibi et hoſti
"Iratus pariter, *jejunis dentibus acer.*"

The laſt words are particularly elegant and humorous.

WARBURTON.

Clarus ob id factum, donis ornatur honeſtis,
Accipit et bis dena ſuper ſeſtertia nummûm.
Forte ſub hoc tempus *caſtellum* evertere prætor
Neſcio quod cupiens, hortari cœpit eundem
Verbis, quæ timido quoque poſſent addere mentem:
I, bone, quo virtus tua te vocat: i pede fauſto,
Grandia laturus meritorum præmia: quid ſtas?
Poſt hæc ille catus, quantumvis ruſticus, "Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit," inquit,
[f] Romæ nutriri mihi contigit, atque doceri,
Iratus Graiis quantum nocuiſſet Achilles.
Adjecêre bonæ paulo plus artis Athenæ:
Scilicet ut poſſem *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*,

Atque

NOTES.

Ver. 43. *Gave him much proiſe, and* ſome *reward beſide.*] For the ſake of a ſtroke of Satire, he has here weakened that circumſtance, on which the turn of the ſtory depends. Horace avoided it, though the avaricious character of Lucullus was a tempting occaſion to indulge his raillery. Warburton.

Ver. 45. *Its name*] An idle, expletive line. As alſo is verſe 49, below, *Don't you remember;* evidently taken from Dacier; ne ſavez vous l'hiſtoire du ſoldat de Lucullus? Warton.

Ver. 51. "*Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat.*"] This has neither the force nor the juſtneſs of the Original. Horace makes his Soldier ſay,

"——— Ibit,
"Ibit eo, quo vis, qui zonam perdidit;"

for it was not his *poverty*, but his *loſs*, that puſhed him upon danger; many being ſufficient to poverty, who cannot bear the ſudden change of condition occaſioned by loſſes. What betrayed our Poet into this inaccuracy of expreſſion was, its ſuiting better with the *application*. But, in a great Writer, we pardon nothing. And ſuch ſhould not forget, that the expreſſion is not perfect, but when the ideas it conveys fit both the *tale* and the *application:* for then they reflect mutual light upon one another. Warburton.

Ver. 53. *To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.*] This circumſtance has a happier application in the *Imitation* than in the *Original;* and properly introduces the 68th verſe. Warton.

Next pleas'd his Excellence a town to batter;
(Its name I know not, and 'tis no great matter,)
" Go on, my Friend, (he cry'd,) ſeeyonder walls!
" Advance and conquer! go where glory calls!
" More honours, more rewards, attend the brave."
Don't you remember what reply he gave?
" D'ye think me, noble Gen'ral, ſuch a ſot?
" Let him take caſtles who has ne'er a groat."
' Bred up at home, full early I begun,
To read in Greek the wrath of Peleus' ſon.
Beſides, my Father taught me from a lad,
The better art to know the good from bad:
(And little ſure imported to remove,
To hunt for Truth in Maudlin's learned grove.)
But knottier points we knew not half ſo well,
Depriv'd us ſoon of our paternal Cell;

And

NOTES.

VER. 55. *The better art*] Dacier interprets the words, *curvo* dignoſcere *rectum*, the ſtudy of geometry. This Warton thinks abſurd. See note below.

VER. 55. *The better art to know the good from bad*] Our Poet miſtook, as many have done before and ſince his time, the true meaning of his author:

Scilicèt ut poſſem curvo dignoſcere rectum,
Atque inter ſilvas Academi quærere verum:

that is, to diſtinguiſh a *right line* from a *curve*: for geometry was the indiſpenſable introduction to the philoſophy of the Academic ſchool. Creech was our Poet's guide:

And taught me how to ſep'rate bad from good.

And the reader, who will make the compariſon, will diſcover various obligations throughout theſe imitations to that tranſlator.

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 57. *in Maudlin's learned grove.*] He had a partiality for this college in Oxford, in which he had ſpent many agreeable days with his friend Mr. Digby, who provided rooms for him at that College. WARTON.

Atque inter ſilvas Academi *quærere* verum.
Dura ſed emovêre loco me tempora grato;
Civiliſque rudem belli tulit æſtus in arma,
Cæſaris Auguſti non reſponſura lacertis.
Unde ſimul primùm me dimiſere Philippi,
Deciſis humilem pennis, inopemque *paterni*
Et *laris* et fundi, paupertas impulit audax
Ut verſus facerem: ſed, quod non deſit, habentem,
Quæ poterunt unquam ſatis expurgare *cicutæ*,
Ni melius dormire putem, quam ſcribere verſus?
[g] Singula de nobis anni *prædantur* euntes;
Eripuere *jocos*, *venerem*, *convivia*, *ludum*;
Tendunt

NOTES.

Ver. 60. *by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt*,] By orders from government for the removal of Papiſts to a certain diſtance from the metropolis. Wakefield.

Ver. 63. *mighty* William's] Horace uſes ſome very artful and apologetical terms, in the Original, in ſpeaking of the part he had taken againſt Auguſtus. Dura tempora—belli æſtus civilis—Auguſti lacertis—dimiſere—deciſis pennis—for being totally plundered. Warton.

Ver. 64. *For Right Hereditary*] Admirable as theſe lines are, yet, from the nature of the ſubject, they cannot be ſo intereſting as the events in Horace's life; the inconveniency Pope laboured under from being a papiſt, and ſubject to penal laws, are not ſo ſtriking as Horace's being taken from Athens by Brutus; and having the command of a Roman legion given to him; being preſent at the battle of Philippi; and loſing all his property for his attachment to Brutus and his republican friends. Dacier, like a true Frenchman, imagines, that a want of proper officers induced Brutus to give Horace this command in the army. Did he not recollect or know, that great numbers of young Romans, of ſpirit and ability, flocked to the ſtandard of Brutus, and appeared forward in ſupporting the great cauſe of liberty? Warton.

And certain Laws, by ſuff'rers thought unjuſt,
Deny'd all poſts of profit or of truſt:
Hopes after hopes of pious Papiſts fail'd,
While mighty WILLIAM's thund'ring arm prevail'd.
For Right Hereditary tax'd and fin'd,
He ſtuck to poverty with peace of mind;
And me, the Muſes help'd to undergo it;
Convict a Papiſt he, and I a Poet.
But, (thanks to Homer,) ſince I live and thrive,
Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,
Sure I ſhould want the care of ten Monroes,
If I would ſcribble, rather than repoſe.
[z] Years following years, ſteal ſomething ev'ry day,
At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;
In one our Frolics, one Amuſements end,
In one a Miſtreſs drops, in one a Friend:

This

NOTES.

VER. 69. *Indebted to no Prince or Peer alive,*] Indeed, it would be very hard upon Authors, if the ſubſcribing for a book, which does honour to one's age and country, and conſequently reflects back part of it on the *Subſcribers*, ſhould be eſteemed a debt or obligation. WARBURTON.

VER. 70. *Monroes,*] Dr. Monroe, Phyſician to Bedlam Hoſpital. WARBURTON.

VER. 73. *At laſt they ſteal us from ourſelves away;*] i. e. *Time* changes all our paſſions, appetites, and inclinations. WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *In one our Frolics,*] Theſe two lines are languid in compariſon of the brevity of the Original;

——— jocos, venerem, convivia, ludum;

Languid alſo is verſe 80,

——— what would you have me do?

Tendunt extorquere poëmata. quid faciam vis?
[k] Denique non omnes eadem mirantur amantque.
Carmine tu gaudes: his delectatur iambis;
Ille Bioneis sermonibus, et sale nigro.
Tres mihi convivæ propè dissentire videntur,
Poscentes vario multum diversa palato.
Quid dem? quid non dem? renuis quod tu, jubet alter:
Quod petis, id sane est invisum acidumque duobus.
[l] Præter cætera me *Romæne* poëmata censes
Scribere posse, inter tot curas, totque labores?
Hic sponsum vocat, hic auditum scripta, relictis
Omnibus

NOTES.

and verse 85 is too quaint and proverbial. Also in verse 88, instead of the single word, *præterea*, he has given a whole line. But, on the other hand, the verses 90 and 91, are very forcible. WARTON.

VER. 83. *and that Pindaric lays?*] Of our modern Lyric Poetry, the English is *Pindaric*, and the Latin, *Horatian*. The first is like boiled meats, of different tastes and flavours, but all insipid: The other, like the same meats potted, all of one spicey taste, and equally high-flavoured. The reason is, the English ode-makers only imitate Pindar's *sense*; whereas the Latin employ the very *words* of Horace. WARBURTON.

The note on this passage concerning our common modern lyric poetry, was written some years before Gray had so effectually vindicated this species of poetry from the objections here made to it. WARTON.

VER. 87. *Oldfield—Dartineuf*] Two celebrated gluttons.—This instance adds a beauty to the whole passage, as *intimating* that the demand for verse is only a species of luxury. WARBURTON.

But it does not appear to be at all *intimated*. WARTON.

VER. 87. *Dartineuf detests.*] Dartineuf has been mentioned before.

"Darty his Ham pie."

Pope tires one by perpetually introducing the same people.

This ſubtle Thief of life, this paltry Time,
What will it leave me, if it ſnatch my rhyme?
If ev'ry wheel of that unweary'd Mill,
That turn'd ten thouſand verſes, now ſtands ſtill?

[h] But after all, what would you have me do?
When out of twenty I can pleaſe not two;
When this Heroics only deigns to praiſe,
Sharp Satire that, and that Pindaric lays?
One likes the Pheaſant's wing, and one the leg;
The vulgar boil, the learned roaſt an egg;
Hard taſk! to hit the palate of ſuch gueſts,
When Oldfield loves, what Dartineuf deteſts.

[i] But grant I may relapſe, for want of grace,
Again to rhyme; can London be the place?
Who there his Muſe, or ſelf, or ſoul attends,
In crowds, and courts, law, bus'neſs, feaſts, and friends?
My counſel ſends to execute a deed:
A Poet begs me I will hear him read:

In

NOTES.

VER. 93. *A Poet begs, &c.*] Many are the poets who could not do juſtice to their works by reading them with propriety. Corneille, Dryden, and Thomſon, were remarkably bad readers. On the contrary, Virgil, Racine, and Boileau, and above all Nat Lee, were moſt excellent reciters. Juſt reading is an uncommon talent. The Duke de la Rochefoucault would never become a member of the French Academy, leſt he ſhould expoſe himſelf by his pronunciation of the ſpeech neceſſary on that occaſion. I had once the pleaſure of hearing Quin read the Second Book of Milton, with marvellous propriety and harmony. And the late Mr. Henderſon excelled in recitation. WARTON.

Omnibus officiis: cubat hic in colle Quirini,
Hic extremo in Aventino; viſendus uterque.
Intervalla vides humanè commoda. " Verùm
" Puræ ſunt plateæ, nihil ut meditantibus obſtet."
Feſtinat calidus mulis gerulíſque redemtor:
Torquet nunc lapidem, nunc ingens machina tignum:
Triſtia robuſtis luctantur funera plauſtris:
Hâc rabioſa fugit canis, hâc lutulenta ruit ſus.
[k] I nunc, et verſus *tecum* meditare canoros.
Scriptorum chorus omnis *amat nemus, et fugit urbes,*
Ritè cliens Bacchi, ſomno gaudentis et umbrâ.
Tu me inter ſtrepitus nocturnos atque diurnos
Vis canere, et contracta ſequi veſtigia vatum?
[l] Ingenium, ſibi quod vacuas deſumpſit *Athenas,*
Et ſtudiis annos *ſeptem* dedit, inſenuitque

Libris

NOTES.

Ver. 94. *In Palace-yard*] I am ſorry he omitted, intervalla humanè commoda; which heightens the diſtreſs and inconvenience. In verſe 101, a hackney-coach is better than, calidus redemtor. But verſe 107, contains an image unneceſſarily coarſe and filthy. And verſe 115, is little to the purpoſe. I will give the reader an opportunity of comparing, and if he is impartial, of preferring, this paſſage of Pope with one of Boileau on the ſame ſubject:

Qu'en tous lieux les chagrins m'attendent un paſſage
Un couſin abuſant d'un factieux parentage,
Veut qu'encore tout poudreux, et ſans me débotter,
Chez vingt juges pour lui j'aille ſolliciter;
Il faut voir de ce pas le plus conſiderables,
L'un demeure au Marais, & l'autre aux incurables
Je recois vingt airs qui me glacent d'effroy,
Hier, dit on, de vous en parla chez le roy —

Epiſtre 6. v. 45.

Compare alſo the ſixth ſatire of Boileau, containing the Deſcription of Les Embarras de Paris, from verſe 3, to verſe 82; particularly verſe 45. Warton.

In Palace-yard at nine you'll find me there—
At ten for certain, Sir, in Bloomſb'ry ſquare—
Before the Lords at twelve my Cauſe comes on—
There's a Rehearſal, Sir, exact at one.—
" Oh but a Wit can ſtudy in the ſtreets,
" And raiſe his mind above the mob he meets."
Not quite ſo well however as one ought;
A hackney-coach may chance to ſpoil a thought;
And then a nodding beam, or pig of lead,
God knows, may hurt the very ableſt head.
Have you not ſeen, at Guildhall's narrow paſs,
Two Aldermen diſpute it with an Aſs?
And Peers give way, exalted as they are,
Ev'n to their own S-r-v-nce in a Car?
[k] Go, lofty Poet! and in ſuch a crowd,
Sing thy ſonorous verſe—but not aloud.
Alas! to Grottoes and to Groves we run,
To eaſe and ſilence, ev'ry Muſe's ſon:
Blackmore himſelf, for any grand effort,
Would drink and doze at Tooting or Earl's-Court.
How ſhall I rhyme in this eternal roar?
How match the bards whom none e'er match'd before?
[l] The Man, who ſtretch'd in Iſis' calm retreat,
To books and ſtudy gives ſev'n years complete.
See!

NOTES.

VER. 112. *Blackmore himſelf,*] In the *Battle* of the *Books,* we are ſurprized to find Swift preferring Blackmore to Dryden. WARTON.

VER. 113. *Tooting—Earl's-Court.*] Two villages within a few miles of London. POPE.

Libris et curis, *ſtatuâ taciturnius exit*
Plerumque, et riſu populum quatit; hic ego r ım
Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis,
Verba lyræ motura ſonum connectere digner?
[m] Frater erat Romæ conſulti rhetor; ut alter
Alterius ſermone meros audiret honores:
Gracchus

NOTES.

Ver. 123. *court, and city roars,*] Not ſo ſtrong as the original metaphor;

"Fluctibus in mediis, et tempeſtatibus urbis."

Milton wrote his Paradiſe Loſt in London, as did Thomſon his three laſt Seaſons, and his charming Caſtle of Indolence; and Armſtrong his Art of Preſerving Health, a fine claſſical poem, omitted in the Collection of Engliſh Poets. Warton.

Ver. 132. *And ſhook his head at* Murray, *as a Wit.*] It is the ſilly conſolation of blockheads in all profeſſions, that he, whom Nature has formed to excel, does it not by his ſuperior knowledge, but his wit; and ſo they keep themſelves in countenance as not fairly outdone, but only *outwitted.*—The miſerable glory of knowing nothing but in their own trade, M. de Voltaire has well expoſed, where, ſpeaking of a great *French* Lawyer, of the like genius and talents with our admirable countryman, he ſays, "Il faiſoit reſſouvenir la France de ces tems, où les plus auſtères Magiſtrats, conſommés comme lui dans l'etude des Loix, ſe delaſſoient des fatigues de leur état, dans les travaux de la literature. Que ceux qui mepriſent ces travaux amiables; que ceux qui mettent je ne ſai quelle miſerable grandeur à ſe renfermer dans le cercle étroit de leurs emplois, ſont à plaindre! ignorent ils que Cicéron, après avoir rempli la première place du monde, plaidoit encore les cauſes des Citoyens, écrivoit ſur la nature des Dieux, conferoit avec des Philoſophes; qu'il alloit au Théatre; qu'il daignoit cultiver l'amitié d'Eſopus et de Roſcius, et *laiſſoit aux petits eſprits, leur conſtante gravité, qui n'eſt que la maſque de la mediocrité?*

The miſerable malice of the human heart has been always backward to confeſs that great Parts and great Science were to be found together. The eminent Perſon, here mentioned, hath long triumphed over ſo vile a prejudice. Bacon was not ſo happy. The blemiſhes in his moral character diſabled him from

See! ſtrow'd with learned duſt, his nightcap on,
He walks, an object new beneath the ſun!
The boys flock round him, and the people ſtare:
So ſtiff, ſo mute! ſome ſtatue you would ſwear,
Stept from its pedeſtal to take the air!
And here, while town, and court, and city roars,
With mobs, and duns, and ſoldiers, at their doors;
Shall I, in London, act this idle part?
Compoſing ſongs, for Fools to get by heart?

[m] The Temple late two brother Serjeants ſaw,
Who deem'd each other Oracles of Law;
With equal talents. theſe congenial ſouls,
One lull'd th' Exchequer, and one ſtunn'd the Rolls;
Each had a gravity would make you ſplit,
And ſhook his head at MURRAY, as a Wit.

"'Twas,

NOTES.

ſtemming and ſubduing it Indeed, *Envy* was ever unwilling to allow any man to excel in more than one accompliſhment. As to the particular application of this wayward judgment, it is ſometimes right and ſometimes wrong. Thus, for inſtance, when the Public would not allow the great Lawyer, *Cooke*, to be a Claſſic Scholar and a Wit too, (though he had given ſo many delectable ſpecimens of both,) they were perhaps in the right. But when they aſſumed (though they ſpoke by the Organ of Q. Elizabeth herſelf) that Bacon, a great Philoſopher, was yet no Lawyer, they were certainly in the wrong. WARBURTON.

VER. 132. MURRAY, *as a Wit*] Alluding to the common cant of that time, as if this eminent and accompliſhed perſon was more of a polite ſcholar than a profound lawyer; as if law and literature were incompatible; a notion that might eaſily be confuted by the examples of Lords Somers and Hardwicke, Mr. Yorke and Judge Blackſtone, and many others. WARTON.

VER. 132. *as a Wit*] Not long ſince, we are informed by the Editor of the "Minſtrelſy of the Scottiſh Border," that a poor ſchoolmaſter in Scotland was publicly obliged *to renounce* "the *unprofitable* and *ungodly art of Poetry!*"

Gracchus ut hic illi foret; huic ut Mucius ille.
Quî minus argutos vexat furor iſte poëtas?
[n] *Carmina* compono, hic *elegos;* mirabile viſu,
Cælatumque novem Muſis opus. aſpice primùm,
Quanto cum faſtu, quanto molimine circum-
ſpectemus *vacuam Romanis vatibus ædem.*
Mox etiam (ſi fortè vacas) ſequere; et *procul* audi
Quid ferat, et quare ſibi nectat uterque coronam.
Cædimur et totidem plagis conſumimus hoſtem,
Lento Samnites ad lumina prima duello.
Diſcedo Alcæus puncto illius; ille meo quis?
Quis, niſi Callimachus? ſi plus adpoſcere viſus;
Fit Mimnermus, et optivo cognomine creſcit.
Multa fero, ut placem *genus irritabile vatum,*
Cùm ſcribo, et ſupplex populi ſuffragia capto:
Idem,

NOTES.

Ver. 135. *all poetic merit,*] The words of the Original alluded to, contain a beautiful metaphor of a work, Cælatum Muſis Novem, poliſhed and finiſhed by the hands of the Muſes themſelves. Bentley has wantonly and taſtleſsly altered the word to *Sacratum;* as he has done the word *alterius*, ver. 176, to *alternis*, and the word *contracta*, ver. 80, to *non tacta;* and in ver. 90, he has changed *vexat* for *verſat;* and in ver. 87, *frater* for *pactus;* and would have *procul* repeated, ver. 199.

Pauperies immunda *procul, procul*—— Warton.

Ver. 140. *but Stephen,*] Mr. *Stephen Duck*, a modeſt and worthy man, who had the honour (which many who thought themſelves his betters in poetry, had not) of being eſteemed by Mr. Pope.—Queen Caroline, who moderated in a Sovereign between the two great Philoſophers, Clarke and Leibnitz, in the moſt ſublime points in Metaphyſics and Natural Philoſophy, choſe this man for her favourite Poet. Warburton.

By the intereſt of Mr Spence, who had a ſincere regard for Stephen Duck, whoſe life he wrote, and publiſhed his poems, he obtained the living of Byfleet in Surry. He was unfortunately drowned at Reading, 1756. Warton.

" 'Twas, Sir, your law,"—and " Sir, your elo-
" quence,"
" Yours, Cowper's manner—and yours, Talbot's
" ſenſe."
[n] Thus we diſpoſe of all poetic merit,
Yours Milton's genius, and mine Homer's ſpirit.
Call Tibbald Shakeſpear, and he'll ſwear the Nine,
Dear Cibber! never match'd one Ode of thine.
Lord! how we ſtrut through Merlin's Cave, to ſee
No Poets there, but Stephen, you, and me.
Walk with reſpect behind, while we at eaſe
Weave laurel Crowns, and take what names we pleaſe.
" My dear Tibullus!" if that will not do,
" Let me be Horace, and be Ovid you:
" Or, I'm content, allow me Dryden's ſtrains,
" And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains."
Much do I ſuffer, much, to keep in peace
This jealous, waſpiſh, wrong-head, rhyming race;
And

NOTES.

VER. 145 *allow me Dryden's ſtrains,*] The older he grew, the better Dryden wrote. We may apply to him, what Oppian ſays of the ſpirited horſes of Cappadocia;

χραίπνοτεροι δε πελωσιν ὁσω μαλα γήρασκωσι.

Lib. i. Cynegytic, ver. 201.

It has been imagined that Horace laughs at Propertius in that line of the Original,

" Quis, niſi Callimachus?" WARTON.

VER. 146. *And you ſhall riſe up Otway for your pains.*] An imitation of *Dryden*, at Virg. Ecl iii. 162.

Tell that, *and riſe a Phœbus for thy pains.*

VER. 147. *Much do I ſuffer,*] Multa fero, in the Original, has been idly interpreted to mean, " I carry with me a great many compliments, ſoothing ſpeeches," &c. WARTON.

[illegible]m, finitis ſtudiis, et mente receptâ,
Obturem [illegible]patulas *impune legentibus* aures.
° Ridentur [illegible] mala qui componunt carmina: verum
Gaudent ſcribe[illegible]ites; et ſe venerantur, et ultro,
Si taceas, laudant, [illegible] quidquid ſcripſere beati.
At qui *legitimum* cupiet [illegible]ecuiſſe poëma,
Cum tabulis animum cenſoris ſumet honeſti:
Audebit, quæcunque parum ſplendoris habebunt,
Et *ſine pondere* erunt, et *honore indigna* ferentur,
Verba movere loco; quamvis *invita* recedant,
Et verſentur adhuc intra penetralia Veſtæ:
P *Obſcurata* diu populo bonus eruet, atque
Proferet

NOTES.

Ver. 154. *They treat themſelves*] Literary hiſtory ſcarce affords a more ridiculous example of the vanity and ſelf-applauſe of authors, than what is related of Cardinal Richlieu, (in the Melanges d'Hiſtoire of M de Vigneul Marville,) whoſe tragedy of Europa having been cenſured by the French Academy, who did not know the author, the Cardinal, in a fit of indignation, tore the copy into a thouſand pieces, ſcattered it about his chamber, and retired full of rage to his bed. But at midnight, called for light and for his attendant, and with great pains and difficulty gathered up the fragments of his beloved play, and carefully paſted them together. Warton.

Ver. 162 *Nay tho' at Court*] Not happily turned from intra penetralia Veſtæ —But he could not forbear a fling at the Court. In ver. 164. why, " in *downright charity?*" Warton.

Ver. 167. *Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,*] Warburton ſays, " *The imagery is here very ſublime.* It turns *the Poet to a Magician, evoking the dead from their ſepulchres:*

" *Et mugire ſolum, manesque exire ſepulchris!!*"

Horace has *not the ſame force,*

" Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum!!"

And much muſt flatter, if the whim ſhould bite
To court applauſe by printing what I write:
But let the Fit paſs o'er, I'm wiſe enough
To ſtop my ears to their confounded ſtuff.
° In vain, bad Rhymers all mankind reject,
They treat themſelves with moſt profound reſpect;
'Tis to ſmall purpoſe that you hold your tongue,
Each prais'd within, is happy all day long,
But how ſeverely with themſelves proceed
The men, who write ſuch Verſe as we can read?
Their own ſtrict Judges, not a word they ſpare
That wants or force, or light, or weight, or care,
Howe'er unwillingly it quits its place,
Nay tho' at Court (perhaps) it may find grace:
Such they'll degrade; and ſometimes, in its ſtead,
P In downright charity revive the dead;
Mark where a bold expreſſive phraſe appears,
Bright through the rubbiſh of ſome hundred years;
Command old words that long have ſlept, to wake,
Words, that wiſe Bacon, or brave Raleigh ſpake;
Or

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VER. 167. *old words*] Mr. Harte told me, he had often talked on this ſubject with his friend Pope, and the following was the reſult of their converſations: "That language of ours may be called Claſſical Engliſh, which is to be found in a few choſen writers incluſively from the times of Spenſer till the death of Mr. Pope; for falſe refinements, after a language has ariſen to a certain degree of perfection, give reaſons to ſuſpect that a language is upon the decline. The ſame circumſtances have happened formerly, and the event has been almoſt invariably the ſame. Compare Statius and Claudian with Virgil and Horace; and yet the former was, if one may ſo ſpeak, immediate heir at law to the latter.

Proferet in lucem ſpecioſa vocabula rerum,
Quæ priſcis memorata Catonibus atque Cethegis,
Nunc ſitus informis premit et deſerta vetuſtas:
Adſciſcet *nova*, quæ *genitor produxerit uſus*:

Vehemens

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"I have known ſome of my contemporary poets, (and thoſe not very voluminous writers,) who have coined their one or two hundred words a man; whereas Dryden and Pope deviſed only about threeſcore words between them; many of which were compound-epithets. But moſt of the words which they introduced into our language, proved in the event to be vigorous and perennial plants, being choſen and raiſed from excellent offſets. Indeed, the former Author revived alſo a great number of ancient words and expreſſions; and this he did beginning at Chaucer) with ſo much delicacy of choice, and in a manner ſo comprehenſive, that he left the latter Author (who was in that point equally judicious and ſagacious) very little to do, or next to nothing.

"Some few of Dryden's revived words I have preſumed to continue; of which take the following inſtances: as, *grideline*, *filamet*, and *carmine*, (with reference to colours and mixture of colours,) *cymar*, *eygre*, *trine*, EYPHKA, *paraclete*, *panop'y*, *rood*, *dorp*, *eglantine*, *oriſons*, *aſpirations*, &c. I mention this leſt any one ſhould be angry with me, or pleaſed with me in particular places, where I diſcover neither boldneſs nor invention.—I owe alſo to Fenton the participle *meander'd*; and to Sir W. Davenant the Latiniſm of *funeral* ILICET.

"As to compound-epithets, thoſe *ambitioſa ornamenta* of modern poetry, Dryden has deviſed a few of them, with equal diffidence and caution; but thoſe few are exquiſitely beautiful. Mr. Pope ſeized on them as family diamonds, and added thereto an equal number, dug from his own mines, and heightened by his own poliſhing.

"Compound-epithets firſt came into their great vogue about the year 1598. Shakeſpear and Ben Jonſon both ridiculed the oſtentatious and immoderate uſe of them, in their Prologues to Troilus and Creſſida, and to Every Man in his Humour. By the above-named Prologues it appears that bombast grew faſhion-

Or bid the new be Engliſh, ages hence,
(For Uſe will father what's begot by Senſe,)
Pour the full tide of eloquence along,
Serenely pure, and yet divinely ſtrong,
Rich with the treaſures of each foreign tongue;
Prune the luxuriant, the uncouth refine,
But ſhow no mercy to an empty line:
Then

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able about the ſame æra. Now in both inſtances an affected taſte is the ſame as a falſe taſte. The author of Hieronimo (who, I may venture to aſſure the reader, was one John Smith *) firſt led up the dance. Then came the bold and ſelf-ſufficient tranſlator of Du Bartas †, who broke down all the flood-gates of the true ſtream of eloquence, (which formerly preſerved the river clear, within due bounds, and full to its banks,) and, like the rat in the Low Country dikes, miſchievouſly or wantonly deluged the whole land." WARTON.

VER. 168. *brave Raleigh ſpake;*] The concluſion of his Hiſtory of the World, is written with uncommon energy and elegance Among other particulars, Aubrey, in his manuſcript notes, relates, that he was accuſtomed to ſpeak, though ſo great a maſter of ſtyle, in a broad Devonſhire dialect. His voice was ſmall. And he adds a remarkable anecdote, that, at a conſultation held at Whitehall, among ſeveral conſiderable perſonages, juſt after Queen Elizabeth's death, Raleigh declared his opinion, that it was the wiſeſt way for them to keep the ſtaff in their own hands, and ſet up a commonwealth, and not to be ſubject to a needy, beggarly nation. This ſecret declaration of Raleigh was conveyed by one of the Cabal to King James, who never forgave Raleigh for uttering it. WARTON.

VER. 174. *Prune the luxuriant, &c.*] Our Poet, at fifteen, got acquainted with *Walſh*, whoſe candour and judgment he has celebrated in his *Eſſay on Criticiſm*. Walſh encouraged him greatly; and

* John Smith writ alſo the Hector of Germany.
† Joſhua Sylveſter.

Vehemens et *liquidus*, puroque ſimillimus amni,
Fundet opes, Latiumque beabit divite linguâ:
Luxuriantia compeſcet: nimis aſpera ſano
Levabit cultu: virtute carentia tollet:
Ludentis ſpeciem dabit, et *torquebitur;* ut qui
Nunc Satyrum, nunc agreſtem Cyclopa movetur.
[q] Prætulerim ſcriptor delirus inerſque videri,
Dum mea *delectent* mala me, vel denique *fallant*,
Quam

NOTES.

and uſed to tell him, there was one road ſtill open for diſtinction, in which he might excel the reſt of his countrymen; and that was *correctneſs;* in which the Engliſh poets had been remarkably defective. For though we have had ſeveral great geniuſes, yet not one of them knew how to *prune his luxuriancies*. This therefore, as he had talents that ſeemed capable of things worthy to be improved, ſhould be his principal ſtudy. Our young Author followed his advice, till habit made correcting the moſt agreeable, as well as uſeful, of all his poetical exerciſes: and the delight he took in it, produced the effect he ſpeaks of, in the following lines:

"Then poliſh all with ſo much *life* and *eaſe*,
"You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe."

We are not commonly taught to expect this effect from correction; and it has been obſerved oftener to produce a heavy ſtiffneſs; which, by another image, the Ancients called *ſmelling of the lamp*. And without doubt, this will be the conſequence, when it is performed with pain, as it will be when it is diſcharged as a taſk. But when it becomes, by habit, an exerciſe of amuſement, the judgment, lying no harder on the fancy than to direct its ſallies, will preſerve the *life;* and the fancy lightening the judgment, will produce the *eaſe* here ſpoken of.

WARBURTON.

VER. 176. *Then poliſh all, &c.*] M. Voltaire, ſpeaking, as I remember, of Mr. Pope, ſays,— "L'art d'être eloquent en vers eſt de tous les arts le plus difficile, et le plus rare. On trouvera mille Genies qui ſçauront aranger un ouvrage, et le verſifier d'une maniere commune; mais le traiter en vrai Poete, c'eſt un talent qui eſt donné à trois ou quatre hommes ſur la terre."

WARBURTON.

Then poliſh all, with ſo much life and eaſe,
You think 'tis nature, and a knack to pleaſe:
"But eaſe in writing flows from Art, not chance;
"As thoſe move eaſieſt who have learn'd to dance."
"If ſuch the plague and pains to write by rule,
Better (ſay I) be pleas'd, and play the fool;
Call, if you will, bad rhyming a diſeaſe,
It gives men happineſs, or leaves them eaſe.

There

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VER. 177. *You think 'tis nature,*] Inferior to the example Horace has here uſed for executing a difficulty with ſeeming eaſe, taken from a pantomime, who repreſents the rude and awkward and diſtorted geſtures of a Cyclops, with apparent facility and grace, though theſe geſtures cannot be performed without much real labour and previous diſcipline. The Cyclops of Euripides is alluded to; the only ſatiric drama that has remained of the ancients. WARTON.

VER. 178. *But eaſe in writing, &c.*] That ſpecies of Writers, which Mr. Pope elſewhere calls

"The mob of Gentlemen who wrote *with eaſe*,"

underſtood this quality of a poem to belong only to ſuch as (a certain Wit ſays) were *eaſily written*; whereas our Poet ſuppoſes it to be the laſt, and hardly attained, perfection of a laboured work. But the *Gentleman writing*, laughed at in the line above, and its oppoſite, which he ſomewhere calls *proſe run mad*, are the two extremes of that perfect ſtyle, the idea of which he has here ſo well deſcribed from his own writings. As *eaſe* was the mode of the laſt age, which took *Suckling* for its pattern; ſo the imitation of *Milton* has introduced a pompous hardneſs into the affected writings of the preſent. Which laſt character, Quintilian deſcribes very juſtly, and accounts as well for its ſucceſs,—"Evenit nonnunquam ut aliquid grande inveniat, qui ſemper quærit quod nimium eſt; verum et raro evenit, et cætera vitia non penſat." I remember once on reading a poem of this kind with Mr. Pope, called *Nigh. Thoughts*, where the Poet was always on the ſtrain, and labouring for expreſſion, he ſaid pleaſantly: *This is a ſtrange*

Quam ſapere, et ringi. Fuit *haud ignobilis* Argis,
Qui ſe credebat miros audire tragœdos,
In vacuo lætus ſeſſor plauſorque *theatro:*
Cætera qui vitæ ſervaret munia recto
More; bonus ſane vicinus, *amabilis* hoſpes,
Comis in uxorem; *poſſet* qui ignoſcere ſervis,
Et ſigno l[illegible]ſo *non inſanire* lagenæ:
Poſſet qui rupem, et puteum vitare patentem.
Hic ubi cognatorum opibus curiſque refectus,
Expulit elleboro morbum bilemque meraco,
Et redit ad ſeſe: Pol me occidiſtis, amici,
Non ſervâſtis, ait; cui ſic extorta voluptas,
Et demptus per vim mentis gratiſſimus error.

Ni-

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man; he ſeems to think with the Apothecaries, that Album Grecum is better than an ordinary ſtool. He himſelf was never ſwelling or pompous: and if ever he inclined to hardneſs, it was not from attempting to ſay a common thing with magnificence, but from including a great deal in a little room. WARBURTON.

In point of correctneſs, of perſpicuity of ſtyle, and propriety of ſentiment, there cannot be, on the whole, any compariſon betwixt Pope and Young. But the ſtrokes of the true ſublime in the Night Thoughts, the ſallies of wit in the Univerſal Paſſion, and the ſtrong character of Zanga in the Revenge, are ſufficient to preſerve Young from the contempt flung upon him in this note of Dr. Warburton. WARTON.

VER. 184. *There liv'd* in primo] Much of the grace and propriety of this ſtory of the Madman at Argos is loſt, by transferring the ſcene from the theatre to the parliament houſe, from poetry to politics. The original ſtory of this ſort of madneſs is mentioned by Ariſtotle, and alſo by Ælian. Var. Hiſt. c. xxv. l. 4. of a madman, named Thraſyllus, who uſed to go down to Piræum, and thought all the ſhips that arrived in that port were his own. Horace judiciouſly laid the ſcene of this inſanity in the theatre. Pope's ſtory was entirely fiction, and unſuited to the ſubject,

Engraved by C. Picart from a Drawing by Gardner.

AUGUSTA, PRINCESS OF WALES,

From a Picture by Zincke,

in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors. May 1. 1807.

Engraved by C. Picart from a Drawing by Gardner.

FREDERICK, PRINCE OF WALES,

From a Picture by Hudson,

lately in the Marquis of Buckingham's Collection at Stowe,

now at Carleton House.

Published by Cadell & Davies, Strand, and the other Proprietors, May 1. 1807.

There liv'd *in primo Georgii* (they record)
A worthy member, no ſmall fool, a Lord;
Who, tho' the Houſe was up, delighted ſate,
Heard, noted, anſwer'd, as in full debate:
In all but this, a man of ſober life,
Fond of his Friend, and civil to his Wife;
Not quite a madman, tho' a paſty fell,
And much too wiſe to walk into a well.
Him, the damn'd Doctors and his Friends immur'd,
They bled, they cupp'd, they purg'd; in ſhort, they cur'd:
Whereat the gentleman began to ſtare—
My Friends! he cried, p-x take you for your care!
That from a Patriot of diſtinguiſh'd note,
Have bled and purg'd me to a ſimple Vote.
Well,

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which was dramatic poetry. The reader ſhall have the pleaſure of comparing it with Boileau's imitation of the ſame paſſage, in his 4th Satire, ver. 103.

" Jadis certain bigot, d'ailleurs homme ſenſé,
D'un mal aſſez bizarre eut le cerveau bleſſé,
S'imaginant ſans ceſſe, en ſa douce manie,
Des eſprits bien heureux entendre l'harmonie.
Enfin un médicin fort expert en ſon art,
Le guérit par adreſſe, ou plutôt par hazard.
Mais voulant de ſes ſoins exiger le ſalaire,
Moi, vous païer? lui dit le Bigot en colère;
Vous, dont l'art infernal, par des ſecrets maudits,
En me tirant d'erreur, m'ôte du Paradis? WARTON.

VER. 192. *Him, the damn'd Doctors, &c.*] The execution of this paſſage is admirably dextrous, and of exquiſite urbanity. The efforts of Boileau on the ſame ſubject will form an agreeable com-

[r] Nimirum ſapere eſt abjectis utile nugis,
Et tempeſtivum *pueris* concedere ludum;
[s] Ac non verba ſequi fidibus modulanda Latinis,
Sed *veræ numeroſque modoſque* ediſcere *vitæ*.
Quocirca *mecum* loquor hæc, tacituſque recordor:
[t] Si tibi nulla ſitim finiret copia lymphæ,
Narrares medicis: quod quanto plura parâſti,
Tanto plura cupis, nullíne faterier audes?
[u] Si vulnus tibi monſtrata radice vel herba
Non fieret levius, fugeres radice vel herba
Proficiente

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pariſon. But here we ſee an elegant indeed, yet ſervile, copyiſt; whilſt our countryman's imitation has all the novelty and ſpirit of original conception. WAKEFIELD.

Ver. 202. *To rules of Poetry*] Theſe four lines are far ſuperior to the Original, particularly the third and the fourth. WARTON.

Ver. 210. *compliments apart,*] This is languid and redundant; by the two preceding lines, hinting at what paſſed in his mind, on leaving London until he got to Tickenham, very pleaſing. *Feel the ſmart*, ver. 217, is ill expreſſed. WARTON.

Ver. 218. *When golden Angels*] Theſe lines are undoubtedly good; but the introduction of the abſurd practice of touching for the king's evil, and the ſatire on ſervile chaplains, ſeem forced. WARTON.

Ver. 218. *When golden Angels ceaſe, &c.*] The whole of this paſſage alludes to a dedication of *Mr.* afterwards *Biſhop Kennet*, to the Duke of Devonſhire; to whom he was chaplain, ver. 229. therefore muſt be filled up thus:

If *Devonſhire* lov'd ſixpence more than he. BENNET.

And perhaps, therefore, ver. 222. thus:

Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty *Duke!* be fair —.

The *Angel* was a golden coin, given as a fee by thoſe who came to be touched by the royal hand for the Evil: and the ſecond couplet of the quotation reſembles the concluſion of *Perſius's* fourth ſatire:

Tecum

'Well, on the whole, plain Proſe muſt be my fate:
Wiſdom (curſe on it) will come ſoon or late.
There is a time when Poets will grow dull:
I'll e'en leave verſes to the boys at ſchool;
To rules of Poetry no more confin'd,
I'll learn to ſmooth and harmonize my Mind,
Teach ev'ry thought within its bounds to roll,
And keep the equal meaſure of the Soul.

'Soon as I enter at my country door,
My mind reſumes the thread it dropt before;
Thoughts, which at Hyde-park-corner I forgot,
Meet and rejoin me, in the penſive Grot.
There all alone, and compliments apart,
I aſk theſe ſober queſtions of my heart.

'If, when the more you drink, the more you crave,
You tell the Doctor; when the more you have,
The more you want, why not with equal eaſe
Confeſs as well your Folly, as Diſeaſe?
The heart reſolves this matter in a trice,
"Men only feel the Smart, but not the Vice."

'When golden Angels ceaſe to cure the Evil,
You give all royal Witchcraft to the Devil:
When ſervile Chaplains cry, that birth and place
Indue a Peer with honour, truth, and grace,

Look

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Tecum habita, et nôris quàm ſit tibi curta ſupellex.
Survey thy ſoul; not what thou doſt appear,
But what thou art; and find the beggar there. *Dryden.*

WAKEFIELD.

VER. 220. *When ſervile Chaplains cry,*] Dr. Kennet.

WARBURTON.

Proficiente nihil curarier: audieras, cui
Rem Dî donârint, illi decedere pravam
Stultitiam; et, cum ſis nihilo ſapientior, ex quo
Plenior es, tamen uteris monitoribus iſdem?

At ſi divitiæ prudentem reddere poſſent,
Si cupidum timidumque minus te; nempe ruberes
Viveret in terris te ſi quis avarior uno.

[w] Si *proprium* eſt, quod quis libra mercatus et ære eſt,
Quædam (ſi credis *conſultis*) mancipat *uſus*:
Qui te paſcit ager, tuus eſt; et villicus Orbî,
Cum ſegetes occat tibi mox frumenta daturas,
Te dominum ſentit.

[x] das nummos; accipis uvam,
Pullos, ova, cadum, temeti: nempe modo iſto
Paulatim mercaris agrum, fortaſſe trecentis,
Aut etiam ſupra, nummorum millibus emptum,
Quid refert, vivas *numerato nuper*, an *olim?*

[y] Emptor Aricini quondam, Veientis et arvi,
Emptum cœnat olus, quamvis aliter putat; emptis

Sub

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Ver. 229. *If* D*** *lov'd*] Warton ſays, he ſearched in vain for the name to whom this blank belongs. "Of all ſorts of writing," he juſtly obſerves, "perſonal ſatire is not only the moſt unintelligible, but the moſt ſhort-liv'd. How many of the characters to whom La Bruyere alludes, are unknown; Theodas, is Santeuil; Menalcas, Count de Brançaſ.

"It was a long time before it was underſtood that M. de la Rochefoucault, in his 71ſt maxim, meant to point out the Chevalier de Rohan: in his 342d maxim, the D. d'Eſpernon; and in his 393d, M. le Tellier; and in maxim 200, the narrow converſation

Look in that breaſt, moſt dirty D—! be fair,
Say, can you find out one ſuch lodger there?
Yet ſtill, not heeding what your heart can teach,
You go to Church to hear theſe Flatt'rers preach.
Indeed, could wealth beſtow or wit or merit,
A grain of courage, or a ſpark of ſpirit,
The wiſeſt man might bluſh, I muſt agree,
If D*** lov'd ſixpence, more than he.
[v] If there be truth in Law, and Uſe can give
A Property, that's yours on which you live.
Delightful Abs-court, if its fields afford
Their fruits to you, confeſſes you its lord:
All [x] Worldly's hens, nay partridge, ſold to town,
His ven'ſon too, a guinea makes your own:
He bought at thouſands, what with better wit
You purchaſe as you want, and bit by bit;
Now, or long ſince, what diff'rence will be found!
You pay a penny, and he paid a pound.
[y] Heathcote himſelf, and ſuch large-acred men,
Lords of fat E'ſham, or of Lincoln fen,
Buy ev'ry ſtick of wood, that lends them heat,
Buy ev'ry Pullet they afford to eat.
Yet theſe are Wights, who fondly call their own
Half that the Dev'l o'erlooks from Lincoln town.

The

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ſation of Boileau and Racine, who never talked on any ſubject but poetry and criticiſm."

Ver. 232. *Delightful Abs-court,*] A farm over-againſt Hampton-Court. WARBURTON.

Sub noctem gelidam lignis calefactat ahenum.
Sed *vocat* uſque ſuum, qua populus adſita certis
Limitibus vicina refigit jurgia: tanquam
[z] Sit *proprium* quidquam, puncto quod mobilis horæ,
Nunc prece, nunc pretio, nunc vi, nunc morte ſuprema,
Permutet dominos, et cedat in altera jura.

Sic, quia *perpetuus* nulli datur *uſus*, at hæres
Hæredem alterius, velut unda ſupervenit undam:
Quid *vici* proſunt, aut *horrea?* quidve Calabris
Saltibus adjecti Lucani; ſi metit Orcus
Grandia cum parvis, non exorabilis auro?

[a] Gemmas, marmor, ebur, Tyrrhena ſigilla, tabellas,
Argentum, veſtes Gætulo murice tinctas,
Sunt qui non habeant; eſt qui non curat habere.

Cur

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Ver. 248. *hang in Fortune's pow'r—Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.*] A modern idea (the magnetic needle) here ſupplied the Imitator with expreſſion much ſuperior to his Original. Warburton.

Ver. 254. *All vaſt poſſeſſions,*] The next ten lines are far ſuperior to the Original, both for their poetry and philoſophy; and for the artful introduction of the name of his excellent and amiable friend, Lord Bathurſt. Warton.

Ver. 257. *Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,*] *Saperton.* His ſeat is near the *Cotſwold* hills: and his favourite paſſion is well alluded to in ver. 260.

Link towns to towns with avenues of oak:

for the *avenues of oaks* at Saperton are very magnificent.

Bennet.

Wakefield.

The Laws of God, as well as of the land,
Abhor, a Perpetuity ſhould ſtand:
Eſtates have wings, and hang in Fortune's pow'r
[z] Looſe on the point of ev'ry wav'ring hour.
Ready, by force, or of your own accord,
By ſale, at leaſt by death, to change their lord.
Man? and *for ever?* wretch! what would'ſt thou have?
Heir urges heir, like wave impelling wave.
All vaſt poſſeſſions, (juſt the ſame the caſe
Whether you call them Villa, Park, or Chaſe,)
Alas, my BATHURST! what will they avail?
Join Cotſwood hills to Saperton's fair dale,
Let riſing Granaries and Temples here,
Their mingled farms and pyramids appear,
Link towns to towns with avenues of oak,
Encloſe whole downs in walls, 'tis all a joke!
Inexorable Death ſhall level all,
And trees, and ſtones, and farms, and farmer fall.
[a] Gold, Silver, Iv'ry, Vaſes ſculptur'd high,
Paint, Marble, Gems, and robes of Perſian dye,
There are who have not,—and thank Heav'n there are,
Who, if they have not, think not worth their care.

Talk

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VER. 264. *Gold, Silver,*] Theſe four lines are fine examples of the cloſe, energetic, comprehenſive, ſtyle of which he was ſo perfect a maſter. WARTON.

[b] Cur alter fratrum *ceſſare*, et *ludere*, et *ungi*
Præferat Herodis palmetis pinguibus; alter
Dives et *importunus*, ad umbram lucis ab ortu
Silveſtrem flammis et ferro mitiget agrum:
Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum:
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ, mortalis in unum—
Quodque caput, vultu mutabilis, albus, et ater.

[c] Utar, et ex modico, quantum res poſcet, acervo
Tollam: nec metuam, quid de me judicet *hæres*,
Quod

NOTES.

VER 2-3. *All Townſhend's Turnips*,] Lord Townſhend, Secretary of State to George the Firſt and Second —When this great Stateſman retired from buſineſs, he amuſed himſelf in Huſbandry; and was particularly fond of that kind of rural improvement which ariſes from Turnips; it was the favourite ſubject of his converſation. WARBURTON.

He is ſaid to have been ſlow in his parts, rough in his manners, and impatient of contradiction, but generous and humane at bottom; and of ſtrong, good judgment. WARTON.

VER. 274. *like Bu*—] Bubb Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe, whoſe curious Diary has diſcovered many deſpicable court-ſecrets and mean intrigues. WARTON.

VER. 277. *fly, like Oglethorpe*,] Employed in ſettling the Colony of Georgia. POPE.

Here are lines that will juſtly confer immortality on a man who well deſerved ſo magnificent an eulogium. He was at once a great *hero* and a great *legiſlator*. The vigor of his mind and body have ſeldom been equalled. The vivacity of his genius continued to a great old age. The variety of his adventures, and the very different ſcenes in which he had been engaged, makes one regret that his life has never been written. Dr. Johnſon once offered to do it, if the General would furniſh the materials. Johnſon had a great regard for him, for he was one of the firſt perſons that highly, in all companies, praiſed his *London*. His firſt campaign was made under Prince Eugene, againſt the Turks; and this great General always ſpoke of Oglethorpe in the higheſt terms.

Neither

[b] Talk what you will of Taſte, my friend, you'll find
Two of a face, as ſoon as of a mind.
Why, of two brothers, rich and reſtleſs one
Plows, burns, manures, and toils from ſun to ſun;
The other ſlights, for women, ſports, and wines,
All Townſhend's Turnips, and all Groſvenor's mines:
Why one like Bu — with pay and ſcorn content,
Bows and votes on, in Court and Parliament;
One driv'n by ſtrong Benevolence of ſoul,
Shall fly, like Oglethorpe, from pole to pole:
Is known alone to that Directing Pow'r,
Who forms the Genius in the natal hour;
That God of Nature, who, within us ſtill,
Inclines our action, not conſtrains our will;
Various of temper, as of face or frame,
Each individual: His great End the ſame.
[c] Yes, Sir, how ſmall ſoever be my heap,
A part I will enjoy, as well as keep.

My

NOTES.

Neither he nor Eugene loved Marlborough. He once told me, (for I had the pleaſure of knowing him well,) that Eugene, ſpeaking of Marlborough, ſaid, "There is a great difference in making war *en maitre*, or *en avocat*" But his ſettlement of the Colony in Georgia gave a greater luſtre to his character than even his military exploits. WARTON.

VER. 280. *That God of Nature, &c.*] Here our Poet had an opportunity of illuſtrating his own Philoſophy; and ſo giving a much better ſenſe to his Original; and correcting both the *Naturaliſm* and the *Fate* of Horace, which are covertly conveyed in theſe words:

"Scit *Genius*, natale comes qui temperat aſtrum,
NATURÆ DEUS HUMANÆ." WARBURTON.

Quod non *plura datis* invenerit. et tamen idem
Scire volam, quantum ſimplex hilariſque nepoti
Diſcrepet, et quantum diſcordet parcus avaro.
Diſtat enim, ſpargas tua prodigus, an neque ſumptum
Invitus facias, nec plura parare labores;
Ac potius, puer ut feſtis Quinquatribus olim,
Exiguo gratoque fruaris tempore *raptim.*
[f] Pauperies immunda procul procul abſit: ego, utrum
Nave ferar *magna* an *parva;* ferar *unus et idem.*
Non agimur tumidis velis Aquilone ſecundo:
Non tamen adverſis ætatem ducimus Auſtris.
Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,
Extremi primorum, extremis uſque priores.
[g] Non es avarus: abi. quid? cætera jam ſimul iſto
Cum vitio fugere? caret tibi pectus inani
Ambitione? caret mortis formidine et ira?
Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,
Nocturnos lemures, portentaque Theſſala rides?
Natales grate numeras? ignoſcis amicis?
Lenior

NOTES.

VER. 102. *In pow'r, wit,*] The ſix words in the Original,

"Viribus, ingenio, ſpecie, virtute, loco, re,"

are wonderfully cloſe, emphatical, and compact; but I think they could hardly be better expreſſed than by our Author. He has not, perhaps, ſucceeded ſo well in imitating another line below,

"Somnia, terrores magicos, miracula, ſagas,"

a line of admirable brevity. WARTON.

VER. 312. *Survey both worlds,*] It is obſervable with what ſobriety he has corrected the licentiouſneſs of his Original, which made the expectation of another world a part of that ſuperſtition, he would explode; whereas the Imitator is only for removing the falſe terors from the world of ſpirits; ſuch as the *diablerie* of *witchcraft* and *purgatory*. WARBURTON.

My heir may ſigh, and think it want of grace
A man ſo poor would live without a place:
But ſure no ſtatute in his favour ſays,
How free, or frugal, I ſhall paſs my days:
I, who at ſome times ſpend, at others ſpare,
Divided between careleſſneſs and care.
'Tis one thing madly to diſperſe my ſtore;
Another, not to heed to treaſure more;
Glad, like a Boy, to ſnatch the firſt good day,
And pleas'd, if ſordid Want be far away.
[f] What is't to me, (a paſſenger God wot,)
Whether my veſſel be firſt rate or not?
The Ship itſelf may make a better figure,
But I that ſail, am neither leſs nor bigger.
I neither ſtrut with ev'ry fav'ring breath,
Nor ſtrive with all the tempeſt in my teeth.
In pow'r, wit, figure, virtue, fortune, plac'd
Behind the foremoſt, and before the laſt.
[g] "But why all this of Av'rice? I have none."
I wiſh you joy, Sir, of a Tyrant gone;
But does no other lord it at this hour,
As wild and mad? the Avarice of pow'r?
Does neither Rage inflame, nor Fear appall?
Not the black fear of death, that ſaddens all?
With terrors round, can Reaſon hold her throne,
Deſpiſe the known, nor tremble at th' unknown?
Survey both worlds, intrepid and entire,
In ſpite of witches, devils, dreams, and fire?
Pleas'd to look forward, pleas'd to look behind,
And count each birth-day with a grateful mind?

Lenior et melior fis accedente ſenecta?
Quid te exempta levat ſpinis de pluribus una?
[h] Vivere ſi recte neſcis, decede peritis.
Luſiſti ſatis, ediſti ſatis, atque bibiſti:
Tempus abire tibi eſt: ne potum largius æquo
Rideat, et pulſet laſciva decentius ætas.

Has life no fourneſs, drawn ſo near its end?
Can'ſt thou endure a foe, forgive a friend?
Has age but melted the rough parts away,
As winter-fruits grow mild ere they decay?
Or will you think, my friend, your bus'neſs done,
When, of a hundred thorns, you pull out one? 321
[h] Learn to live well, or fairly make your will;
You've play'd, and lov'd, and eat, and drank your fill:
Walk ſober off; before a ſprightlier age
Comes titt'ring on, and ſhoves you from the ſtage:
Leave ſuch to trifle with more grace and eaſe, 326
Whom Folly pleaſes, and whoſe Follies pleaſe*.

NOTES.

VER. 326. *Leave ſuch to trifle*] It, perhaps, might have been better to have omitted theſe two laſt lines: the ſecond of which has a quaint and modern turn; and the humour conſiſts in being driven off the ſtage, *potum largius æquo*. The word *luſiſti* in the Original, is uſed in a looſe and naughty ſenſe, ſays Upton. As alſo l. 4. 13. Od. and in Propertius,

"—— populus luſit Erichthonius." WARTON.

THE

SATIRES

OF

DR. JOHN DONNE,

DEAN OF ST. PAUL'S,

VERSIFIED.

Quid vetat et noſmet *Lucili* ſcripta legentes
Quærere, num illius, num rerum dura negârit
Verſiculos natura magis factos, et euntes
Mollius? HOR.

THE wit, the vigour, and the honeſty of Mr. Pope's Satiric Writings had raiſed a great clamour againſt him, as if the *Supplement*, as he calls it, *to the Public Laws*, was a violation of morality and ſociety. In anſwer to this charge he had it in his purpoſe to ſhew, that two of the moſt reſpectable characters in the modeſt and virtuous age of Elizabeth, Dr. Donne and Biſhop Hall, had arraigned Vice publicly, and ſhewn it in ſtronger colours, than he had done, whether they found it,

" On the Pillory, or near the Throne.

In purſuance of this purpoſe, our Poet hath admirably *verſified*, as he expreſſes it, two or three Satires of Dr. Donne. He intended to have given two or three of Biſhop Hall's likewiſe, whoſe force and claſſical elegance he much admired; but as Hall was a better verſifier, and, as a mere Academic, had not his vein vitiated like Donne's, by the fantaſtic language of Courts, Mr. Pope's purpoſe was only to correct a little, and ſmooth the verſification. In the firſt edition of Hall's Satires, which was in Mr. Pope's library, we find that long Satire, called the Firſt of the Sixth Book, corrected throughout, and the verſification mended for his uſe. He intitles it, in the beginning of his corrections, by the name of *Sat. Opt.* This writer, Hall, fell under a ſevere examiner of his wit and reaſoning, in the famous Milton. For Hall, a little before the unhappy breach between Charles I. and the long Parliament, having written in defence of Epiſcopacy, Milton, who firſt ſet out an advocate for Preſbytery, thought fit to take Hall's defence to taſk. And as he rarely gave quarter to his adverſaries, from the Biſhop's theologic writings, he fell upon his Poetry. But a ſtronger proof of the excellency of theſe Satires can hardly be given, than that all he could find to cavil at, was the *title* to the three firſt Books, which Hall, ridiculouſly enough, calls TOOTHLESS SATIRE: on this, for want of better hold, Milton faſtens, and ſufficiently mumbles. WARBURTON.

Dryden was the firſt who recommended the plan purſued by Pope, in rendering Donne more harmonious, and who ſays, if his ſatires were *tranſlated* into *numbers*, they would be admired.

SATIRE II.

SIR, though (I thank God for it) I do hate
Perfectly all this town; yet there's one ſtate
In all ill things, ſo excellently beſt,
That hate towards them, breeds pity towards the reſt.
Though Poetry, indeed, be ſuch a ſin,
As, I think, that brings *Dearth* and *Spaniards* in:
Though

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Yes; thank my ſtars!*] Two noblemen of taſte and learning, the Duke of Shrewſbury and the Earl of Oxford, deſired Pope to melt down and caſt anew, the weighty bullion of Dr. Donne's Satires; who had degraded and deformed a vaſt fund of ſterling wit and ſtrong ſenſe, by the moſt harſh and uncouth diction. Pope ſucceeded in giving harmony to a writer, more rough and rugged than even any of his age, and who profited ſo little by the example Spencer had ſet, of a moſt muſical and mellifluous verſification; far beyond the verſification of Fairfax, who is frequently mentioned as the greateſt improver of the harmony of our language The Satires of Hall, written in very ſmooth and pleaſing numbers, preceded thoſe of Donne many years; for his Virgidemiarum were publiſhed, in ſix books, in the year 1597; in which he calls himſelf the very firſt Engliſh Satiriſt. This, however, was not true in fact; for Sir Thomas Wyatt, of Allington Caſtle in Kent, the friend and favourite of Henry VIII. and, as was ſuggeſted, of Ann Boleyn, was our firſt writer of Satire worth notice. But it was not in his numbers only that Donne was reprehenſible. He abounds in falſe thoughts, in far-ſought ſentiments, in forced unnatural conceits. He was the firſt corrupter of Cowley. Dryden was the firſt who called him a metaphyſical poet. He had a conſiderable ſhare of learning, and though he entered late into orders, yet he was eſteemed a good

SATIRE II.

YES; thank my ſtars! as early as I knew
This Town, I had the ſenſe to hate it too:
Yet here, as ev'n in Hell, there muſt be ſtill
One Giant-Vice, ſo excellently ill,
That all beſide, one pities, not abhors;
As who knows Sappho, ſmiles at other whores.
I grant that Poetry's a crying ſin;
It brought (no doubt) th' *Exciſe* and *Army* in:
Catch'd

NOTES.

a good divine. James I. was ſo earneſt to prefer him in the church, that he even refuſed the Earl of Somerſet, his favourite, the requeſt he earneſtly made, of giving Donne an office in the council. In the entertaining account of that converſation, which Ben Jonſon is ſaid to have held with Mr. Drummond, of Hauthornden in Scotland, in the year 1619, containing his judgments of the Engliſh Poets, he ſpeaks thus of Donne, (who was his intimate friend, and had frequently addreſſed him in various poems:) "Donne was originally a poet; his grand-father, on the mother's ſide, was Heywood the epigrammatiſt; but for not being underſtood, he would periſh. He eſteemed him the firſt poet in the world for ſome things; his Verſes of the Loſt Ochadine, he had by heart; and that paſſage of the Calm, "that duſt and feather, did not ſtir, all was ſo quiet." He affirmed, that Donne wrote all his beſt pieces before he was twenty-five years of age.

Donne was one of our Poets who wrote elegantly in Latin; as did Ben Jonſon, Cowley, Milton, Addiſon, and Gray. The private character of Donne, the inconvenience he underwent on account of his early marriage, and his remarkable ſenſibility of temper, render him very amiable. WARTON.

Though like the peſtilence, and old-faſhion'd love,
Ridlingly it catch men, and doth remove
Never, till it be ſtarv'd out; yet their ſtate
Is poor, diſarm'd, like Papiſts, not worth hate.
One (like a wretch, which at barre judg'd as dead,
Yet prompts him which ſtands next, and cannot read,
And ſaves his life) gives Idiot Actors means,
(Starving himſelf,) to live by's labour'd ſcenes.
As in ſome Organs, Puppits dance above,
And bellows pant below, which them do move.
One would move love by rhymes; but witchcraft's charms
Bring not now their old fears, nor their old harms:
Rams and ſlings now are ſilly battery,
Piſtolets are the beſt artillery.
And they who write to Lords, rewards to get,
Are they not like ſingers at doors for meat?
And they who write, becauſe all write, have ſtill
That 'ſcuſe for writing, and for writing ill.
But he is worſt, who beggarly doth chaw
Others wits fruits, and in his ravenous maw
Rankly digeſted, doth theſe things out-ſpue,
As his own things; and they're his own, 'tis true,
For if one eat my meat, though it be known
The meat was mine, the excrement's his own.
But theſe do me no harm, nor they which uſe,
. . . . . to out-uſure Jews,

Catch'd like the Plague, or Love, the Lord knows how,
But that the cure is ſtarving, all allow.
Yet like the Papiſt's, is the Poet's ſtate,
Poor and diſarm'd, and hardly worth your hate!

Here a lean Bard, who'e wit could never give
Himſelf a dinner, makes an Actor live:
The Thief condemn'd, in law already dead,
So prompts, and ſaves a rogue who cannot read.
Thus as the pipes of ſome carv'd Organ move,
The gilded puppets dance and mount above.
Heav'd by the breath, th' inſpiring bellows blow:
Th' inſpiring bellows lie and pant below.

One ſings the Fair; but ſongs no longer move;
No rat is rhym'd to death, nor maid to love:
In love's, in nature's ſpite, the ſiege they hold,
And ſcorn the fleſh, the dev'l, and all but gold.

Theſe write to Lords, ſome mean reward to get,
As needy beggars ſing at doors for meat.
Thoſe write becauſe all write, and ſo have ſtill
Excuſe for writing, and for writing ill.

Wretched indeed! but far more wretched yet
Is he who makes his meal on others wit:
'Tis chang'd, no doubt, from what it was before,
His rank digeſtion makes it wit no more:
Senſe, paſt through him, no longer is the ſame;
For food digeſted takes another name.

I paſs o'er all thoſe Confeſſors and Martyrs
Who live like S—tt—n, or who die like Chartres,
Out-cant old Eſdras, or out-drink his heir,
Out-uſure Jews, or Iriſhmen out-ſwear;

Wicked

T' out-drink the ſea, t' out-ſwear the Letanie,
Who with ſins all kinds as familiar be
As Confeſſors, and for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in hell muſt make;
Whoſe ſtrange ſins Canoniſts could hardly tell
In which Commandment's large receit they dwell.

But theſe puniſh themſelves. The inſolence
Of *Coſcus*, only, breeds my juſt offence,
Whom time (which rots all, and makes botches pox,
And plodding on, muſt make a calf an ox)
Hath made a Lawyer; which (alas) of late;
But ſcarce a Poet: jollier of this ſtate,
Than are new-benefic'd Miniſters, he throws,
Like nets or lime-twigs, whereſoe'er he goes
His title of Barriſter on ev'ry wench,
And wooes in language of the Pleas and Bench.**

Words, words which would tear
The tender labyrinth of a Maid's ſoft ear:

More,

NOTES.

VER. 38. *Iriſhmen out-ſwear*;] The Original ſays,

" out-ſwear the Letanie,"

improved by the Imitator into a juſt ſtroke of Satire. Dr. Donne's is a low alluſion to a licentious quibble uſed at that time by the enemies of the Engliſh Liturgy: who, diſliking the frequent invocations in the *Letanie*, called them the *taking God's Name in vain*, which is the Scripture periphraſis for *ſwearing*.

WARBURTON.

VER. 43. *Of whoſe ſtrange crimes*] Such as Sanchez de Matrimonio has minutely enumerated and deſcribed. Such Canoniſts deſerved this animadverſion. In Paſcal's fine Provincial Letters are alſo ſome ſtrange and ſtriking examples. WARTON.

Wicked as Pages, who in early years
Act ſins which Priſca's Confeſſor ſcarce hears.
Ev'n thoſe I pardon, for whoſe ſinful ſake
Schoolmen new tenements in Hell muſt make;
Of whoſe ſtrange crimes no Canoniſt can tell
In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.
One, one man only breeds my juſt offence;
Whom crimes gave wealth, and wealth gave impudence:
Time, that at laſt matures a clap to pox,
Whoſe gentle progreſs makes a calf an ox,
And brings all natural events to paſs,
Hath made him an Attorney of an Aſs.
No young Divine, new benefic'd, can be
More pert, more proud, more poſitive than he.
What further could I wiſh the fop to do,
But turn a wit and ſcribble verſes too;
Pierce the ſoft lab'rinth of a Lady's ear
With rhymes of this *per cent.* and that *per year?*

Or

NOTES.

VER. 44. *In what Commandment's large contents they dwell.*] The Original is more humorous:

"In which Commandment's large *receit* they dwell."

As if the *Ten Commandments* were ſo wide, as to ſtand ready to *receive* every thing within them, that either the *Law of Nature*, or the *Goſpels*, enjoins. A juſt ridicule on thoſe *practical Commentators*, as they are called, who include all moral and religious duties within the Decalogue. Whereas their true original ſenſe is much more confined; being a ſhort ſummary of moral duty fitted for a ſingle people, upon a particular occaſion, and to ſerve temporary ends. WARBURTON.

VER. 48. *makes a calf an ox,*] An unaccountable blunder in our Author. As if an ox was in his *natural* ſtate. WARTON.

More, more than ten Sclavonians ſcolding, more
Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar.
Then ſick with Poetry, and poſſeſt with Muſe
Thou waſt, and mad I hop'd; but men which chuſe
Law practice for mere gain; bold ſoul repute
Worſe than imbrothel'd ſtrumpets proſtitute.
Now like an owl-like watchman he muſt walk,
His hand ſtill at a bill; now he muſt talk
Idly, like priſoners, which whole months will ſwear,
That only ſuretyſhip hath brought them there,
And to ev'ry ſuitor lye in every thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Like a wedge in a block, wring to the barre,
Bearing like aſſes, and more ſhameleſs farre
Than carted whores, lie to the grave Judge; for
Baſtardy abounds not in the King's titles, nor
Simony and Sodomy in Church-men's lives,
As theſe things do in him; by theſe he thrives.

Shortly

NOTES.

VER. 61. *Language, which Boreas* –] The Original has here a very fine ſtroke of Satire,

" Than when winds in our ruin'd Abbyes roar."

The frauds with which that work (ſo neceſſary for the welfare both of religion and the ſtate) was begun; the rapine with which it was carried on; and the diſſoluteneſs in which the plunder ariſing from it was waſted, had ſcandalized all ſober men; and diſpoſed ſome, even of the beſt Proteſtants, to wiſh, that ſome part of that immenſe wealth, ariſing from the ſuppreſſion of the Monaſteries, had been reſerved for charity, hoſpitality, and even for the ſervice of religion. WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *For not in Chariots* Peter] Pope might have applied the words of Horace to this *eternal* Peter, with as much propriety as he did to his friend Bolingbroke:

Prima dicte mihi, ſummâ dicende *camœnâ!*

Or court a Wife, ſpread out his wily parts,
Like nets, or lime-twigs, for rich Widows' hearts;
Call himſelf Barriſter to ev'ry wench,
And wooe in language of the Pleas and Bench?
Language, which Boreas might to Auſter hold,
More rough than forty Germans when they ſcold.
Curs'd be the wretch, ſo venal and ſo vain:
Paltry and proud, as Drabs in Drury-lane.
'Tis ſuch a bounty as was never known,
If PETER deigns to help you to your *own*:
What thanks, what praiſe, if *Peter* but ſupplies!
And what a ſolemn face, if he denies!
Grave, as when pris'ners ſhake the head and ſwear
'Twas only Suretyſhip that brought them there.
His *Office* keeps your Parchment fates entire,
He ſtarves with cold to ſave them from the fire;
For you he walks the ſtreets through rain or duſt,
For not in Chariots *Peter* puts his truſt;
For you he ſweats and labours at the laws,
Takes God to witneſs he affects your cauſe,
And lies to ev'ry Lord, in ev'ry thing,
Like a King's Favourite—or like a King.
Theſe are the talents that adorn them all,
From wicked Waters ev'n to godly * *
Not more of Simony beneath black gowns,
Nor more of Baſtardy in heirs to Crowns.

In

NOTES.

VER. 78. *Like a King's Favourite*] A line from the Original, as alſo line 60; which ſhews that Donne, if he had properly attended to it, could have written harmoniouſly. WARTON.

Shortly (as th' ſea) he'll compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand,
And ſpying heirs melting with Luxury,
Satan will not joy at their ſins as he:
For (as a thrifty wench ſcrapes kitchen-ſtuffe,
And barrelling the droppings, and the ſnuffe
Of waſting candles, which in thirty year,
Reliquely kept, perchance buys wedding chear)
Piecemeal he gets lands, and ſpends as much time
Wringing each acre, as maids pulling prime.
In parchment then, large as the fields, he draws
Aſſurances, big as gloſs'd civil laws,
So huge that men (in our times forwardneſs)
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
Theſe he writes not; nor for theſe written payes,
Therefore ſpares no length (as in thoſe firſt dayes
When *Luther* was profeſt, he did deſire
Short *Pater-noſters*, ſaying as a Fryar

Each

NOTES.

VER. 105. *So Luther, &c.*] Our Poet, by judiciouſly tranſpoſing this fine ſimilitude, has given new luſtre to his Author's thought. The Lawyer (ſays Dr. Donne) enlarges his legal inſtruments, to the bigneſs of *gloſs'd civil Laws*, when it is to convey property to himſelf, and to ſecure his own ill-got wealth. But let the ſame Lawyer convey property to you, and he then omits even the neceſſary words; and becomes as conciſe and looſe as the haſty poſtils of a modern Divine. So *Luther*, while a Monk, and by his Inſtitution, obliged to ſay Maſs, and pray in perſon for others, thought even his *Pater-noſter* too long. But when he ſet up for a Governor in the Church, and his buſineſs was to direct others how to pray for the ſucceſs of his new Model; he then lengthened the Pater noſter by a new clauſe. This repreſentation of the firſt part of his conduct was to ridicule his want of devotion; as the other, where he tells us, that the *addition*

In ſhillings and in pence at firſt they deal;
And ſteal ſo little, few perceive they ſteal;
Till, like the Sea, they compaſs all the land,
From *Scots* to *Wight*, from *Mount* to *Dover* ſtrand:
And when rank Widows purchaſe luſcious nights,
Or when a Duke to *Janſen* punts at White's,
Or City-heir in mortgage melts away;
Satan himſelf feels far leſs joy than they.
Piecemeal they win this acre firſt, then that,
Glean on, and gather up the whole eſtate.
Then ſtrongly fencing ill-got wealth by law,
Indenture, Cov'nants, Articles they draw,
Large as the fields themſelves, and larger far
Than civil Codes, with all their Gloſſes, are;
So vaſt, our new Divines, we muſt confeſs,
Are Fathers of the Church for writing leſs.
But let them write for you, each rogue impairs
The deeds, and dextrouſly omits, *ſes heires:*
No Commentator can more ſlily paſs
O'er a learn'd, unintelligible place;
Or, in quotation, ſhrewd Divines leave out
Thoſe words, that would againſt them clear the doubt.
So Luther thought the Pater-noſter long,
When doom'd to ſay his beads and Even-ſong;

But

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dition was the *power and glory clauſe*, was to ſatirize his ambition; and both together, to inſinuate that from a Monk, he was become totally *ſecularized*.—About this time of his life Dr. Donne had a ſtrong propenſity to the Roman Catholic Religion, which ap-

Each day his Beads; but having left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe);
But when he ſells or changes land, h' impaires
The writings, and (unwatch'd) leaves out *ſes heires*,
As ſlily as any Commenter goes by
Hard words, or ſenſe; or, in Divinity
As controverters in vouch'd Texts, leave out
Shrewd words, which might againſt them clear the doubt.
Where are theſe ſpread woods which cloath'd heretofore
Thoſe bought lands? not built, not burnt within door.
Where the old landlords troops, and almes? In halls
Carthuſian Faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals
Equally I hate. Means bleſt. In rich men's homes
I bid kill ſome beaſts, but no hecatombs;
None ſtarve, none ſurfeit ſo. But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now,
Like

NOTES,

pears from ſeveral ſtrokes in theſe Satires. We find amongſt his works, a ſhort ſatirical thing called a *Catalogue of rare Books*, one article of which is intitled, *M. Lutherus de abbreviatione Orationis Dominicæ*, alluding to Luther's omiſſion of the concluding *Doxology* in his two Catechiſms; which ſhews the Poet was fond of his joke. In this *catalogue* (to intimate his ſentiments of Reformation) he puts Eraſmus and Reuchlin in the rank of Lully and Agrippa. I will only obſerve, that it was written in imitation of Rabelais's famous *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor*, one of the fineſt paſſages in that extravagant Satire, which was the Manual of the Wits of this time. It was natural therefore to think, that the *Catalogue of the Library of St. Victor* would become, as it did, the ſubject of many imitations. The beſt of which are this of Dr. Donne's, and one of Sir Thomas Brown's.

—Dr.

But having caſt his cowl, and left thoſe laws,
Adds to Chriſt's prayer, the *Power and Glory* clauſe.
The lands are bought; but where are to be found
Thoſe ancient woods that ſhaded all the ground?
We ſee no new-built palaces aſpire,
No kitchens emulate the veſtal fire.
Where are thoſe troops of Poor, that throng'd of yore
The good old landlord's hoſpitable door?
Well, I could wiſh, that ſtill in lordly domes
Some beaſts were kill'd, tho' not whole hecatombs;
That both extremes were baniſh'd from their walls,
Carthuſian faſts, and fulſome Bacchanals;
And all mankind might that juſt Mean obſerve,
In which none e'er could ſurfeit, none could ſtarve.
Theſe

NOTES.

—Dr. Donne afterwards took orders in the church of England. We have a large volume of his ſermons in the falſe taſte of that time. But the book which made his fortune was his *Pſeudo martyr*, to prove that Papiſts ought to take the oath of allegiance. In this book, though Hooker had then written his *Eccleſiaſtical Policy*, he has approved himſelf entirely ignorant both of the *Origin* and *End* of Civil Government. In the 165th page, and elſewhere, he holds, that when men congregate to form the *body* of Civil Society, then it is, that the *ſoul* of Society, SOVEREIGN POWER, is ſent into it immediately from God, juſt as he ſends the ſoul into the human embryo, when the two ſexes propagate their kind. In the 191ſt page, and elſewhere, he maintains that the office of the civil Sovereign extends to the care of Souls. For this abſurd and blaſphemous traſh, James I. made him Dean of St. Paul's; all the wit and ſublimity of his genius having never enabled him to get bread throughout the *better* part of his life. WARBURTON.

Like old rich wardrobes. But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws.

VER. 121. *Theſe as good works, &c.*] Dr. Donne ſays,

——— "But (oh) we allow
Good works as good, but out of faſhion now."

The popiſh doctrine of *good works* was one of thoſe abuſes in Religion which the Church of England condemns in its Articles. To this the Poet's words ſatirically allude. And having throughout this ſatire given ſeveral malignant ſtrokes at the Reformation, which it was penal, and then very dangerous, to abuſe, he had reaſon to beſpeak the Reader's candor, in the concluding lines,

——— "But my words none draws
Within the vaſt reach of th' huge ſtatutes jaws."

WARBURTON.

Theſe as good works, 'tis true, we all allow,
But oh! theſe works are not in faſhion now:
Like rich old wardrobes, things extremely rare,
Extremely fine, but what no man will wear.
Thus much I've ſaid, I truſt, without offence;
Let no Court Sycophant pervert my ſenſe,
Nor ſly Informer watch theſe words to draw
Within the reach of Treaſon, or the Law.

VER. 125. *Thus much I've ſaid,*] Theſe three additional lines are redundant. And two ſtrong epithets in the laſt line of Donne, *vaſt* and *huge*, were too emphatical to be omitted. WARTON.

SATIRE IV.

WELL; I may now receive, and die. My ſin
Indeed is great, but yet I have been in
A Purgatory, ſuch as fear'd Hell is
A Recreation, and ſcant map of this.
My mind, neither with pride's itch, nor hath been
Poyſon'd with love to ſee or to be ſeen,
I had no ſuit there, nor new ſuit to ſhow,
Yet went to Court; but as Glare which did go
To Maſs in jeſt, catch'd, was fain to diſburſe
Two hundred markes, which is the Statutes curſe,
Before he ſcap'd; ſo it pleas'd my deſtiny
(Guilty of my ſin of going) to think me
As

NOTES.

VER. 1. WELL; *I may now receive, &c.*] Warton properly obſerves, that the beginning of this ſatire is much more pointed than Pope's paraphraſtical lines. "Receive and die," means the laſt ſacrament, according to the Roman Catholic cuſtom, before death

All the ceremonies are accurately deſcribed, in Father Huddleſton's account of the death of Charles the Second. I mention this, becauſe he uſes an expreſſion, that explains a paſſage in Shakeſpear,

Unhouſel'd, unanointed, *unaneal'd.*——

Huddleſton's words are, "I deſired his Majeſty that he would, in the interim, give me leave to proceed to the Sacrament of Extreme Unction: He replied, with all my heart. I then *anoyled* him."

VER. 7. *The Poet's hell,*] He has here with great prudence corrected the licentious expreſſion of his Original. WARBURTON.

SATIRE IV.

WELL, if it be my time to quit the ſtage,
Adieu to all the follies of the age!
I die in charity with fool and knave,
Secure of peace at leaſt beyond the grave.
I've had my Purgatory here betimes,
And paid for all my ſatires, all my rhymes.
The Poet's hell, its tortures, fiends, and flames,
To this were trifles, toys, and empty names.
With fooliſh pride my heart was never fir'd,
Nor the vain itch t'admire, or be admir'd;
I hop'd for no commiſſion from his Grace;
I bought no benefice, I begg'd no place;
Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;
Yet went to Court!—the Dev'l would have it ſo.
But, as the Fool that in reforming days
Would go to Maſs in jeſt (as ſtory ſays)
Could not but think, to pay his fine was odd,
Since 'twas no form'd deſign of ſerving God;
So

NOTES.

VER. 13. *Had no new verſes, nor new ſuit to ſhow;*] Warburton ſays, this is an "*inſinuation*, that *Court-Poetry*, like *Court-clothes*, only comes thither in *honour of the Sovereign*; and ſerves but to ſupply *a day's converſation!*"

VER. 14. *the Dev'l would*] This addition is mean. And line below, 26. is perhaps the greateſt violation of *harmony* Pope has ever been guilty of, by beginning the Verſe with the word *Noah*. And line 17, *his fine was odd*, ſeems to be very exceptionable.

As prone to all ill, and of good as forget-
full, as proud, luſtfull, and as much in debt,
As vain, as witleſs, and as falſe, as they
Which dwell in Court, for once going that way.

Therefore I ſuffer'd this; towards me did run
A thing more ſtrange, than on Nile's ſlime the Sun
E'er bred, or all which into Noah's Ark came:
A thing which would have pos'd Adam to name:
Stranger than ſeven Antiquaries ſtudies,
Than Africk Monſters, Guianaes rarities,
Stranger than ſtrangers: one who, for a Dane,
In the Danes Maſſacre had ſure been ſlain,
If he had liv'd then; and without help dies,
When next the 'Prentices 'gainſt ſtrangers riſe;
One whom the wach at noon lets ſcarce go by;
One, to whom the examining Juſtice ſure would cry,
Sir, by your Prieſthood, tell me what you are?

His cloathes were ſtrange, tho' coarſe, and black, tho' bare.

Sleeve-

NOTES.

VER. 19. *So was I puniſh'd,*] Thus in former editions:

Such was my Fate, whom Heav'n adjudg'd,

Pope made many alterations in this Satire, and ſeems to have taken pains in correcting it. Line 65, and ſucceeding ones, ſtood thus:

Well met, he cries, and happy ſure for each,
For I am pleas'd to learn, and you to teach.

Line 86 ſtood as follows:

Obliging Sir, I love you I profeſs,
But wiſh you lik'd Retreat a little leſs,

Spirits

So was I puniſh'd, as if full as proud
As prone to ill, as negligent of good,
As deep in debt, without a thought to pay,
As vain, as idle, and as falſe, as they
Who live at Court, for going once that way!
Scarce was I enter'd, when, behold! there came
A thing which Adam had been pos'd to name;
Noah had refus'd it lodging in his Ark,
Where all the Race of Reptiles might embark:
A verier monſter, than on Africk's ſhore
The ſun e'er got, or ſlimy Nilus bore,
Or Sloan or Woodward's wondrous ſhelves contain,
Nay, all that lying Travellers can feign.
The watch would hardly let him paſs at noon,
At night would ſwear him dropt out of the Moon.
One, whom the mob, when next we find or make
A popiſh plot, ſhall for a Jeſuit take,
And the wiſe Juſtice, ſtarting from his chair,
Cry, By your Prieſthood tell me what you are?
Such was the wight: Th' apparel on his back,
Tho' coarſe, was rev'rend, and tho' bare, was black:

The

NOTES.

Spirits like you, belive me, ſhould be ſeen,
And like Ulyſſes viſit Courts and men;
So much alone, to ſpeak plain truth between us,
You'll die of ſpleen—excuſe me, nunquam minus.

Line 154, ran thus:

Shows Poland's Intereſt, takes the Primate's Part.

Dr. Johnſon ſpeaks, methinks, too ſlightingly of theſe Imitations of *Donne*, when he ſays, "That Pope ſeems to have known their *imbecillity*." WARTON.

Sleeveleſs his jerkin was, and had it been
Velvet, but 'twas now (ſo much ground was ſeen)
Become Tufftaffaty; and our children ſhall
See it plain raſh a while, then nought at all.
The thing hath travail'd, and, faith, ſpeaks all tongues,
And only knoweth what to all States belongs,
Made of th' accents, and beſt phraſe of all theſe,
He ſpeaks one language. If ſtrange meats diſpleaſe,
Art can deceive, or hunger force my taſt;
But pedants motly tongue, ſouldiers bumbaſt,
Mountebanks drug-tongue, nor the terms of law,
Are ſtrong enough preparatives to draw
Me to hear this, yet I muſt be content
With his tongue, in his tongue call'd Complement:
In which he can win widows, and pay ſcores,
Make men ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
Outflatter favourites, or outlie either
Jovius, or Surius, or both together.
He names me, and comes to me; I whiſper, God,
How have I ſinn'd, that thy wrath's furious Rod,
This fellow, chuſeth me! He ſaith, Sir,
I love your judgment, whom do you prefer
For the beſt Linguiſt? and I ſeelily
Said that I thought Calepine's Dictionary.
Nay,

NOTES.

VER. 68. "*The* King's," *ſaid I.*] "This ſneer," ſaid the ingenious Mr. Wilkes, "is really indecent. The good Biſhop who publiſhed an edition of his works, ought, in the *mild limbo* of his Commentary, to have ſoftened the ſeverity of this paſſage."

WARTON.

The ſuit, if by the faſhion one might gueſs,
Was velvet in the youth of good Queen *Beſs*,
But mere tuff-taffety what now remain'd;
So Time, that changes all things, had ordain'd!
Our ſons ſhall ſee it leiſurely decay,
Firſt turn plain raſh, then vaniſh quite away.

This thing has travell'd, ſpeaks each language too,
And knows what's fit for ev'ry ſtate to do;
Of whoſe beſt phraſe and courtly accent join'd,
He forms one tongue, exotic and refin'd.
Talkers I've learn'd to bear; Motteux I knew,
Henley himſelf I've heard, and Budgel too.
The Doctor's Wormwood ſtyle, the Haſh of tongues
A Pedant makes, the ſtorm of Gonſon's lungs,
The whole Artill'ry of the terms of War,
And (all thoſe plagues in one) the bawling Bar:
Theſe I could bear; but not a rogue ſo civil,
Whoſe tongue will compliment you to the devil.
A tongue, that can cheat widows, cancel ſcores,
Make Scots ſpeak treaſon, cozen ſubtleſt whores,
With royal Favourites in flatt'ry vie,
And Oldmixon and Burnet both outlie.

He ſpies me out; I whiſper, Gracious God!
What ſin of mine could merit ſuch a rod?
That all the ſhot of dulneſs now muſt be
From this thy blunderbuſs diſcharg'd on me!
Permit (he cries) no ſtranger to your fame
To crave your ſentiment, if —'s your name.
What *Speech* eſteem you moſt? "The *King*'s," ſaid I.
But the beſt *words*?—"O, Sir, the *Dictionary*."

Nay, but of men, moſt ſweet Sir? Beza then,
Some Jeſuits, and two reverend men
Of our two academies I nam'd. Here
He ſtopt me, and ſaid, Nay your Apoſtles were
Good pretty Linguiſts; ſo Panurgus was,
Yet a poor Gentleman; all theſe may paſs
By travail. Then, as if he would have ſold
His tongue, he prais'd it, and ſuch wonders told,
That I was fain to ſay, If you had liv'd, Sir,
Time enough to have been Interpreter

To

NOTES.

VER. 71. "*Onſlow,*] By an affected gravity, and a ſolemn and important air, he preſided for many years over the Houſe of Commons; but not with the ability, knowledge, patience, prudence, and amiable manners, of the *preſent* Speaker, Mr. Addington, 1795. It is a curious fact in the Hiſtory of Engliſh Liberty, that the very firſt perſon who was raiſed by the Commons to the dignity of their Speaker, was a member who had been impriſoned by Edward the Third, for attacking his Miniſters and his Miſtreſs in Parliament. WARTON.

VER. 73. "*But Hoadly for a period*] Party occaſioned this cenſure on a Writer, whoſe ſtyle, it muſt be confeſſed, was *ſometimes*, but not *always*, (as for inſtance, in his *Treatiſe* on the *Sacrament*,) *languid* and *diffuſe*: but who, having ſpent his life in defending the Britiſh Conſtitution, the Revolution, and the Succeſſion of the Houſe of Hanover, certainly did, by no means, deſerve to be ſtyled, as he hath lately been, "That *Republican* Prelate, Biſhop Hoadly." The late excellent Biſhop of London, Dr. Lowth, thought very differently of him, and calls him, in his admirable Life of Wickham, "The great *Advocate* of *Civil* and *Religious* Liberty." WARTON.

No name is more obnoxious to the Roman Catholics, than that of Hoadly, whoſe manly and liberal principles were as remote from *Republicaniſm*, as from Popery and arbitrary Power.

VER. 73. *a period of a mile.*"] *A ſtadium of Euripides* was a ſtanding joke amongſt the Greeks. By the ſame kind of pleaſantry, Cervantes

You miſs my aim; I mean the moſt acute,
And perfect *Speaker?*—" Onſlow, paſt diſpute."
But, Sir, of writers? " Swift for cloſer ſtyle,
" But Ho**y for a period of a mile."
Why yes, 'tis granted, theſe indeed may paſs:
Good common linguiſts, and ſo Panurge was;
Nay troth th' Apoſtles (tho' perhaps too rough)
Had once a pretty *gift of Tongues* enough:
Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen! I dare
Affirm, 'twas Travel made them what they were.
Thus other talents having nicely ſhown,
He came by ſure tranſition to his own:
Till

NOTES.

Cervantes has called his Hero's countenance, *a face of half a league long*; which, becauſe the humour, as well as the meaſure of the expreſſion, was exceſſive, all his tranſlators have judiciouſly agreed to omit; without doubt paying due attention to that ſober rule of Quintilian, licet omnes hyperbole ſit ultra fidem, non tamen debet eſſe ultra MODUM. SCRIBL.

VER. 75. *ſo Panurge was;*] It is ſurprizing that Rabelais, whoſe book is the moſt cutting ſatire on the Pope, the Church, and the principal events of his time, ſhould have eſcaped ſevere cenſure and puniſhment. Garagantuas is deciſively Francis I. and Henry II. is Pantagruel; and Charles V. Pierocole. Swift, who formed himſelf on Rabelais, has exactly copied the famous ſpeech of Panurge, in the Tale of the Tub, where Lord Peter, giving to Martin and John a piece of dry bread, tells them, it contains beef, partridge, capons, and the beſt wine of Burgundy. Rabelais, like Swift, loved *politics*. See his Letters from Rome, when he accompanied the Cardinal Bellay, Embaſſador of Francis I. to Pope Paul III. Rabelais imitated, in many paſſages, the *Literæ* Virorum *Obſcurorum*. WARTON.

VER. 78. *Yet theſe were all poor Gentlemen!*] Our Poet has here added to the humour of his Original. Ionne makes his threadbare Traveller content himſelf under his poverty, with the reflection,

To Babel's Bricklayers, ſure the Tower had ſtood.
He adds, If of Court life you knew the good,
You would leave loneneſs. I ſaid, Not alone
My loneneſs is; but Spartanes faſhion
To teach by painting drunkards doth not laſt
Now, Aretines pictures have made few chaſte;
No more can Princes Courts (though there be few
Better pictures of vice) teach me virtue.
He like to a high-ſtretcht Luteſtring ſqueaks, O Sir,
'Tis ſweet to talk of Kings. At Weſtminſter,
Said I, the man that keeps the Abbey-tombs,
And for his price, doth with whoever comes
Of all our Harrys and our Edwards talk,
From King to King, and all their kin can walk:
Your

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tion, that even Panurge himſelf (the great Traveller and Linguiſt in Rabelais) went a begging. There is infinite wit in this paſſage of Donne, yet very *licentious*, in coupling the *Apoſtles* and *Panurge* in this buffoon manner. WARBURTON.

By adding the words, "a pretty *gift of Tongues*," Pope has made it ſtill more *licentious*. WARTON.

VER. 95. *Aretine has made*:] Alluding to the infamous Sonnets which this celebrated Italian wit compoſed to accompany the *Sixteen* obſcene Figures that were deſigned by Julio Romano, who, as well as Titian, was his friend; and engraved by Marc Antonio Raimondi By writing which, Aretine loſt the favour and countenance of Leo the Tenth, and Clement VII. but was afterwards reſtored to the favour of the Medici Family, and wrote ſome books of devotion. The lines written for his epitaph ſhew his character ſufficiently:

Qui giace l'Aretin poeta Toſco,
Che diſſe mal d'ogn'un fuor che dio,
Scuſandoſi col dir non lo conoſco.

Mazzuchelli, vol. i. p. 1012.
WARTON.

Till I cry'd out, You prove yourſelf ſo able,
Pity! you was not Druggerman at Babel;
For had they found a linguiſt half ſo good,
I make no queſtion but the Tow'r had ſtood.

" Obliging Sir! for Courts you ſure were made;
" Why then for ever bury'd in the ſhade?
" Spirits like you, ſhould ſee and ſhould be ſeen,
" The King would ſmile on you—at leaſt the Queen."

Ah gentle Sir! you Courtiers ſo cajole us—
But Tully has it, *Nunquam minus ſolus:*
And as for Courts, forgive me, if I ſay
No leſſons now are taught the Spartan way:
Tho' in his pictures Luſt be full diſplay'd,
Few are the Converts Aretine has made;
And tho' the Court ſhow Vice exceeding clear,
None ſhould, by my advice, learn Virtue there.

At this entranc'd, he lifts his hands and eyes,
Squeaks like a high-ſtretch'd luteſtring, and replies;
" Oh, 'tis the ſweeteſt of all earthly things
" To gaze on Princes, and to talk of Kings!"
Then, happy Man who ſhows the Tombs! ſaid I,
He dwells amidſt the Royal Family;
He ev'ry day, from King to King can walk,
Of all our Harries, all our Edwards talk,

And

NOTES.

VER. 104. *from King to King*] Much ſuperior to the Original, where is a vile conceit.

" The way to it is King's-ſtreet." WARTON.

Your ears ſhall hear nought but Kings; your eyes meet
Kings only: The way to it is King's-ſtreet.
He ſmack'd, and cry'd, He's baſe, mechanique, coarſe,
So are all your Engliſhmen in their diſcourſe.
Are not your Frenchmen neat? Mine, as you ſee,
I have but one, Sir, look, he follows me.
Certes, they are neatly cloath'd. I of this mind am,
Your only wearing is your Grogaram.
Not ſo, Sir, I have more. Under this pitch
He would not fly; I chaff'd him: but as Itch
Scratch'd into ſmart, and as blunt Iron ground
Into an edge, hurts worſe: So, I (fool) found,
Croſſing hurt me. To fit my ſullenneſs,
He to another key his ſtyle doth dreſs;
And aſks what news; I tell him of new playes,
He takes my hand, and as a Still, which ſtayes
A Sembrief 'twixt each drop, he niggardly,
As loth to inrich me, ſo tells many a ly.
More than ten Hollenſheads, or Halls, or Stows,
Of trivial houſhold traſh: He knows, he knows
When the *Queen* frown'd or ſmil'd, and he knows what
A ſubtle Stateſman may gather of that;
He knows who loves whom; and who by poiſon
Haſts to an Offices reverſion;

Who

NOTES.

VER. 116 *Wild to get looſe.*] Donne in this Satire imitates the *Impertinent* of Horace. Sat. ix b. 1. And Horace copied the character from Theophraſtus. There was an edition in folio, 1737, with this title, *The Impertinent*, or a *Viſit to the Court*, a Satire, by Mr. Pope.—And no mention is made of Donne in this Edition. WARTON.

And get by ſpeaking truth of monarchs dead,
What few can of the living, Eaſe and Bread.
" Lord, Sir, a mere Mechanic! ſtrangely low,
" And coarſe of phraſe,—your Engliſh all are ſo.
" How elegant your Frenchmen?" Mine, d'ye mean?
I have but one, I hope the fellow's clean.
" Oh! Sir, politely ſo! nay, let me die,
" Your only wearing is your Padua-ſoy."
Not, Sir, my only, I have better ſtill,
And this you ſee is but my diſhabille—
Wild to get looſe, his Patience I provoke,
Miſtake, confound, object at all he ſpoke.
But as coarſe iron, ſharpen'd, mangles more,
And itch moſt hurts when anger'd to a ſore;
So when you plague a fool, 'tis ſtill the curſe,
You only make the matter worſe and worſe.
He paſt it o'er; affects an eaſy ſmile
At all my peeviſhneſs, and turns his ſtyle.
He aſks, " What News?" I tell him of new Plays,
New Eunuchs, Harlequins, and Operas.
He hears, and as a Still with ſimples in it,
Between each drop it gives, ſtays half a minute,
Loth to enrich me with too quick replies,
By little, and by little, drops his lies.
Mere houſhold traſh! of birth-nights, balls, and ſhows,
More than ten Hollinſheads, or Halls, or Stows.
When the *Queen* frown'd, or ſmil'd, he knows; and what
A ſubtle Miniſter may make of that:
Who ſins with whom: who got his Penſion rug,
Or quicken'd a Reverſion by a drug:

Who waſtes in meat, in clothes, in horſe, he notes,
Who loveth whores . . . . . .
He knows who hath ſold his land, and who doth beg
A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;
ſhortly boys ſhall not play
At ſpan-counter, or blow-point, but ſhall pay
Toll to ſome Courtier; and wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady is not painted. Thus
He with home meats cloyes me. I belch, ſpue, ſpit,
Look pale and ſickly, like a Patient, yet
He

NOTES.

VER. 144. *Why Turnpikes*] In this recapitulation of modern abuſes, he has imitated his Original with great ſpirit. Amongſt thoſe which Dr. Donne mentions, is

" A licence, old iron, boots, ſhoes, and egge-
Shells to tranſport;"

by this, he means MONOPOLIES, the moſt unpopular abuſe of power in his time. It continued down, through the reigns of Elizabeth, James, and Charles I. to the breaking out of the civil war. In the year 1633 the four bodies of the Law entertained the Court with a magnificent maſk. And one of their *Antimaſks* was an ingenious ridicule on the abuſe of Monopolies; which Mr. Whitlocke thus deſcribes: " In this Antimaſque of Projectors," (ſays he) " came a fellow with a bunch of Carrots on his head, and a Capon upon his fiſt, deſcribing a Projector who begged a patent of Monopoly, as the firſt inventor of the art to feed Capons fat with Carrots, and that none but himſelf might make uſe of that invention, &c. Several other Projectors were in like manner perſonated in this Antimaſque; and it pleaſed the ſpectators the more, becauſe by it an information was covertly given to the King of the unfitneſs and ridiculouſneſs of theſe projects againſt the Law; and the Attorney Noy, who had moſt knowledge of them, had a great hand in this Antimaſque of the *Projectors*." This exorbitancy became ſo general, that Ben Jonſon makes a cheating procurer of Monopolies the chief character in one of his plays; juſt as he had done a cheating Alchymiſt in another.

WARBURTON.

Whoſe place is quarter'd out, three parts in four,
And whether to a Biſhop, or a Whore:
Who, having loſt his credit, pawn'd his rent,
Is therefore fit to have a Government:
Who in the ſecret, deals in Stocks ſecure,
And cheats th' unknowing Widow and the Poor:
Who makes a Truſt of Charity a Job,
And gets an Act of Parliament to rob:
Why Turnpikes riſe, and now no Cit nor Clown
Can gratis ſee the Country, or the town:
Shortly no lad ſhall chuck, or lady vole,
But ſome exciſing Courtier will have toll.
He tells what ſtrumpet places ſells for life,
What 'Squire his lands, what citizen his wife:
And laſt (which proves him wiſer ſtill than all)
What Lady's face is not a whited wall.
As one of Woodward's patients, ſick, and ſore,
I puke, I nauſeate,—yet he thruſts in more:
Trims

NOTES.

VER. 151. *What Lady's face, &c.*] The Original is here very humorous. This torrent of ſcandal concludes thus,

"And wiſer than all us,
He knows what Lady ——"

the Reader expects it will conclude—*what Lady is painted.* No, juſt the contrary,

"what Lady is not painted:"

ſatirically inſinuating, that this is a better proof of the goodneſs of his intelligence than the other. The Reader ſees there is greater force in the uſe of theſe plain words, than in thoſe which the Imitator employs. And the reaſon is, becauſe the ſatire does not turn upon the *odiouſneſs* of painting; in which caſe, the terms of a *painted wall* had given force to the expreſſion; but upon the *frequency* of it, which required only the ſimple mention of the thing.
WARBURTON.

He thruſts on more, and as he had undertook,
To ſay Gallo-Belgicus without book,
Speaks of all ſtates and deeds that have been ſince
The Spaniards came to th' loſs of Amyens.
Like a big wife, at ſight of loathed meat,
Ready to travail: ſo I ſigh, and ſweat
To hear this Makaron * talk: in vain, for yet,
Either my humour, or his own to fit,
He like a priviledg'd ſpie, whom nothing can
Diſcredit, libels now 'gainſt each great man.
He names the price of ev'ry office paid;
He ſaith our wars thrive ill becauſe delaid;
That offices are intail'd, and that there are
Perpetuities of them, laſting as far
As the laſt day; and that great Officers
Do with the Spaniards ſhare, and Dunkirkers.

I more amaz'd than Circes priſoners, when
They felt themſelves turn beaſts, felt myſelf then
Becoming Traytor, and methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope his jaw,
To ſuck me in for hearing him: I found
That as burnt venomous Leachers do grow ſound
By giving others their ſores, I might grow
Guilty, and he free: Therefore I did ſhow

All

NOTES.

VER. 152. *As one of Woodward's patients,*] Alluding to the effects of his uſe of oils in bilious diſorders. WARBURTON.

* Whom we call an Aſs, the Italians ſtyle *Maccheroni.* WARBURTON.

Trims Europe's balance, tops the ſtateſman's part,
And talks Gazettes and Poſt-boys o'er by heart.
Like a big wife at ſight of loathſome meat
Ready to caſt, I yawn, I ſigh, and ſweat.
Then as a licens'd ſpy, whom nothing can
Silence or hurt, he libels the great Man;
Swears ev'ry place entail'd for years to come,
In ſure ſucceſſion to the day of doom:
He names the price for ev'ry office paid,
And ſays our wars thrive ill, becauſe delay'd:
Nay hints, 'tis by connivance of the Court,
That Spain robs on, and Dunkirk's ſtill a Port.
Not more amazement ſeiz'd on Circe's gueſts,
To ſee themſelves fall endlong into beaſts,
Than mine, to find a ſubject ſtay'd and wiſe
Already half turn'd traytor by ſurprize.
I felt th' infection ſlide from him to me,
As in the pox, ſome give it to get free;
And quick to ſwallow me, methought I ſaw
One of our Giant Statues ope its jaw.

In that nice moment, as another Lie
Stood juſt a-tilt, the Miniſter came by.
To him he flies, and bows, and bows again,
Then, cloſe as Umbra, joins the dirty train.
Not Fannius' ſelf more impudently near,
When half his noſe is in his Prince's ear.
I quak'd

NOTES.

VER. 178. *Not Fannius' ſelf*] Alluding to the circumſtance which Pope never forgot or forgave, of Lord Hervey having in-

All ſigns of loathing; but ſince I am in,
I muſt pay mine, and my forefathers ſin
To the laſt farthing. Therefore to my power
Toughly and ſtubbornly I bear; but th' hower
Of mercy now was come: he tries to bring
Me to pay a fine, to 'ſcape a torturing,
And ſays, Sir, can you ſpare me—? I ſaid, Willingly;
Nay, Sir, can you ſpare me a crown? Thankfully I
Gave it, as ranſom; but as fidlers, ſtill,
Though they be paid to be gone, yet needs will
Thruſt one more jig upon you: ſo did he
With his long complimented thanks vex me.
But he is gone, thanks to his needy want,
And the Prerogative of my Crown; ſcant
His thanks were ended, when I (which did ſee
All the Court fill'd with more ſtrange things than he)
Ran

NOTES.

ſinuated ſomething to his diſparagement at Court. Pope, however, had no right to complain, conſidering the acrimony of his abuſe, and his known principles. I have no doubt he was induced to verſify this Satire, that he might more covertly point his ſatire againſt Courts and Kings.

VER 184. *Bear me,*] Theſe four lines are wonderfully ſublime. His impatience in this region of *vice*, is like that of Virgil in the region of *heat*. They both call out, as if they were half ſtifled by the ſulphury air of the place,

" O qui me gelidis——"
" Oh quickly bear me hence——" WARBURTON.

The next twenty two lines are not only far ſuperior to the Original, but, perhaps, equal to any Pope ever wrote, or to any in our language in rhyme. The 188th and 189th lines in the firſt Edition ran thus,

Here ſtill reflection led on ſober thought,
Which Fancy colour'd and a Viſion wrought.

It

I quak'd at heart; and ſtill afraid, to ſee
All the Court fill'd with ſtranger things than he,
Ran out as faſt, as one that pays his bail
And dreads more actions, hurries from a jail.

Bear me, ſome God! oh quickly bear me hence
To wholeſome Solitude, the nurſe of ſenſe;
Where Contemplation prunes her ruffled wings,
And the free ſoul looks down to pity Kings!
There ſober thought purſu'd th' amuſing theme,
Till Fancy colour'd it, and form'd a Dream.
A Viſion hermits can to Hell tranſport,
And forc'd ev'n me to ſee the damn'd at Court.

Not

NOTES.

It may indeed be urged, that theſe lines, though containing exquiſite poetry, are not of an uniform tone with the reſt of the piece. But ſuch a frigid objection ought to vaniſh before ſo much excellence. WARTON.

VER. 184. *Bear me, ſome God, &c.*] Pope appears to have adopted his expreſſion from *Hughes*'s Thought in a Garden;

Delightful manſion! bleſt retreat!
Where all is ſilent, all is ſweet!
Here *Contemplation prunes her wings*:
The raptur'd Muſe more tuneful ſings.

Nor is it improbable, that Pope retained in memory Mrs. *Chandler*'s beautiful verſes on Solitude:

Sweet *Solitude*, the Muſe's dear delight,
Serene thy day, and peaceful is thy night:
Thou *nurſe* of Innocence, fair Virtue's friend!
Silent, tho' rapturous, pleaſures thee attend.
Nature in ev'ry object points the road,
Whence *Contemplation wings* my ſoul to God.

WAKEFIELD.

"Contemplation prunes her wings," is from Milton.

Ran from thence with ſuch, or more haſte than one
Who fears more actions, doth haſte from priſon.
At home in wholeſome ſolitarineſs
My piteous ſoul began the wretchedneſs
Of ſuitors at court to mourn, and a trance
Like his, who dreamt he ſaw hell, did advance
Itſelf o'er me: ſuch men as he ſaw there
I ſaw at court, and worſe and more. Low fear
Becomes the guilty, not th' accuſer: Then,
Shall I, none's ſlave, of high-born or rais'd men
Fear frowns; and my miſtreſs Truth, betray thee
For th' huffing, bragart, puft nobility?
No, no, thou which ſince yeſterday haſt been,
Almoſt about the whole world, haſt thou ſeen,
O Sun, in all thy journey, vanity,
Such as ſwells the bladder of our court? I
Think

NOTES.

VER. 192. *Not Dante dreaming*] It is only within a few years that the merits of this *great* and *original* Poet were attended to, and made known in this country. And this ſeems to be owing to a tranſlation of the very pathetic ſtory of *Count Ugolino;* to the judicious and ſpirited ſummary given of this poem, in the 31ſt ſection of the *Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry;* and to Mr. Hayley's elegant tranſlation of the three cantos of the *Inferno.* Notwithſtanding the feeble and taſteleſs attacks of Voltaire, real judges will ever think that it abounds in many ſtrokes of the true *ſublime,* and the *pathetic,* though mix'd with the ſtrongeſt traits of the *ſatiric.* With what vigour and vehemence has he juſtly laſhed the profligacy, the tyranny, and the corruptions of the Church of Rome, being one of the *very firſt* writers that called her the *Great Harlot* in the Apocalypſe, canto 19, of the Inferno? Nor has he been leſs ſevere on cruel and deſpotic princes; and in one place

Not Dante dreaming all th' infernal ſtate
Beheld ſuch ſcenes of envy, ſin, and hate.
Baſe Fear becomes the guilty, not the free;
Suits Tyrants, Plunderers, but ſuits not me:
Shall I, the Terror of this ſinful town,
Care, if a liv'ry'd Lord or ſmile or frown?
Who cannot flatter, and deteſt who can,
Tremble before a noble Serving-man?
O my fair miſtreſs, Truth! ſhall I quit thee
For huffing, braggart, puff'd Nobility?
Thou, who ſince yeſterday haſt roll'd o'er all
The buſy, idle blockheads of the ball,
Haſt thou, oh Sun! beheld an emptier ſort,
Than ſuch as ſwell this bladder of a court?
Now

NOTES.

place makes Hugh Capet confeſs that his father was a *butcher: Figliuol d' un' Beccaio di Parigi. Purgat.* canto 20 and own himſelf the cauſe and origin of much miſchief to Chriſtendom:

I ſui radice de la mala pianta,
Che la terra Chriſtiana tutta aduggia,
Si che buon frutto rado ſe ne ſchianta.

I only juſt add, that Mr. Addiſon appears not to have read Dante, from his never *once* referring to him in his Criticiſms on Milton, who was ſuch an *admirer* and *imitator* of this great Italian Poet. Algarotti juſtly laments the loſs of an ineſtimable treaſure, a copy of Dante, which Michael Angelo had enriched with deſigns drawn with his pen, on the margin of each leaf. Dante was juſtly ſtyled, *Il poeta dell' evidenza.*

Theſe firſt ſtanzas of the 24th canto of the Inferno, printed in Dodſley's Muſæum, No. 2. page 57. is by Mr. Spence. Voltaire abſurdly calls Il Inferno, "Ce Salmigondis." WARTON.

Think he which made your Waxen * garden, and
Tranſported it from Italy, to ſtand
With us at London, flouts our Courtiers; for
Juſt ſuch gay painted things, which no ſap, nor
Taſt have in them, ours are; and natural
Some of the ſtocks are †; their fruits baſtard all.

'Tis ten a Clock and paſt; all whom the mues,
Baloun, or tennis, diet, or the ſtews
Had all the morning held, now the ſecond
Time made ready, that day, in flocks are found
In the *Preſence*, and I (God pardon me)
As freſh and ſweet their Apparels be, as be
Their fields they ſold to buy them. For a king
Thoſe hoſe are, cry the flatterers; and bring
Them next week to the theatre to ſell.
Wants reach all ſtates: me ſeems they do as well
At ſtage, as courts; all are players. Whoe'er looks
(For themſelves dare not go) o'er Cheapſide books,
Shall

NOTES.

* A ſhow of the Italian Garden in Waxwork, in the time of King James the Firſt. POPE.

† i. e. of wood. WARBURTON.

VER. 206. *Court in wax!*] A famous ſhew of the Court of France, in Wax-work. POPE.

VER. 213. *At Figs', at White's,*] White's was a noted gaming-houſe: Fig's, a Prize-fighter's Academy, where the young Nobility received inſtruction in thoſe days: It was alſo cuſtomary for the Nobility and Gentry to viſit the condemned criminals in Newgate. POPE.

VER. 218. "*That's Velvet*] Much ſuperior to the Original in brevity and elegance: the next line is a ſtricture on the act for licenſing

Now pox on thoſe who ſhew a *Court in wax!*
It ought to bring all Courtiers on their backs:
Such painted puppets! ſuch a varniſh'd race
Of hollow gew-gaws, only dreſs and face!
Such waxen noſes, ſtately ſtaring things—
No wonder ſome folks bow, and think them Kings.

See! where the Britiſh youth, engag'd no more
At Fig's, at White's, with felons, or a whore,
Pay their laſt duty to the Court, and come
All freſh and fragrant to the drawing-room;
In hues as gay, and odours as divine,
As the fair fields they ſold to look ſo fine.
"That's Velvet for a King!" the flatt'rer ſwears;
'Tis true, for ten days hence 'twill be King Lear's.
Our Court may juſtly to our ſtage give rules,
That helps it both to fools-coats and to fools.
And why not players ſtrut in courtiers clothes?
For theſe are actors too, as well as thoſe:
Wants reach all ſtates; they beg but better dreſt,
And all is ſplendid poverty at beſt.

Painted

NOTES.

licenſing plays, which about this time occaſioned great debates in the Houſe of Lords, and a very ſpirited and remarkable ſpeech of Lord Cheſterfield in behalf of play writers: "Wit," ſaid he, "my Lords, is the *property* of thoſe who have it; and very often the *only property* they have. Thank Heaven, my Lords, we are otherwiſe provided for." The firſt play that was prohibited by this act, was *Guſtavus Vaſa*, by Brooke; the next was the *Edward and Eleonora* of Thomſon. WARTON.

VER. 220. *our ſtage give rules,*] Alluding to the Authority of the Lord Chamberlain. WARBURTON.

Shall find their wardrobes inventory. Now
The Ladies come. As pirates (which do know
That there came weak ſhips fraught with Cutchanel)
The men board them; and praiſe (as they think) well,
Their beauties; they the mens wits; both are bought.
Why good wits ne'er wear ſcarlet gowns, I thought
This cauſe, Theſe men, mens wits for ſpeeches buy,
And women buy all red which ſcarlets dye.
He call'd her beauty lime-twigs, her hair net:
She fears her drugs ill-lay'd, her hair looſe ſet.
Would not Heraclitus laugh to ſee Macrine
From hat to ſhoe, himſelf at door refine,
As if the Preſence were a Moſque: and lift
His ſkirts and hoſe, and call his clothes to ſhrift,
Making them confeſs not only mortal
Great ſtains and holes in them, but venial
Feathers and duſt, wherewith they fornicate:
And then by Durer's rules ſurvey the ſtate
Of his each limb, and with ſtrings the odds tries
Of his neck to his leg, and waſte to thighs.
So in immaculate clothes, and Symmetry
Perfect as Circles, with ſuch nicety

As

NOTES.

VER. 227. *Like frigates fraught*] Here is a very cloſe reſemblance to the picture of *Dalilah*, in *Samſon Agoniſtes*:

" ———Who is this
That ſo bedect, ornate, and gay,
Comes this way ſailing like a ſtately ſhip
Of Tarſus bound for th' iles
Of Javan or Gadire,
With all her bravery on, and tackle trim,
Sails filled, and ſtreamers waving? WARTON.

Painted for ſight, and eſſenc'd for the ſmell,
Like frigates fraught with ſpice and cochine'l,
Sail in the Ladies: how each pyrate eyes
So weak a veſſel, and ſo rich a prize!
Top-gallant he, and ſhe in all her trim,
He boarding her, ſhe ſtriking ſail to him:
"Dear Counteſs! you have charms all hearts to hit!"
And "Sweet Sir Fopling! you have ſo much wit!"
Such wits and beauties are not prais'd for nought,
For both the beauty and the wit are bought.
'Twould burſt ev'n Heraclitus with the ſpleen,
To ſee thoſe anticks, Fopling and Courtin:
The Preſence ſeems, with things ſo richly odd,
The moſque of Mahound, or ſome queer Pa-god.
See them ſurvey their limbs by Durer's rules,
Of all beau-kind the beſt proportion'd fools!
Adjuſt their clothes, and to confeſſion draw
Thoſe venial ſins, an atom, or a ſtraw;

But

NOTES.

VER. 240. *by Durer's rules,*] The beſt Painter Germany ever produced; he was patronized and beloved by Maximilian I. and by Charles V. and, what was of more conſequence to an artiſt, by Raphael himſelf, who ſent him ſeveral deſigns, and his own portrait. He formed himſelf on no other painter, had a manner of his own, which indeed was hard; he wanted *grace*, and had not ſtudied the *antique*, and copied only *common nature* and the *forms* before him. He attended not to *Coſtume*. His Madonna's were dreſt like German ladies, and his Jews had beards and muſtacchios. See a moſt judicious Criticiſm on the Works and Talents of Albert Durer, by a living painter of great genius and learning, Mr. Fuſeli, in the *third* volume of that entertaining publication, intitled, *Anecdotes of ſome diſtinguiſhed Perſons*, p. 234. WARTON.

As a young Preacher at his firſt time goes
To preach, he enters, and a lady which owes
Him not ſo much as good-will, he arreſts,
And unto her proteſts, proteſts, proteſts,
So much as at Rome would ſerve to have thrown
Ten Cardinals into the *Inquiſition ;*
And whiſpers by *Jeſu* ſo oft, that a
Purſuevant would have raviſh'd him away
For ſaying our Lady's Pſalter. But 'tis fit
That they each other plague, they merit it.
But here comes Glorious that will plague them both,
Who in the other extreme only doth
Call a rough careleſneſs, good faſhion :
Whoſe cloak his ſpurs tear, or whom he ſpits on,
He cares not, he. His ill words do no harm
To him ; he ruſhes in, as if Arm, arm,
He meant to cry ; and though his face be as ill
As theirs which in old hangings whip Chriſt, ſtill
He ſtrives to look worſe ; he keeps all in awe ;
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Tyr'd,

NOTES.

VER. 256. *or Gonſon*] Sir John Gonſon, the famous police magiſtrate, was as celebrated in his day, in the annals of Juſtice, as one of his ſucceſſors in office, Sir John Fielding, has been ſince. His portrait is introduced in Hogarth's Harlot's Progreſs.

VER. 262. *The Captain's honeſt,*] Much reſembling Noll Bluff, in Congreve's *Old Batchelor*, who was copied from *Thraſo*, and alſo from Ben Jonſon. WARTON.

But oh! what terrors muſt diſtract the ſoul
Convicted of that mortal crime, a hole;
Or ſhould one pound of powder leſs beſpread
Thoſe monkey-tails that wag behind their head.
Thus finiſh'd, and corrected to a hair,
They march, to prate their hour before the Fair.
So firſt to preach a white-glov'd Chaplain goes,
With band of Lily, and with cheek of Roſe,
Sweeter than Sharon, in immac'late trim,
Neatneſs itſelf impertinent in him.
Let but the Ladies ſmile, and they are bleſt:
Prodigious! how the things *proteſt*, *proteſt*:
Peace, fools, or Gonſon will for Papiſts ſeize you,
If once he catch you at your *Jeſu! Jeſu!*

Nature made ev'ry Fop to plague his brother,
Juſt as one Beauty mortifies another.
But here's the Captain that will plague them both,
Whoſe air cries Arm! whoſe very look's an oath:
The Captain's honeſt, Sirs, and that's enough,
Tho' his ſoul's bullet, and his body buff.
He ſpits fore-right; his haughty cheſt before,
Like batt'ring rams, beats open ev'ry door:
And with a face as red, and as awry,
As Herod's hang-dogs in old Tapeſtry,
Scarecrow to boys, the breeding woman's curſe,
Has yet a ſtrange ambition to look worſe;
Confounds the civil, keeps the rude in awe,
Jeſts like a licens'd fool, commands like law.

Frighted,

Tyr'd, now I leave this place, and but pleas'd ſo
As men from gaols to execution go,
Go, through the great chamber (why is it hung
With the ſeven deadly ſins?) being among
Thoſe *Aſkaparts* *, men big enough to throw
Charing-Croſs for a bar, men that do know
No token of worth, but Queens man, and fine
Living; barrels of beef, flaggons of wine.
I ſhook like a ſpied Spie—Preachers which are
Seas of Wit and Arts, you can, then dare,
Drown the ſins of this place, but as for me
Which am but a ſcant brook, enough ſhall be
To waſh the ſtains away: Although I yet
(With *Maccabees* modeſty) the known merit
Of my work leſſen, yet ſome wiſe men ſhall
I hope, eſteem my Writs Canonical.

NOTES.

* A Giant famous in Romances. POPE.

VER. 273 *As men from Jails*] A line ſo ſmooth that our Author thought proper to adopt it from the Original. There are many *ſuch*, as I have before obſerved, which ſhew, that if Donne had taken equal pains, he need not have left his numbers ſo *much more rugged* and *diſguſting*, than many of his cotemporaries, eſpecially one ſo exquiſitely melodious as Drummond of Hawthornden; who, in truth, more than Fairfax, Waller, or Denham, deſerves to be called the firſt poliſher of Engliſh Verification. Milton read him much. And Pope copied him, not only in his Paſtorals, as before obſerved, but in his Eloiſa. A well-written Life of Drummond is inſerted in the fifth volume of the new Edition of the Biographia Britannica, with many curious particulars imparted by Mr. Park. WARTON.

VER. 274. *For, hung with deadly ſins,*] The room hung with old Tapeſtry, repreſenting the ſeven deadly ſins. POPE.

Frighted, I quit the room, but leave it ſo
As men from Jails to execution go;
For, hung with deadly ſins, I ſee the wall,
And lin'd with Giants deadlier than 'em all:
Each man an *Aſkapart*, of ſtrength to toſs
For Quoits, both Temple-bar and Charing-croſs.
Scar'd at the grizly forms, I ſweat, I fly,
And ſhake all o'er, like a diſcover'd ſpy.

Courts are too much for wits ſo weak as mine:
Charge them with Heav'n's Artill'ry, bold Divine!
From ſuch alone the Great rebukes endure,
Whoſe Satire's ſacred, and whoſe rage ſecure:
'Tis mine to waſh a few light ſtains, but theirs
To deluge ſin, and drown a Court in tears.
Howe'er what's now *Apocrypha*, my Wit,
In time to come, may paſs for Holy Writ.

NOTES.

VER. 286. *my Wit,*] The private character of Donne was very amiable and intereſting; particularly ſo, on account of his ſecret marriage with the daughter of Sir George More; of the difficulties he underwent on this marriage; of his conſtant affection to his wife, his affliction at her death, and the ſenſibility he diſplayed towards all his friends and relations. WARTON.

His life is written by Iſaac Walton.

"He was born," ſays Mr. Ellis, "at London in 1573, and educated at home till the eleventh year of his age. His academical reſidence then became divided between Oxford and Cambridge, and his ſtudies between poetry and law. He accompanied the Earl of Eſſex in an expedition againſt Cadiz, was ſecretary ſome time to Sir Thomas Egerton, Lord keeper of the Great Seal; and having taken orders, was promoted to be King's Chaplain, preacher of the Society of Lincoln's Inn, and Dean of St. Paul's. He died in 1631."

In ſpeaking of the firſt Engliſh Satiriſts, Warton has ſaid nothing of Marſton, who wrote the "Scourge of Villany."

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

IN TWO DIALOGUES,

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

The following words of Quintilian might not be an improper motto for theſe Dialogues:

"Ingenii plurimum eſt in eo, et acerbitas mira, et urbanitas, et vis ſumma; ſed plus ſtomacho, quam conſilio dedit. Præterea ut amari ſales, ita frequenter amaritudo ipſa ridicula eſt."

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE I.

FR. NOT twice a twelvemonth you appear in Print,
And when it comes, the Court see nothing in't.
You

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 2. in the MS.

You don't, I hope, pretend to quit the trade,
Because you think your reputation made:
Like good Sir Paul, of whom so much was said,
That when his name was up, he lay a-bed.
Come, come, refresh us with a livelier song,
Or, like St. Paul, you'll lie a-bed too long.
P. Sir, what I write, should be correctly writ.
F. Correct! 'tis what no genius can admit.
Besides, you grow too moral for a Wit.

NOTES.

VER. 1. *Not twice a twelvemonth, &c.*] These two lines are from Horace; and the only lines that are so in the whole Poem being meant to give a handle to that which follows in the chapter of an impertinent Cens[illegible] and

[illegible] of the [illegible] Horace," &c.

[illegible] *Ariosto*; an accou[illegible]

By long [illegible] Hogarth.

measure, [illegible] truths he spoke.

You grow correct that once with Rapture writ,
And are, besides, too moral for a Wit.
Decay of Parts, alas! we all must feel—
Why now, this moment, don't I see you steal?

'Tis

NOTES.

style, without flatness. The satire in these pieces is of the strongest kind; sometimes, direct and declamatory, at others, ironical and oblique. It must be owned to be carried to excess. Our country is represented as totally ruined, and overwhelmed with dissipation, depravity, and corruption. Yet this very country, so emasculated and debased by every species of folly and wickedness, in about twenty years afterwards, carried its triumphs over all its enemies, through all the quarters of the world, and astonished the most distant nations with a display of uncommon efforts, abilities, and virtue. So vain and groundless are the prognostications of poets, as well as politicians. It is to be wished, that a genius could be found to write an *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty-one*, as a counter-part to these two Dialogues, which were more diligently laboured, and more frequently corrected than any of our Author's compositions. I have often heard Mr. Dodsley say, that he was employed by the Author to copy them fairly. Every line was then written twice over; a clean transcript was then delivered to Mr. Pope, and when he afterwards sent it to Mr. Dodsley to be printed, he found every line had been written twice over a second time. Swift tells our Author, these Dialogues are equal, if not superior, to any part of his works. They are, in truth, more Horatian, than the professed *Imitations* of Horace. They at first were intitled, from the *year* in which they were published, *One Thousand Seven Hundred and Thirty-eight*. They were afterwards called, *fantastically* enough, *Epilogue to the Satires*, as the Epistle to Arbuthnot was intitled *Prologue to the Satires*. It is remarkable that the first was published the very same morning with Johnson's admirable *London*; which Pope much approved, and [illegible]ched diligently for the Author, who lived then in obscurity. [illegible] had a second edition in a week. Pope has himself given [illegible] and illustrations on t[illegible] Dialogues than on any o[illegible]

WAR[illegible]

[illegible] will r[illegible]

[illegible]

'Tis all from Horace; Horace long before ye
Said, "Tories call'd him Whig, and Whigs a Tory;"
And taught his Romans, in much better metre,
"To laug[illegible] Fools who put their truſt in Pet[illegible]
But Her laughir, was delicate, was nice;
Bubo 'im I hay he laſh'd no ſort of *Vice:*
Horace would ſay, Sir Billy *ſerv'd the Crown,*
Blunt could *do bus'neſs,* H—ggins *knew the Town;*
In Sappho touch the *Failings of the Sex,*
In rev'rend Biſhops note ſome *ſmall Neglects,*

And

NOTES.

VER. 9, 10. *And taught his Romans, in much better metre,*
"To laugh at Fools who put their truſt in Peter."]

The general turn of the thought is from Boileau,

"Avant lui, Juvénal avoit dit en Latin,
Qu'on eſt aſſis à l'aiſe aux ſermons de Cotin."

VER. 12. *Bubo obſerves,*] Some guilty perſon, very fond of making ſuch an obſervation. POPE.

Bubo is ſaid to mean Mr. Doddington, afterward Lord Melcombe. WARTON.

Pope has before claſſed together "Sir Will, and Bubo." See note on that line, Prologue to the Satires.

VER. 13 *Horace would ſay,*] The buſineſs of the friend here introduced is to diſſuade our Poet from *perſonal* invectives. But he dexterouſly turns the very advice he is giving into the bittereſt ſatire. Sir Billy was Sir William Young, who, from a great fluency, was often employed to make long ſpeeches till the miniſter's friends were collected in the Houſe. WARTON.

[illegible] 14. *H—ggins*] Formerly Gaoler of the Fleet priſon, en[illegible] Such were [illegible]lf by many exactions, for which he was tried and e[illegible]
[illegible] obin[illegible] P[illegible]
[illegible] gay c[illegible] father of the Author of the abſurd and
[illegible]'d with *Arioſto;* an account of him is [illegible]'d,
[illegible]cheerful[illegible]h.
[illegible]d new g[illegible] truths he ſpoke.

And own, the Spaniard did a *waggiſh thing*,
Who cropt our Ears, and ſent them to the King.
His ſly, polite, inſinuating ſtyle
C[illegible]d pleaſe at Court, and make Aug[illegible]us ſmile:
Why [illegible]
A[illegible]ll Manager, that crept betwe[illegible] 21
His Friend and Shame, and was a kin[illegible]n.
But 'faith your very Friends will ſoon be ſore;
Patriots there are, who wiſh you'd jeſt no more—
And

VARIATIONS.

After Ver. 26. in the MS.

There's honeſt *Tacitus* * once talk'd as big,
But is he now an *independant Whig?*

* Mr. Thomas Gordon, who was bought off by a place at Court.

NOTES.

VER. 15. *In Sappho touch*] In former Editions,
Sir George of ſome ſlight gallantries ſuſpect.
WARTON.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] Said to be executed by the Captain of a Spaniſh Ship on one Jenkins, a Captain of an Engliſh one. He cut off his ears, and bid him carry them to the King his Maſter. POPE.

VER. 18. *Who cropt our Ears,*] This circumſtance has been ludicrouſly called by Burke, "the Fable of Captain Jenkins's Ears!" See Coxe's Memoirs.

VER. 22. *Screen.*

"Omne vafer vitium ridenti Flaccus amico
Tangit, et admiſſus circum præcordia ludit." PERS.

A metaphor peculiarly appropriated to a certain perſon in ver. POPE.

24. *Patriots there are, &c.*] This appellation was gene[illegible]n to thoſe in oppoſition to the Court. Though ſome of [illegible]thor hints at) had views too mean and in[illegible] name. POPE.

And where's the Glory? 'twill be only thought
The Great man never offer'd you a groat.
Go ſee Sir ROBERT——

P. See Sir ROBERT!—hum—
And never laugh—for all my life to come?
Seen him I have, but in his happier hour
Of Social Pleaſure, ill-exchang'd for Pow'r;
Seen

NOTES.

VER 26. *That Great men*] A phraſe, by common uſe, appropriated to the firſt Miniſter. POPE.

VER. 27. *Go ſee Sir* ROBERT] We muſt not judge of this miniſter's character from the *Diſſertation* on *Parties*, nor from the eloquent *Philippics*, for *eloquent* they were, uttered againſt him in both Houſes of Parliament. Hume has drawn his portrait with candour and impartiality. And ſome of his moſt vehement antagoniſts, particularly the great Lord Chatham, lived to allow the merits of that *long* and *pacific* miniſtry, which ſo much extended the commerce, and co[illegible]y enlarged the riches of this country. [illegible]ury went in WARTON.

The nobleſt monument, but he [illegible]s been raiſed to the memory of Sir Robert [illegible]ne ſeal being ſet to, by Mr. Coxe, who, from ſources of authen[illegible] Walpole earneſtly inq[illegible] moſt ably illuſtrated the eventful period of power, that the Bi[illegible] the adminiſtration of Sir Robert. There i[illegible] A chapter was a[illegible]ce or character connected with the Hiſtory of the [illegible]nd but what has received new light from that accurate and elegant hiſtorian.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] The pleaſant, amiable character of Sir Robert in private life, is here moſt admirably touched. Lady M. W. Montagu's portrait of this eminent ſtateſman, in his character as a private man, gives alſo a moſt pleaſing idea of him:

On ſeeing a Portrait of Sir Robert Walpole.

Such were the lively eyes, and roſy hue,
Of Robin's face, when Robin firſt I knew,
The gay companion, and the favorite gueſt,
Lov'd without awe, and without fear careſs'd,
His cheerful ſmile, and open honeſt look,
Added new graces to the truths he ſpoke.

Seen him, uncumber'd with the Venal tribe,
Smile without Art, and win without a Bribe.
Would he oblige me? let me only find,
He does not think me what he thinks mankind.

Come,

NOTES.

VER. 29. *Seen him I have, &c.*] This, and other ſtrokes of commendation in the following poem, as well as his regard to Sir Robert Walpole on all occaſions, were in acknowledgment of a certain ſervice he had done a friend of Mr. Pope's at his ſolicitation. Our Poet, when he was about ſeventeen, had a very ill fever in the country; which it was feared, would end fatally. In this condition he wrote to Southcot, a Prieſt of his acquaintance, then in town, to take his laſt leave of him. Southcot, with great affection and ſolicitude, applied to Dr. Radcliffe for his advice. And not content with that, he rode down poſt to Mr. Pope, who was then an hundred miles from London, with the Doctor's directions; which had the deſired effect. A long time after this, Southcot, who had an intereſt in the Court of France, writing to a common acquaintance in Engla[illegible]mer [illegible]med him that there was a good abbey void near Avignon[illegible] gallantries had credit enough to get, were it not from an apprehe[illegible]tion would give umbrage to the Engliſh Cour Said to be executed cot) by his intrigues in the Pretender's ſer[illegible]kins, a Captain of a[illegible] obnoxious. The perſon to whom this was wi[illegible] him carry them equaint Mr. Pope with the caſe, he immediately w[illegible] Fter to Sir R. Walpole in the Prieſt's behalf: He ace[illegible]nted the Miniſter with the grounds of his ſolicitation, and begged that this embargo, for his, Mr. P.'s ſake, might be taken off; for that he was indebted to Southcot for his life; which debt muſt needs be diſcharged either here or in purgatory. The Miniſter received the application favourably, and with much good-nature wrote to his brother, then in France, to remove the obſtruction. In conſequence of which Southcot got the abbey. Mr. Pope ever after retained a grateful ſenſe of his civility. WARBURTON.

To the account given in this note may be added, that in gratitude for this favour conferred on his friend, Pope preſented to Mr. Horatio Walpole, afterwards Lord Walpole, a ſet of his Works in quarto, richly bound; which are now in the library at Wolterton. WARTON.

Come, come, at all I laugh he laughs, no doubt
The only diff'rence is, I dare laugh out.
F. Why,

NOTES.

Vut wo[illegible] *Seen him, uncumber'd*] Theſe two verſes were originally in the Poem, though omitted in all the firſt editions. POPE.

VER. 34. *He does not think me*] In former Editions,

He thinks me Poet of no venal kind. WARTON.

VER. 34. *what he thinks mankind.*] This *requeſt* appears ſomewhat abſurd: but not more ſo than the *principle* it refers to. That great Miniſter, it ſeems, thought all mankind Rogues; and that every one had his price. It was uſually given as a proof of his penetration, and extenſive knowledge of the world. Others perhaps would think it the mark of a bounded capacity; which, from a few of Rochefoucault's *maxims*, and the corrupt practice of thoſe he commonly converſed with, would thus boldly pronounce upon the character of his Species. It is certain, that a Keeper of Newgate, who ſhould make the ſame concluſion, would be heartily laughed at. WARBURTON.

Juſt before Atterbury went into exile, a large fine dropt to him as Dean of Weſtminſter, but he could have no right to receive it, without the ſeal being ſet to the leaſe in a full chapter. Sir Robert Walpole earneſtly inquired, if a chapter could *not be* held in the Tower, that the Biſhop might receive the benefit of this fine. A chapter was accordingly there held, and the Biſhop received a thouſand pounds for his ſhare of the fine. This anecdote, which is well authenticated, does great credit to the liberality and good temper of Sir Robert Walpole. WARTON.

The circumſtance, concerning which ſo much has been ſaid, that Sir Robert conſidered every one as equally *venal*, and that all had their price, is ſatisfactorily explained by Mr. Coxe:

"Although it is not poſſible to juſtify him entirely, yet this part of his conduct has been greatly exaggerated. The political axiom attributed to him, that *all men* have their price, and which has been ſo often repeated in verſe and proſe, was perverted by leaving out the word *thoſe*. Flowery oratory he deſpiſed; he aſcribed to the intereſted views of themſelves or their relatives, the declaration of the pretended Patriots, of whom he ſaid,

"All

F. Why, yes: with *Scripture* ſtill you may be free;
A Horſe-laugh, if you pleaſe, at *Honeſty*;
A Joke on JEKYL, or ſome odd *Old Whig*
Who never chang'd his Principle, or Wig:
A Patriot is a Fool in ev'ry age,
Whom all Lord Chamberlains allow the Stage:
Theſe nothing hurts; they keep their Faſhion ſtill,
And wear their ſtrange old Virtue, as they will.

If any aſk you, "Who's the Man ſo near
"His Prince, that writes in Verſe, and has his ear?"
Why,

NOTES.

"All thoſe men have their price," and in the event many of them juſtified his obſervation *." Memoirs of Sir R. W. page 250.

VER. 37. *Why, yes: with Scripture, &c.*] A ſcribler, whoſe only chance for reputation is the falling in with the faſhion, is apt to employ this infamous expedient for the preſervation of a tranſitory name. But a true Genius could not do a fooliſher thing, or ſooner defeat his own aim. The ſage Boileau uſed to ſay on this occaſion, "Une ouvrage ſevere peut bien plaire aux libertins; mais une ouvrage trop libre ne plaira jamais aux perſonnes ſeveres" WARBURTON.

VER. 37 *Why, yes: with Scripture ſtill you may be free;*] Thus the Man, commonly called *Mother Oſborne* (who was in the Miniſter's pay, and wrote Coffee-houſe Journals) for one Paper in behalf of Sir Robert, had frequently two againſt J. C.
WARBURTON.

VER. 39. *A Joke on* JEKYL,] Sir Joſeph Jekyl, Maſter of the Rolls, a true Whig in his principles, and a man of the utmoſt probity. He ſometimes voted againſt the Court, which drew upon him the laugh here deſcribed of ONE who beſtowed it equally upon Religion and Honeſty. He died a few months after the publication of this Poem. POPE.

* From Lord Orford, and the late Lord John Cavendiſh.

Why, anſwer, LYTTELTON, and I'll engage
The worthy Youth ſhall ne'er be in a rage:
But were his Verſes vile, his Whiſper baſe,
You'd quickly find him in Lord *Fanny*'s caſe.
Sejanus, Wolſey, hurt not honeſt FLEURY,
But well may put ſome Stateſmen in a fury.

Laugh

NOTES.

VER. 47. *Why, anſwer,* LYTTELTON,] George Lyttelton, Secretary to the Prince of Wales, diſtinguiſhed both for his writings and ſpeeches in the ſpirit of liberty. POPE.

VER. 51. *Sejanus,*] This profligate miniſter prevailed on the Senate to order a book of Crematius Cordus, in praiſe of Brutus and Caſſius, to be burnt. This prohibition naturally increaſed the circulation of the work. "Libros cremandos," ſays Tacitus, "cenſuere patres; ſed manſerunt occultati, etenim punitis ingeniis, gliſcit auctoritas." "The puniſhing of wits enhances their authority," ſays Lord Bacon; "and a *forbidden* writing is thought to be a certain ſpark of truth, that flies up in the faces of them who ſeek to tread it out." WARTON.

VER. 51. *Sejanus, Wolſey,*] The one the wicked miniſter of Tiberius; the other of Henry VIII. The writers againſt the Court uſually beſtowed theſe and other odious names on the Miniſter, without diſtinction, and in the moſt injurious manner. See Dial. II. ver. 137. POPE.

VER. 51. FLEURY,] Cardinal; and Miniſter to Louis XV. It was a Patriot-faſhion, at that time, to cry up his wiſdom and honeſty. POPE.

VER. 51. *honeſt* FLEURY,] Fontenelle who had been acquainted with the Cardinal before his miniſtry, viſiting him and finding him in his uſual ſerenity and gaiety of temper, ſaid to him, "Is it poſſible that your Eminence ſtill continues to be happy?" The ſhort Billets which the Cardinal wrote to Fontenelle, and which are preſerved in the 11th Vol. of his Works, are full of wit, elegance, and pleaſantry.

A curious account is given of the riſe and fortunes of Cardinal Fleury, in the firſt volume of St. Simon's Memoirs. WARTON.

Laugh then at any, but at Fools or Foes;
Theſe you but anger, and you mend not thoſe.
Laugh at your Friends, and, if your Friends are
ſore,
So much the better, you may laugh the more.
To Vice and Folly to confine the jeſt,
Sets half the world, God knows, againſt the reſt;
Did not the Sneer of more impartial men
At Senſe and Virtue, balance all agen.
Judicious Wits ſpread wide the Ridicule,
And charitably comfort Knave and Fool.

P. Dear Sir, forgive the Prejudice of Youth:
Adieu Diſtinction, Satire, Warmth, and Truth!
Come, harmleſs Characters that no one hit;
Come Henley's Oratory, Oſborn's Wit!
The Honey dropping from Favonio's tongue,
The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Y—ng!
The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,
And all the well-whipt Cream of Courtly Senſe,
That

NOTES.

VER. 66. *Henley—Oſborn,*] See them in their places in the Dunciad. POPE.

VER. 68. *The Flow'rs of Bubo, and the Flow of Young!*] Sir William Young. We cannot, now, conceive the reaſon of Pope's coupling ſo conſtantly, as he does, the names of Bubo, and Sir William Young.—We have

"The firſt lampoon, Sir Will or Bubo makes."

I have thought it poſſible he might here mean Dr. Young, to whom Dodington (Bubo) was a kind and conſtant Friend.

VER. 69 *The gracious Dew*] Alludes to ſome Court ſermons, and florid panegyrical ſpeeches; particularly one very full of puerilities and flatteries; which afterwards got into an addreſs in the ſame pretty ſtyle; and was laſtly ſerved up in an Epitaph, between Latin and Engliſh, publiſhed by its author. POPE.

That firſt was H—vy's, F—'s next, and then
The S—te's, and then H—vy's once agen.
O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,
So Latin, yet ſo Engliſh all the while,
As, tho' the Pride of Middleton and Bland,
All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!
Then

NOTES.

VER. 69. *The gracious Dew of Pulpit Eloquence,*] Our moral Bard was no great adept in Theology, nor did he enter into the depths of *Pulpit Eloquence*. This rendered his judgment of things, on certain occaſions, but ſlight and ſuperficial. It is plain here he gibeth at this maſter-ſtroke of Pulpit Eloquence: but Maſter Doctor Thomas Playfere might have taught him better. This eminent Court Divine, in his *Spital ſermon, preached in the year* 1595, layeth open the whole Myſtery. "The voice of a Preacher (ſaith he, himſelfe a powerful Preacher) ought to be the voice of a *Crier*, which ſhould not pipe to make the People dance, but mourne to make them *weep*. Hence it is, that in the oulde law, none that was blinde, or had anie blemiſhe in his eye, might ſerve at the Aulter; becauſe for that impediment in his eye he could not well ſhew his inwarde ſorrowing by his outward *weeping*. And when they offered up their firſt-borne, who was ordinarily in every family their Prieſte, or their *Preacher*, they offered alſo with him a paire of turtle-doves or two young pigeons. That paire of turtle-doves did ſignify a paire of *mournfull eyes:* thoſe two younge pigeons did ſignifie likewiſe *two weeping eyes:* And at that offering they prayed for their firſt-borne, that afterwards he might have ſuch eyes himſelfe. For indeed, as Auſtin witneſſeth, THERE IS MORE GOOD TO BE DONE with *ſighing* than with ſpeaking, with *weeping* than with words. Plus gemitibus quam ſermonibus, plus fletu quam affatu." SCRIBLERUS.

VER. 71. *F—'s*] Foxe's.

VER. 73. *O come, that eaſy, Ciceronian ſtyle,*] Dr. Bland of Eton was a very bad writer, Dr. Middleton a remarkable good one; perhaps, our beſt: but he was the friend of Pope's enemy, Lord Hervey: hinc illæ lachrymæ! BENNET.

VER. 75. *Pride of Middleton*] The life of Tully, the moſt important of his works, procured Dr. Middleton a great reputation, and

Then might I ſing, without the leaſt offence,
And all I ſung ſhould be the *Nation's Senſe;*
Or

NOTES.

and a great ſum of money, which he generouſly gave to his nieces. It is a moſt pleaſing and uſeful work, and gives a comprehenſive view of a moſt intereſting period in the Roman Hiſtory, and of the characters principally concerned in thoſe important events. It may be worth obſerving, that he is much indebted, without acknowledging it, to a curious book little known, intitled, *G. Bellendini, Scoti, de Tribus Luminibus Romanorum*, Libri 16. *Pariſiis. Apud Taſſanum du Bray:* 1634. Folio; dedicated to King Charles. It comprehends a hiſtory of Rome from the foundation of the city to the time of Auguſtus, drawn up in the very words of Cicero, without any alteration of any expreſſion. In this book Middleton found every part of Cicero's own hiſtory in his own words, and his works arranged in chronological order, without farther trouble. The impreſſion of this work being ſhipped for England, was loſt in the veſſel, which was caſt away, and only a few copies remained that had been left in France. I venture to ſay, that the ſtyle of Middleton, which is commonly eſteemed very *pure*, is blemiſhed with many *vulgar* and *cant* terms; ſuch as, "Pompey *had a month's mind; on that ſcore; theſe advances; this ſqueamiſhneſs*;" &c. He has not been ſucceſsful in the tranſlations of thoſe many Epiſtles of Tully which he has inſerted; which, however curious, yet break the thread of the narration. Mongault and Melmoth have far exceeded him in their excellent tranſlations of thoſe pieces. WARTON.

The book mentioned by Warton, Bellendenus, has been edited by a profound ſcholar, and eloquent writer, Dr. Samuel Par, whoſe animated preface, &c. is in the hands of every ſcholar. He ſpeaks with a warmth that does honour to his heart, reſpecting Dr. Middleton's conduct, in not avowing to whom he was ſo much indebted.

VER. 75. *and Bland,*] He had been maſter of Eton College, and a friend of Sir Robert Walpole He tranſlated into Latin, with much purity and elegance, the Soliloquy of Cato in the beginning of the fifth act of that Tragedy. WARTON.

VER. 76. *All Boys may read, and Girls may underſtand!*] i. e. full of ſchool *phraſes* and *Angliciſms*. WARBURTON.

VER. 78. *Nation's Senſe;*] The cant of Politics at that time. WARBURTON.

Or teach the melancholy Muſe to mourn,
Hang the ſad Verſe on CAROLINA's Urn,
And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,
All Parts perform'd, and *all* her Children bleſt!
So

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VER. 80. CAROLINA] Queen conſort to king George II. She died in 1737. Her death gave occaſion, as is obſerved above, to many indiſcreet and mean performances unworthy of her memory, whoſe laſt moments manifeſted the utmoſt courage and reſolution. POPE.

VER. 80. *Hang the ſad Verſe on* CAROLINA's *Urn,*] How finely has this been done by Handel, in that exquiſite Funeral ſervice, performed over her remains in Weſtminſter; a ſtrain worthy of her virtues, and which will be anſwered by tendereſt emotions of ſympathy, by all who hear it, who have a ſoul for muſic. "When the ear heard her, then it bleſſed her; and when the eye ſaw her, it gave witneſs of her—ſhe delivered the poor that cried, the fatherleſs, and him, that had none to help him."

VER. 81. *And hail her paſſage to the Realms of Reſt,*] *Dryden* has a paſſage ſimilar to the former couplet in his Abſalom and Achitophel, part i.

Or fled ſhe with his life, and left this *verſe*
To *hang on* her departed patron's *hearſe?*

And a verſe, reſembling the laſt of this quotation, a little earlier in the ſame poem:

All parts fulfill'd of ſubject, and of ſon:

as *Cowley* alſo, on the death of the Earl of Balcarras:

Perform'd all parts of Virtue's vigorous life. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 82. *and* all *her Children bleſt!*] No ſubtle commentary can torture theſe words to mean any thing but the moſt poignant ſarcaſm on the behaviour of this great perſonage to her ſon on her death-bed. A very ſevere copy of verſes was circulated at the time, ſaid to be written by Lord Cheſterfield, which ended thus:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven died!"

So that our Author's own Note is at *variance* with his *Text*, as is a Letter written to Mr. Allen. WARTON.

So—Satire is no more—I feel it die—
No *Gazetteer* more innocent than I—

And

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VER. 82. all *her children bleſt!*"] Her memory has been vindicated in the moſt ſatisfactory manner by Mr. Coxe:

"The enemies of Queen Caroline have repreſented her as being of an unforgiving temper; and even reproached her with want of maternal tenderneſs. It was malicioufly ſuggeſted, that ſhe fomented the miſunderſtanding between the King and the Prince of Wales; but, on the contrary, ſhe exerted her utmoſt influence to abate the petulance of the Son, and the irritability of the Father.

"The tongue of ſlander has ever reproached her with maintaining her implacability to the hour of her death, and refuſing her pardon to the Prince, who had humbly requeſted to receive her bleſſing. To this imputation Lord Cheſterfield alludes, in a copy of verſes circulated at that time:

"And unforgiving, unforgiven dies!"

Pope alſo has conſigned to poſterity this aſperſion:

"and *all her children bleſt!*"

"I am happy to have it in my power to remove this ſtigma from the memory of this great Princeſs. *She ſent her bleſſing* to her Son, and a *meſſage* of *forgiveneſs*, and told Sir Robert Walpole ſhe would have ſeen him with pleaſure, but prudence forbad the interview, as it might embarraſs and irritate the King."

Memoirs of Sir Robert Walpole, p. 497.

In the diſguſting and diſgraceful couplet written by Pope, which Warton has printed, it was,

"Here lies wrapt up in *forty thouſand* towels,
The only proof that Caroline had bowels."

I am informed by Mr. Coxe, that forty thouſand, ſhould have been four and twenty.

As a contraſt to the ſevere irony of Pope, on Queen Caroline, I ſhall conclude this account with the following pathetic lines,

And let, a God's-name, ev'ry Fool and Knave
Be grac'd through Life, and flatter'd in his Grave
F. Why ſo? if Satire knows its Time and Place
You ſtill may laſh the greateſt—in Diſgrace:
For

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lines, ſaid to have been preſented by Lord Landſdowne to her, with his works, in his old age, 1 32 They were written in a blank leaf, and are indeed beautiful and affecting:

A Muſe expiring, who with earlieſt voice
Made Kings, and Queens, and Beauty's charms, her choice,
Now on her death-bed, the laſt homage pays,
O Queen, to thee! accept her dying lays.
So, at th' approach of Death the cygnet tries
To warble one more note, and ſinging dies.
Thus ſung the Muſe, in her laſt moments fir'd
With Carolina's praiſe, and then expir'd.

VER. 84. *No* Gazetteer *more innocent than I.*] The Gazetteer is one of the low appendices to the Secretary of State's office; and his buſineſs is to write the Government's news paper, publiſhed by authority. Sir Richard Steele for ſome time had this poſt; and he deſcribes the condition of it very well, in the *Apology for himſelf and his writings*: "My next appearance as a writer was in the quality of the loweſt Miniſter of State, to wit, in the office of *Gazetteer*; where I worked faithfully according to order, without ever erring againſt the rule obſerved by all Miniſters, to keep that paper very innocent and very inſipid. It was to the reproaches I heard every Gazette-day againſt the writer of it, that I owe the fortitude of being remarkably negligent of what People ſay, which I do not deſerve." WARBURTON.

VER. 87. *Why ſo? if Satire*] About this time a great ſpirit of liberty was prevalent. All the men of wit and genius, who indeed were all in the oppoſition, joined in increaſing it. *Glover* wrote his *Leonidas* with this view; *Nugent*, his *Odes* to *Mankind*, and to Mr. *Pulteney*; *King*, his *Miltonis Epiſtola*, and *Templum Libertatis*; *Thomſon* his *Britannia*, his *Liberty*, and his Tragedy of *Agamemnon*; *Mallet*, his *Muſtapha*; and *Brooke*, his *Guſtavus Vaſa*; our Author, his *Imitations* of Horace, and theſe two *Dialogues*; and *Johnſon*, his *London*. WARTON.

For Merit will by turns forſake them all;
Would you know when? exactly when they fall.
But let all Satire in all Changes ſpare
Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.
Silent and ſoft, as Saints remove to Heav'n,
All Tyes diſſolv'd, and ev'ry Sin forgiv'n,
Theſe may ſome gentle miniſterial Wing
Receive, and place for ever near a King!
There, where no Paſſion, Pride, or Shame tranſport,
Lull'd with the ſweet Nepenthe of a Court;
There,

NOTES.

VER. 92. *Immortal S—k, and grave De——re.*] A title given *that* Lord by King James II. He was of the Bedchamber to King William; he was ſo to King George I.; he was ſo to King George II. *This* Lord was very ſkilful in all the forms of the Houſe, in which he diſcharged himſelf with great gravity. POPE.

Pope alludes to Charles Hamilton, third Son of the Duke of Hamilton, who was created Earl of Selkirk in 1687.

VER. 97. *There, where no Paſſion, &c.*] The excellent writer *De l'Eſprit des Loix* gives the following character of the *Spirit* of Courts, and the *Principle* of Monarchies: "Qu'on liſe ce que les Hiſtoriens de tous les tems on dit ſur la Cour des Monarques; qu'on ſe rapelle les converſations des hommes de tous les Pais ſur le miſerable caractère des COURTISANS; ce ne ſont point des choſes de ſpeculation, mais d'une triſte expérience. L'ambition dans l'oiſiveté, la baſſeſſe dans l'orgueil, le deſir de s'enrichir ſans travail, l'averſion pour la vérité; la flaterie, la trahiſon, la perfidie, l'abandon de tous ſes engagements, le mepris des devoirs du Citoyen, la crainte de la vertu du Prince, l'eſperance de ſes foibleſſes, et plus, que tous cela, LE RIDICULE PERPETUEL JETTE SUR LA VERTU, ſont, je crois, le Caractère de la plupart des Courtiſans marqué dans tous les lieux et dans tous les tems. Or il eſt très mal-aiſé que les principaux d'un Etat ſoient malhonnêtes gens, et que les inferieurs ſoient gens-de-bien, que ceux-la ſoient trompeurs, & que ceux-ci conſentent à n'être que dupes. Que ſi dans le Peuple il ſe trouve quelque malheureux honnête-homme,

le

There, where no Father's, Brother's, Friends diſgrace
Once break their reſt, or ſtir them from their Place:
But paſt the Senſe of human Miſeries,
All Tears are wip'd for ever from all eyes;
No cheek is known to bluſh, no heart to throb,
Save when they loſe a Queſtion, or a Job.
P. Good Heav'n forbid, that I ſhould blaſt their glory,
Who know how like Whig Miniſters to Tory,
And when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,
Conſid'ring what a *gracious Prince* was next.
Have I, in ſilent wonder, ſeen ſuch things
As Pride in Slaves, and Avarice in Kings;
And

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le Cardinal de Richelieu dans ſon *Teſtament politique* inſinue, qu'un Monarque doit ſe garder de s'en ſervir. Tant il eſt vrai que la Vertu n'eſt pas le reſſort de ce Gouvernment."

WARBURTON.

This teſtament, which Voltaire laboured to prove to be ſpurious, has lately been ſhewn to be genuine.

The paſſage in our Author far exceeds a celebrated one in *Paſtor Fido*, where *Guarini* thus characterizes courts and courtiers. Scena 1.

L'ingannare, il mentir, la frode, il furto,
E la rapina di pieta veſtita,
Creſcer col danno e precipizio altrui,
Eſar a ſe di l' altrui biaſmo onore,
Son le virtu di quella gente infida. WARTON.

VER. 107. *And, when three Sov'reigns dy'd, could ſcarce be vext,*] The *three ſovereigns*, I preſume, were Mary, William, and Anne; the *gracious prince* George the Firſt. WAKEFIELD.

And at a Peer, or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,
Who ſtarves a Siſter, or forſwears a Debt?
Virtue, I grant you, is an empty boaſt;
But ſhall the Dignity of *Vice* be loſt?
Ye Gods! ſhall Cibber's Son, without rebuke,
Swear like a Lord, or Rich outwhore a Duke?
A Fav'rite's Porter with his Maſter vie,
Be brib'd as often, and as often lie?
Shall Ward draw Contracts with a Stateſman's ſkill?
Or Japhet pocket, like his Grace, a Will?
Is it for Bond, or Peter, (paltry things,)
To pay their Debts, or keep their Faith, like Kings?

If

VARIATIONS.

VER. 112. In ſome Editions,
Who ſtarves a Mother——

NOTES.

VER. 111. *or Peereſs, ſhall I fret,*] I have been informed that theſe verſes related to Lady M. W. Montagu and her Siſter the Counteſs of Mar. Lady Mary was certainly extravagant, ſpeculated in money-matters, and perhaps might have been under temporary difficulties. Pope was willing to lay hold of every report againſt her; but if there ever was an idea of her having neglected her Siſter, it could not have been true, for they correſponded always with the greateſt tenderneſs and affection; and Lady Mar could not have been in any great degree of penury, for when Lord Mar was baniſhed, his Scotch eſtate, which had been ſettled on his wife, was freely given her by George I. for the maintenance of herſelf and daughter. She lived at Paris, where ſhe correſponded with her Siſter, who invites her perpetually to a life of gaiety and expence, very unſuitable to a ſtate of indigence.

VER. 115. *Cibber's Son,—Rich*] Two Players: look for them in the Dunciad. POPE.

VER. 119. *Shall Ward, &c.*] Almoſt all theſe worthies have been ſpoken of before.

VER. 122. *To pay their Debts,*] This ſevere line relates to a fact of too delicate a nature to be explained. WARTON.

If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf, he play'd the man,
And ſo may'ſt thou, illuſtrious Paſſeran!

But

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VER. 123. *If Blount!*] Author of an impious fooliſh book called *The Oracles of Reaſon*, who being in love with a near kinſwoman of his, and rejected, gave himſelf a ſtab in the arm, as pretending to kill himſelf, of the conſequence of which he really died. POPE.

VER. 123. *If Blount diſpatch'd himſelf,*] He was the younger ſon of Sir Henry Blount, who wrote an admirable account of a *Voyage* to the Levant, 1636; and younger brother of Sir Thomas Pope Blount, who wrote the *Cenſura Authorum*. And this *Charles Blount* was not only the Author of *The Oracles of Reaſon*, but of an infidel treatiſe, intitled, *Anima Mundi*, and of the *Life of Apollonius Tyanæus*, in folio, 1680; with notes ſaid to be taken from the manuſcript of Lord Herbert of Cherbury. It was his ſiſter-in-law, with whom he was in love, when he deſtroyed himſelf. WARTON.

VER. 124. *Paſſeran!*] Author of another book of the ſame ſtamp, called, *A Philoſophical Diſcourſe on Death*, being a defence of ſuicide. He was a nobleman of Piedmont, baniſhed from his country for his impieties, and lived in the utmoſt miſery, yet feared to practiſe his own precepts; of which there went a pleaſant ſtory about that time. Amongſt his pupils, to whom he read in moral philoſophy, there was, it ſeems, a noted *Gameſter*, who lodged under the ſame roof with him. This uſeful citizen, after a run of ill-luck, came one morning early into the Philoſopher's bed-chamber with two loaded piſtols; and, as Engliſhmen do not underſtand raillery in a caſe of this nature, told the Piedmonteſe, on preſenting him with one of his piſtols, "that now was come the time to put his doctrine in practice: that as to himſelf, having loſt his laſt ſtake, he was become an *uſeleſs* member in ſociety, and ſo was reſolved to quit his *ſtation*; and that as to him, his *guide, philoſopher, and friend*, ſurrounded with miſeries, the outcaſt of government, and the ſport even of that *Chance* which he adored, he doubtleſs would rejoice for ſuch an opportunity to bear him company." All this was ſaid and done with ſo much reſolution and ſolemnity, that the Italian found himſelf under a neceſſity to cry out Murder; which brought in Company to his relief.—This unhappy man at laſt died a penitent.

 WARBURTON.

But ſhall a Printer, weary of his life,
Learn, from their Books, to hang himſelf and Wife?
This,

NOTES.

Ver. 125. *But ſhall a Printer, &c.*] A fact that happened in London a few years paſt. The unhappy man left behind him a paper juſtifying his action by the reaſonings of ſome of theſe Authors. Pope.

In the Gentleman's Magazine for April 1732, it is related, that Richard Smith, a bookbinder, and priſoner for debt in the King's Bench, and Bridget his wife, were found hanging in their chamber, about two yards diſtant from each other; and below in their kitchen, their little child, two years old, ſhot through the head, in its cradle. They were neatly dreſſed in clean linen, a curtain was drawn between the man and woman, a piſtol loaded lying near him, and a knife by her. They left two letters, one for the landlord about his rent, and the other to Mr. Brindley, endeavouring to juſtify the manner and cauſes of their death; and begging their dog and cat might be taken care of. Voltaire alſo has given this account in an Eſſay on Engliſh Suicides. *Melanges*, vol. iv. Warton.

One of the letters written by theſe miſtaken and unfortunate people, is very curious, though we cannot but deplore the perverted mode of reaſoning, which, in their ſtatement, theſe poor people, to whom Pope alludes, employed. The letter to the Landlord is,

"To Mr. Brighted.

"Sir,

"The neceſſity of my affairs has obliged me to give you this trouble; I hope I have *left* more than is ſufficient for the money I owe you. I beg of you that you will be pleaſed to ſend theſe incloſed papers, as directed, immediately by ſome porter, and that without ſhewing them to any one. Your humble ſervant,

"Richard Smith.

"P. S. I have a *ſuit* of *black cloaths* at the Cock in Mint-ſtreet, which lies for 17s. 6d.

"If you can find any * *chap* for *my dog* and *ancient cat*, it would be kind. I have here ſent a ſhilling for the porter."

* Buyer.

This, this, my friend, I cannot, muſt not bear;
Vice, thus abus'd, demands a Nation's care:
This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,
And hurls the Thunder of the Laws on *Gin.*
Let modeſt FOSTER, if he will, excell
Ten Metropolitans in preaching well;
A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,
Outdo Landaffe in Doctrine,—yea in Life:
Let

NOTES.

VER. 129. *This calls the Church to deprecate our Sin,*] Warburton ſays, this alludes to the *Forms of Prayer* compoſed in the time of public calamity and diſtreſs; where the fault is generally laid on the *People*.

VER. 130. *Gin.*] A ſpirituous liquor, the exorbitant uſe of which had almoſt deſtroyed the loweſt rank of the People, till it was reſtrained by an act of Parliament in 1736. POPE.

VER. 131. *Let modeſt* FOSTER,] Warburton ſays, this confirms an obſervation which Mr. Hobbes made long ago, That *there be very few Biſhops that act a ſermon ſo well, as divers Preſbyterians and fanatic Preachers can do!!* Hiſt. of Civ. Wars, p. 62. SCRIBLERUS.

He was an eloquent and perſuaſive Preacher, and wrote an excellent Defence of Chriſtianity againſt *Tindal*. Dr. Warburton's note is a direct *contradiction* to the ſentiment of his friend, who meant to pay a deſerved compliment to a worthy and amiable diſſenting Teacher, and who quoted him with approbation to Bolingbroke. WARTON.

VER. 133. *A ſimple Quaker, or a Quaker's Wife,*] The biſhop of Landaff at this time was *Dr. Matthias Mawſon*, maſter alſo of Benet College in Cambridge; of whom a very reſpectable account, founded on facts, is given in Heſter's hiſtory of that College; a much more competent witneſs in this caſe than Pope, who was probably influenced on this occaſion by ſome Tory prejudice. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 133. *a Quaker's Wife,*] Mrs. Drummond, celebrated in her time. WARTON.

Let humble ALLEN, with an aukward Shame,
Do good by ſtealth, and bluſh to find it Fame.
Virtue may chooſe the high or low Degree,
'Tis juſt alike to Virtue, and to me;
Dwell in a Monk, or light upon a King,
She's ſtill the ſame, belov'd, contented thing.
Vice is undone, if ſhe forgets her Birth,
And ſtoops from Angels to the Dregs of Earth:
But 'tis the *Fall* degrades her to a Whore;
Let *Greatneſs* OWN HER, and ſhe's mean no more,

NOTES.

VER. 134. *Outdo Landaffe*] A Prelate of irreproachable character, who is ſaid never to have offended Pope; and whoſe ſon is no ſmall ornament to his Profeſſion, Dr. Harris of Doctors Commons. WARTON.

VER. 134. *Landaffe*] A poor Biſhopric in Wales, as poorly ſupplied. POPE.

VER. 135. *Let humble* ALLEN,] Mr. Pope, on the republication of this Poem, in a letter to Mr. *Allen*, writes thus—"I am going to inſert, in the body of my works, my two laſt poems in quarto. I always profit myſelf of the opinion of the public, to correct myſelf on ſuch occaſions; and ſometimes the merits of particular men, whoſe names I have made free with, for examples either of good or bad, determine me to alterations. I have found a virtue in you more than I certainly knew before, till I had made experiment of it, I mean *Humility*. I muſt therefore in juſtice to my own conſcience of it, bear teſtimony to it, and change the epithet I firſt gave you of *low-born*, to *humble*. I ſhall take care to do you the juſtice to tell every body, this change was not made at your's, or at any friend's requeſt for you, but my own knowledge, you merited it," &c. *Twit. Nov.* 2. WARBURTON.

VER. 144. *Let* Greatneſs OWN HER, *and ſhe's mean no more,*] The Poet, in this whole paſſage, was willing to be underſtood as alluding to a very extraordinary ſtory told by *Procopius*, in his *Secret Hiſtory*; the ſum of which is as follows:

The

Her Birth, her Beauty, Crowds and Courts confeſs,
Chaſte Matrons praiſe her, and grave Biſhops bleſs;
In

NOTES.

The Empreſs THEODORA was the daughter of one Acaces, who had the care of the wild beaſts, which the *Green Faction* kept for the entertainment of the people. For the Empire was, at that time, divided between the two Factions of the *Green* and *Blue*. But Acaces dying in the infancy of Theodora, and her two Siſters, his place of *Maſter of the Bears* was diſpoſed of to a ſtranger: and his widow had no other way of ſupporting herſelf than by proſtituting her three daughters (who were all very pretty) on the public Theatre. Thither ſhe brought them in their turns, as they came to years of puberty. Theodora firſt attended her Siſters in the habit and quality of a ſlave. And when it came to her turn to mount the ſtage, as ſhe could neither dance nor play on the flute, ſhe was put into the loweſt claſs of Buffoons, to make diverſion for the Rabble; which ſhe did in ſo arch a manner, and complained of the indignities ſhe ſuffered in ſo ridiculous a tone, that ſhe became an abſolute favourite of the people After a complete courſe of infamy and proſtitution, the next place we hear of her is at Alexandria, in great poverty and diſtreſs: from whence (as it was no wonder) ſhe was willing to remove. And to Conſtantinople ſhe came; but after a large circuit through the Eaſt, where ſhe worked her way by a free courſe of proſtitution. JUSTINIAN was at this time conſort in the Empire with his Uncle *Juſtin*; and the management of affairs entirely in his hands. He no ſooner ſaw Theodora than he fell deſperately in love with her; and would have married her immediately, but that the Empreſs *Euphemia*, a Barbarian, and *unpolite*, but not illiberal in her nature, was then alive. And ſhe, although ſhe rarely denied him any thing, yet obſtinately refuſed giving him this inſtance of her complaiſance. But ſhe did not live long: and then nothing but the ancient LAWS, which forbad a Senator to marry with a common proſtitute, hindered Juſtinian from executing this extraordinary project. Theſe he obliged Juſtin to revoke; and then, in the face of the ſun, married his dear Theodora. A terrible example (ſays the Hiſtorian) and an encouragement to the moſt abandoned licence. And now, no ſooner was THEODORA (in the Poet's phraſe) OWNED *by Greatneſs*, than ſhe, whom not long before it

was

In golden Chains the willing World ſhe draws,
And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,
Mounts the Tribunal, lifts her ſcarlet head,
And ſees pale Virtue carted in her ſtead.
Lo!

NOTES.

was thought *unlucky* to meet, and a *pollution* to touch, became the idol of the Court. There was not a ſingle magiſtrate (ſays Procopius) that expreſſed the leaſt indignation at the ſhame and diſhonour brought upon the ſtate; not a ſingle Prelate that ſhewed the leaſt deſolation for the public ſcandal. They all drove to Court ſo precipitately, as if they were ſtriving to prevent one another in her good graces. Nay, the *very ſoldiers* were emulous of the honour of becoming the Champions of her virtue. As for the common People, who had ſo long been the ſpectators of her ſervility, her buffoonry, and her proſtitution, they all in a body threw themſelves at her feet, as ſlaves at the footſtool of their Miſtreſs. In a word, there was no man, of what condition ſoever who ſhewed the leaſt diſlike of ſo monſtrous an elevation. In the mean time, Theodora's firſt care was to fill her Coffers, which ſhe ſoon did, with immenſe wealth. To this end, Juſtinian and ſhe pretended to differ in their party principles. The one protected the *blue*, and the other the *green* Faction; till in a long courſe of intrigue, by ſometimes giving up the one to plunder and confiſcation, and ſometimes the other, they left nothing to either. See *Procop. Anec.* c. ix.—x. WARBURTON.

Upon this note Gibbon obſerves, vol. iv. p. 26. "Without Warburton's critical *Teleſcope*, I ſhould never have ſeen, in this general picture of triumphant vice, any perſonal alluſion to *Theodora*." Her infamous conduct may be read in the 4th vol. of the *Menagiana*. What Bayle ſays of J. Scaliger may be juſtly applied to many of Warburton's notes. "Les commentaires qui viennent de lui ſont pleines de conjectures hardies, ingenieuſes, et fort ſcavantes; mais il n'eſt gueres apparent que les auteurs ayent ſongés à tout de qu'il leur fait dire. On s'eloigne de leur ſens auſſi bien, quand on a beaucoup d'eſprit, quand on en a pas." *Repub. des Lett.* 1684. WARTON.

VER. 148. *And hers the Goſpel is, and hers the Laws,*] i e. She diſpoſed of the honours of both. WARBURTON.

VER. 149. *ſcarlet head,*] Alluding to the *ſcarlet Whore* of the *Apocalypſe*. WARBURTON.

Lo! at the wheels of her Triumphal Car,
Old Englands Genius, rough with many a Scar,
Dragg'd in the Duſt! his arms hang idly round,
His Flag inverted trails along the ground!
Our Youth, all liv'ry'd o'er with foreign Gold,
Before her dance: behind her, crawl the Old!
See thronging Millions to the Pagod run,
And offer Country, Parent, Wife, or Son!
Hear her black Trumpet through the Land proclaim,
That NOT TO BE CORRUPTED IS THE SHAME.
In Soldier, Churchman, Patriot, Man in Pow'r,
'Tis Av'rice all, Ambition is no more!
See, all our Nobles begging to be Slaves!
See all our Fools aſpiring to be Knaves!
The Wit of Cheats, the Courage of a Whore,
Are what ten thouſand envy and adore:
All, all look up, with reverential Awe,
At Crimes that 'ſcape, or triumph o'er the Law:
While Truth, Worth, Wiſdom, daily they decry—
"Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy."

Yet

NOTES.

VER. 151. *Lo! at the wheels*] A groupe of allegorical perſons worthy the pencil of *Rubens!* and deſcribed in expreſſions worthy of *Virgil!* This is perhaps the nobleſt paſſage in all his works, without any exception whatever. WARTON.

VER. 162. *'Tis Av'rice all,*] "So far from having the virtues, we have not even the vices of our anceſtors," ſays Bolingbroke. WARTON.

VER. 170. "*Nothing is Sacred now but Villainy.*"] From the concluſion of this Satire, which is highly poetical and animated, one might ſuppoſe that there was neither honeſty, honour, public

Yet may this Verſe (if ſuch a Verſe remain)
Show, there was one who held it in diſdain.

NOTES.

ſpirit, or virtue, in the nation. We ſhould however always keep in mind the agitated ſtate of Parties, at the time. Tories, Jacobites, diſappointed Whigs, all under the *name* of *Patriot*, united in *one cry* againſt the adminiſtration of Walpole, who *moſt truly* deſerved that diſtinguiſhed appellation, and by whoſe firmneſs, wiſdom, and integrity, under Providence, the Proteſtant ſucceſſion was in great meaſure ſuſtained, in the moſt trying periods, and with it our laws and liberties.

But whatever may be ſaid of the political, of the poetical part, particularly the deſcription of vice, and the noble concluſion, there can be but one opinion. More dignified and impreſſive numbers, more lofty indignation, more animated appeals, and more rich perſonifications never adorned the page of the Satiric Muſe.

EPILOGUE

TO THE

SATIRES.

WRITTEN IN MDCCXXXVIII.

DIALOGUE II.

FR. 'Tis all a Libel—Paxton (Sir) will ſay.
P. Not yet, my Friend! to-morrow 'faith it may;
And for that very cauſe I print to-day.
How ſhould I fret to mangle ev'ry line,
In rev'rence to the ſins of *Thirty-nine?* 5
Vice

NOTES.

VER. 1. *'Tis all a Libel*] The liberty of the Preſs was about this time thought to be in danger; and Milton's noble and nervous diſcourſe on this ſubject, intitled, *Areopagitica,* was reprinted in an octavo pamphlet, with a preface written by Thomſon, the poet. "If we think to regulate printing," ſays Milton, "thereby to rectify manners, we muſt regulate all recreations and paſtimes, all that is delightful to man. No muſic muſt be heard, no ſong be ſet or ſung, but what is grave and Doric.—He who is made judge to ſit upon the birth or death of books, whether they may be wafted into this world or not, had need to be a man above the common meaſure, both ſtudious, learned, and judicious." WARTON.

VER. 1. *Paxton*] Late ſolicitor to the Treaſury. WARBURTON.

Vice with ſuch Giant ſtrides comes on amain,
Invention ſtrives to be before in vain;
Feign what I will, and paint it e'er ſo ſtrong,
Some riſing Genius ſins up to my Song.

F. Yet none but you by Name the guilty laſh;
Ev'n Guthry ſaves half Newgate by a Daſh.
Spare then the Perſon, and expoſe the Vice.

P. How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?
Come on then, Satire! gen'ral, unconfin'd,
Spread thy broad wing, and ſouſe on all the kind.
Ye Sateſmen, Prieſts, of one Religion all!
Ye Tradeſmen, vile, in Army, Court, or Hall!
Ye Rev'rend Atheiſts. F. Scandal! name them, Who?

P. Why that's the thing you bid me not to do.
Who

NOTES.

VER. 8. *Feign what I will, &c.*] The Poet has here introduced an oblique apology for himſelf with great art. You attack perſonal characters, ſay his enemies. No, replies he, I paint merely from my *invention*; and then, to prevent a likeneſs, I aggravate the features. But alas! the growth of vice is ſo monſtrouſly ſudden, that it riſes up to a *reſemblance* before I can get from the preſs. WARBURTON.

VER. 11. *Ev'n Guthry*] The Ordinary of Newgate, who publiſhes the Memoirs of the Malefactors, and is often prevailed upon to be ſo tender of their reputation, as to ſet down no more than the initials of their name. POPE.

VER. 13. *How, Sir! not damn the Sharper, but the Dice?*] It is pity that the livelineſs of the reply cannot excuſe the bad reaſoning: The *dice*, though they rhyme to *vice*, can never ſtand for it; which his argument requires they ſhould do. For *dice* are only the *inſtruments* of fraud; but the queſtion is not, whether the *inſtrument*, but whether the *act* committed by it, ſhould be expoſed, inſtead of the *perſon*. WARBURTON.

Who ſtarv'd a Siſter, who forſwore a Debt,
I never nam'd; the Town's enquiring yet.
The pois'ning Dame—F. You mean—P. I don't.
F. You do.
P. See, now I keep the Secret, and not you!
The bribing Stateſman—F. Hold, too high you go.
P. The brib'd Elector—F. There you ſtoop too low.
P. I fain

NOTES.

VER. 21. *the Town's enquiring yet.*] So true is Swift's obſervation on *perſonal* ſatire; "I have long obſerved, that twenty miles from London nobody underſtands *hints*, *initial letters*, or *town*-facts and *paſſages*; and in a few years not even thoſe who live in London." See verſe 238 below, for two *aſteriſks*, not filled up or known. WARTON.

If the Town "*be inquiring yet*," it is plain, Pope made his *bare ſurmiſe*, the foundation of the ſevereſt ſatire.

VER. 22. *F. You mean—P. I don't.*] The ſame friend is here again introduced making ſuch remonſtrances as before. And ſeveral parts of the dialogue here are more rapid and ſhort, and approach nearer to common converſation, than any lines he had ever before written; and are examples of that ſtyle mentioned by Horace,

"——parcentis viribus, atque
Extenuantis eas conſultò." WARTON.

VER. 24. *The bribing Stateſman*] *Corruption* was the univerſal cry at this period, and it had been repeated ſo long, that people began to think the *removal* of Sir Robert Walpole would introduce a ſort of happineſs into the political world, like that of the "millenium:"

No taxes, no corruption, no bribery.

Dodington, who was upon terms of the greateſt kindneſs and intimacy with the Walpoles, to ſecure his election at Portſmouth, had no ſcruple in making Sir Robert Walpole (to whom he had before addreſſed his poetical Epiſtle, as to the Saviour of the Nation) the burden of his ſong, in the following ballad, which, in the MS. he ſays, was made in his road to Portſmouth, with a view to the Election there 1741.

P. I fain would pleaſe you, if I knew with what;
Tell me, which Knave is lawful Game, which not?
Muſt great Offenders, once eſcap'd the Crown,
Like Royal Harts, be never more run down?
Admit your Law to ſpare the Knight requires,
As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?

Suppoſe

NOTES.

STANZAS, 1740, *on the road to Portſmouth.*

Now, Britain, is the Criſis of thy fate,
Againſt *Corruption* make a glorious ſtand;
Unite thy Sons ere yet it be too late,
The *ſcar'd Corruptor deluges* the land.

View the heap'd pile with undeſiring eyes,
Thy danger from thy baſeneſs flows alone;
Be honeſt,—by his ſpell the *Sorcerer* dies,
And what he meant thy *ruin, proves his own.*

Survey thy King,—juſt, valiant, and ſincere.
Is this a prince we muſt be *brib'd* to ſerve?
Ah no! the *bribe* betrays the *wretch's* fear,
And ſhows he's conſcious what his *crimes deſerve.*

Since then the difference of their ſouls we ſee,
One form'd for glory, one to bribe and rob,
Let George's Friends be honeſt all and free,
The *ſervile* and *corrupt*, be friends to BOBB.

VER. 29. *Like Royal Harts, &c.*] Alluding to the old Game laws; when our Kings ſpent all the time they could ſpare from human ſlaughter, in Woods and Foreſts. WARBURTON.

VER. 31. *As beaſts of Nature may we hunt the Squires?*] The expreſſion is rough, like the ſubject, but without reflection: For if *beaſts of Nature*, then not beaſts of their own making; a fault too frequently objected to country Squires. However, the Latin is nobler; *Feræ naturæ*, *Things* uncivilized, and free. *Fera*, as the Critics ſay, being from the Hebrew, *Pere*, Aſinus ſilveſtris. SCRIBLERUS.

Suppoſe I cenſure—you know what I mean—
To ſave a Biſhop, may I name a Dean?
F. A Dean, Sir? No: his Fortune is not made,
You hurt a man that's riſing in the Trade.
P. If not the Tradeſman who ſet up to-day,
Much leſs the 'Prentice who to-morrow may.
Down, down, proud Satire! though a realm be ſpoil'd,
Arraign no mightier Thief than wretched *Wild;*
Or, if a Court or Country's made a job,
Go drench a Pickpocket, and join the Mob.
But, Sir, I beg you (for the Love of Vice!)
The matter's weighty, pray conſider twice;
Have you leſs pity for the needy Cheat,
The poor and friendleſs Villain, than the Great?
Alas! the ſmall Diſcredit of a Bribe
Scarce hurts the Lawyer, but undoes the Scribe.
Then better ſure it Charity becomes
To tax Directors, who (thank God) have Plums;
Still

NOTES.

VER. 35. *You hurt a man*] In a *former* Edition there was the following note on this line: "For as the reaſonable De la Bruyere obſerves, Qui ne ſait être une *Eraſme*, doit penſer à être *Eveque*." Dr. Warburton omitted it after he got a ſeat on the Bench. WARTON.

VER. 39, *wretched* Wild;] Jonathan Wild, a famous Thief, and Thief-Impeacher, who was at laſt caught in his own train, and hanged. POPE.

Still better, Miniſters; or if the thing
May pinch ev'n there—why lay it on a King.
F. Stop! ſtop!
P. Muſt Satire, then, not riſe nor fall?
Speak out, and bid me blame no Rogues at all.
F. Yes, ſtrike that *Wild*, I'll juſtify the blow.
P. Strike? why the man was hang'd ten years ago:
Who now that obſolete Example fears?
Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.
F. What always *Peter?* Peter thinks you mad,
You make men deſp'rate if they once are bad:
Elſe might he take to virtue ſome years hence—
P. As S—k, if he lives, will love the PRINCE.
F. Strange ſpleen to S—k!
P. Do I wrong the Man?
God knows, I praiſe a Courtier where I can.

When

NOTES.

VER 51. *why lay it on a King*] Warburton ſays, "He is ſerious in the forgoing ſubjects of Satire, but ironical here; and only alludes to the common practice of Miniſters, in laying their own miſcarriages on their Maſters." I fear Pope meant more.

VER. 57. *Ev'n Peter trembles only for his Ears.*] Peter had, the year before this, narrowly eſcaped the Pillory for forgery; and got off with a ſevere rebuke only from the bench. POPE.

VER. 58. *What always Peter?*] His friend might well, I think, aſk this queſtion.

VER. 61. *As S - k,*] Pope reſts the juſtice of his Satire, in drawing his "Pen in *virtue*'s cauſe," and boaſts that

"*No rich* or *noble knave*,
Shall go in quiet *to his* grave."

Were ſuch characters as Sherlock, Hoadly, &c. to be thus claſſed?

When I confeſs, there is who feels for Fame,
And melts to Goodneſs, need I SCARB'ROW name?
Pleas'd let me own, in *Eſher*'s peaceful Grove,
(Where *Kent* and Nature vie for PELHAM's Love,)
The Scene, the Maſter, op'ning to my view,
I ſit and dream I ſee my CRAGGS anew!

Ev'n

NOTES.

VER. 62. *Do I wrong the Man?*] In publicly and wantonly holding up to ridicule, an amiable man, an exemplary and learned dignitary of the Church, can Pope ſeriouſly aſk, whether or not, "*he wrongs the Man*?"

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW] Earl of, and Knight of the Garter, whoſe perſonal attachments to the King appeared from his ſteady adherence to the royal intereſt, after his reſignation of his great employment of Maſter of the Horſe, and whoſe known honour and virtue made him eſteemed by all parties. POPE.

His Character is ably and elegantly drawn by Lord Cheſterfield, and the manner of his lamented death, minutely and pathetically related by Dr. Maty, in the Memoirs of Lord Cheſterfield's Life. WARTON.

VER. 65. SCARB'ROW *name?*] Nothing has a more beautiful effect in pointed Satire, than an artful and happy introduction of appropriate praiſe. The inſtance here is very beautiful, as it interpoſes a ſort of pleaſing landſcape, naturally and unaffectedly; on which, and on the amiable characters of Craggs and Scarborough, the mind has a pleaſure in dwelling.

VER. 66. Eſher's *peaceful Grove,*] The houſe and gardens of Eſher in Surry, belonging to the Honourable Mr. Pelham, brother of the Duke of Newcaſtle. The Author could not have given a more amiable idea of his Character, than in comparing him to Mr. Craggs. POPE.

VER. 67. Kent *and Nature*] Means no more than *art and nature*. And in this conſiſts the compliment to the Artiſt.

Ev'n in a Biſhop I can ſpy Deſert;
Secker is decent, *Rundel* has a Heart:

Manners

NOTES.

VER. 71. Secker *is decent,*] To ſay of a prelate, whoſe life was exemplary, and his learning excellent, that he was only *decent*, is ſurely to *damn with faint praiſe*. His lectures and his ſermons are written with a rare mixture of ſimplicity and energy, and contain (what ſermons too ſeldom poſſeſs) a great knowledge of life and human nature. Dr. Lowth, Dr. Kennicott, and Mr. Merrick, frequently acknowledged his uncommon ſkill in Oriental learning; but the Author of Warburton's Life has lately thought proper to deny him this praiſe. The characters of *Benſon* and *Rundel* are juſtly drawn. It was *Gibſon*, Biſhop of London, who prevented the latter, though ſtrongly patronized by Lord Chancellor Talbot, from being an Engliſh Biſhop, on account of ſome unguarded expreſſions he had uſed relating to *Abraham*'s offering of his ſon *Iſaac*. WARTON.

VER. 71. Secker *is decent, &c.*] Notwithſtanding the candid and acute remarks of Warburton, this praiſe of Secker is undoubtedly parſimonious, and the poet almoſt incurs the cenſure, which he paſſed on Addiſon,

Damns with faint praiſe.

His notion of *decent* is proved with tolerable preciſion from his Moral Eſſays, ii. 163. where, after ſaying that Chloe, the ſubject of his ſatire, *wanted*, what Rundel had, *a heart*, he ſubjoins:

Virtue ſhe finds too painful an endeavour,
Content to dwell in *decencies* for ever.

He means, therefore, to allow Secker *moderate*, but not *leading*, excellencies of character; to exhibit him as free from informal improprieties, rather than a great proficient in ſublimer virtue. Nor were the political principles of Secker likely to permit a very warm encomium from the prejudiced feelings of our poet.

Concerning Rundel the reader may find more in Pope's and Swift's Letters, and in Whiſton's Memoirs of himſelf. Swift's poem on the Biſhop is excellent. WAKEFIELD

Rundel's letters were publiſhed by Dallaway.

Manners with Candour are to *Benſon* giv'n,
To *Berkley*, ev'ry Virtue under Heav'n.
But does the Court a worthy man remove?
That inſtant, I declare, he has my Love: 75
I ſhun

NOTES.

VER. 73. *Berkley, &c.*] Dr. Berkley was, I believe, a good Man, a good Chriſtian, a good Citizen, and all, in an eminent degree. He was beſides very learned; and of a fine and lively imagination; which he unhappily abuſed by advancing, and, as far as I can learn, throughout his whole life perſiſting in, the moſt outrageous whimſey that ever entered into the head of any ancient or modern madman; namely, the impoſſibility of the real or actual exiſtence of matter; which he ſupported on principles that take away the boundaries of truth and falſehood; expoſe reaſon to all the outrage of unbounded Scepticiſm; and even, in his own opinion, make mathematical demonſtration doubtful. To this man may be eminently applied that oracle of the Stagirite, which ſays, *To follow Reaſon againſt the* SENSES, *is a ſure ſign of a bad underſtanding*.

But if (though at the expence of his moral character) we ſhould ſuppoſe, that all this was only a wanton exerciſe of wit; how his metaphyſics came to get him the character of a great genius, unleſs from the daring nature of his attempt, I am at a loſs to conceive. His pretended demonſtration, on this capital queſtion, being the pooreſt, loweſt, and moſt miſerable of all ſophiſms; that is, a ſophiſm which begs the queſtion, as the late Mr. Baxter has clearly ſhewn: a few pages of whoſe reaſoning have not only more ſenſe and ſubſtance than all the elegant diſcourſes of Dr. Berkley, but infinitely better entitle him to the character of a great Genius. He was truly ſuch: and a time will come, if learning ever revive amongſt us, when the preſent inattention to his admirable Metaphyſics, eſtabliſhed on the Phyſics of Newton, will be deemed as great a diſhonour to the Wiſdom of this age as the neglect of Milton's Poetry was to the Wit of the paſt.

WARBURTON.

VER. 74. *But does the Court, &c.*] Surely ſuch a contumacious and incidental benevolence is not very honourable to any man. His expreſſions are unguarded and incorrect. WAKEFIELD.

I ſhun his Zenith, court his mild Decline;
Thus SOMMERS once, and HALLIFAX, were mine.
Oft, in the clear, ſtill Mirrour of Retreat,
I ſtudy'd SHREWSBURY, the wiſe and great:
CARLETON'S calm Senſe, and STANHOPE'S noble Flame,
Compar'd, and knew their gen'rous End the ſame:
How

NOTES.

VER. 77. SOMMERS] John Lord Sommers died in 1716. He had been Lord Keeper in the reign of William III. who took from him the ſeals in 1700. The Author had the honour of knowing him in 1706. A faithful, able, and incorrupt Miniſter; who, to qualities of a conſummate ſtateſman, added thoſe of a man of Learning and Politeneſs. POPE.

"One of thoſe divine men," ſays Lord Orford finely, "who, like a chapel in a palace, remains unprofaned, while all the reſt is tyranny, corruption, and folly. All the traditional accounts of him, the hiſtorians of the laſt age, and its beſt authors, repreſent him, as the moſt incorrupt lawyer, and the honeſteſt ſtateſman; as a maſter orator, a genius of the fineſt taſte, and as a patriot of the nobleſt and moſt extenſive views; as a man, who diſpenſed bleſſings by his life, and planned them for poſterity. He was at once the model of Addiſon, and the touchſtone of Swift: The one wrote from him, the other for him." WARTON.

VER. 77. HALLIFAX,] A Peer, no leſs diſtinguiſhed by his love of Letters than his abilities in Parliament. He was diſgraced in 1710, on the change of Q. Anne's miniſtry POPE.

VER. 79. SHREWSBURY,] Charles Talbot, Duke of Shrewſbury, had been Secretary of State, Embaſſador in France, Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, Lord Chamberlain, and Lord Treaſurer. He ſeveral times quitted his employments, and was often recalled. He died in 1718. POPE.

VER. 80. CARLETON] Hen. Boyle, Lord Carleton, (nephew of the famous Robert Boyle,) who was Secretary of State under William III. and Preſident of the Council under Q. Anne. POPE.

VER. 80. STANHOPE] James Earl Stanhope. A Nobleman of equal courage, ſpirit, and learning. General in Spain, and Secretary of State. POPE.

How pleaſing ATTERBURY's ſofter hour!
How ſhin'd the Soul, unconquer'd in the Tow'r!
How

NOTES.

VER. 80. STANHOPE's *noble Flame,*] Who confeſſed to old Whiſton, that, in his opinion, it was almoſt impoſſible for a Miniſter of State to be an honeſt man. WARTON.

VER. 82. *How pleaſing* ATTERBURY's] Pleaſing indeed it muſt have been, whether we conſider his learning, his eloquence, his taſte, his tender domeſtic feelings as a Father, his kindneſs as a Friend. Atterbury is held up, as factious, ambitious, &c. That he was attached to the Houſe of Stuart, and afterwards entered into the ſchemes with the party, there can be no doubt; but I think it hard to attribute this to *diſappointed ambition,* from not attaining the eccleſiaſtical eminence he aſpired to. Might he not have been actuated ſolely by conſcience, and a ſenſe of what he thought his duty? His firmneſs of conduct, his manly tenderneſs, his accompliſhments, and his ſufferings throw a kind of beautiful luſtre on his character, whatever might have been his political creed, or conduct. His letter on his baniſhment, where he ſays, "Some natural tears he dropped, but wiped them ſoon;" who can read without being affected to tears? I cannot help ſaying, when I think of his "ſofter hour;" "*Ambition ſhould be made of ſterner ſtuff*"

When we conſider what has been eſteemed the *harſher* and more violent part of his character, we feel an additional tenderneſs, at the idea of kindneſſes, friendſhip, paternal feelings, &c. We are intereſted, as when in Julius Cæſar we ſee Brutus, whoſe ſtern character we had been almoſt afraid to approach, taking the inſtrument, from the boy's hand, and, in the midſt of his haraſſed and bitter feelings, ſaying,

"Gentle Knave, good night;
I will not do thee ſo much wrong to wake thee!"

JULIUS CÆSAR.

I will add Coxe's account of his Education, &c.

"Francis Atterbury was born at Middleton near Newport Pagnell, in Buckinghamſhire, 1662. He was educated at Weſtminſter, and elected ſtudent of Chriſt Church Oxford. He was diſtinguiſhed at an early age for taſte and claſſical attainments. On taking orders, he acquired high reputation, for his talents in preaching, and ſupporting, againſt Hoadley and Wake, the doctrines of the high Church.

"He

How can I PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD forget,
While Roman Spirit charms, and Attic Wit: 85
ARGYLL,

NOTES.

"He was firſt patronized by Sir Jonathan Trelawny, Biſhop of Exeter; appointed by the Tory adminiſtration of Queen Anne, Dean of Chriſt Church; and in 1713, at the recommendation of the Earl of Oxford, advanced to the Biſhoprick of Rocheſter, and Deanery of Weſtminſter.

"He was inimical always to the ſucceſſion of the Hanover line. On the acceſſion of George the Firſt, he received evident marks of coldneſs from the new Sovereign. He aſpired to the higheſt honours of the Church, and would have ſucceeded under Queen Anne; but, on her death, his uniform oppoſition to the Government of his new Sovereign, precluded him from all expectation of preferment."

VER. 83. *How ſhin'd the Soul,*] Among theſe, Atterbury was his chief intimate. The turbulent and imperious temper of this haughty prelate was long felt and remembered in the college over which he preſided. It was with difficulty Queen Anne was perſuaded to make him a biſhop; which ſhe did at laſt, on the repeated importunities of Lord Harcourt; who preſſed the Queen to do it, becauſe truly ſhe had before diſappointed him, in not placing Sacheverell on the bench. After her deceaſe, Atterbury vehemently urged his friends to proclaim the Pretender; and on their refuſal, upbraided them for their timidity with many oaths; for he was accuſtomed to ſwear, on any ſtrong provocation. In a Collection of Letters, lately publiſhed by Mr. Duncombe, it is affirmed, on the authority of Elijah Fenton, that Atterbury, ſpeaking of Pope, ſaid, there was,

Mens curva in corpore curvo.

This ſentiment ſeems utterly inconſiſtent with the warm friendſhip ſuppoſed to ſubſiſt between theſe celebrated men. But Dr. Herring, in the 2d vol. of this collection, p. 104. ſays, "If Atterbury was not worſe uſed than any honeſt man in the world ever was, there were ſtrong contradictions between his public and private character." WARTON.

VER. 84. PULT'NEY, CHESTERFIELD] I have heard a lady of exquiſite wit and judgment, ſay of theſe two celebrated men, "The latter was always ſtriving to be witty, and the former could not help being ſo."

The

ARGYLL, the State's whole Thunder born to wield,
And ſhake alike the Senate and the Field:
Or WYNDHAM, juſt to Freedom and the Throne,
The Maſter of our Paſſions, and his own.
Names, which I long have lov'd, nor lov'd in vain,
Rank'd with their Friends, not number'd with their Train;
And if yet higher the proud Liſt ſhould end,
Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend.

Yet

NOTES.

The two lines on *Argyle* are ſaid to have been added, on the Duke's declaring in the Houſe of Lords, on occaſion of ſome of Pope's ſatires, that if any man dared to uſe his name in an invective, he would run him through the body, and throw himſelf on the mercy of his Peers, who, he truſted, would weigh the provocation.

Bolingbroke's Letter to Wyndham is one of the moſt curious of his works, and it gave a deadly and incurable blow to the folly and madneſs of Jacobitiſm. WARTON.

VER. 84. CHESTERFIELD *forget*,] His character was much ſunk by the publication of the looſe and libertine Letters to his Son. WARTON.

VER. 88. WYNDHAM,] Sir William Wyndham, Chancellor of the Exchequer under Queen Anne, made early a conſiderable figure; but ſince a much greater, both by his ability and eloquence, joined with the utmoſt judgment and temper. POPE.

VER. 88. *Or* WYNDHAM, *juſt to*] In former Editions,

Or WYNDHAM arm'd for Freedom—— WARTON.

VER. 88. *Freedom and the Throne.*] We muſt always remember that the ſacred appellation of Patriot, is always adopted by diſappointment, but it ſeems almoſt ludicrous that it ſhould be ſo perpetually in the mouth of the *high Tory Party*, ſuch as Bolingbroke, &c.

VER. 92. *And if yet higher, &c.*] He was at that time honoured with the eſteem and favour of his Royal Highneſs the Prince of Wales. WARBURTON.

Yet think not, Friendſhip only prompts my lays;
I follow *Virtue;* where ſhe ſhines, I praiſe:
Point ſhe to Prieſt or Elder, Whig or Tory,
Or round a Quaker's Beaver caſt a Glory.
I never (to my ſorrow I declare)
Din'd with the MAN of Ross, or my LORD MAY'R.
Some,

NOTES.

Frederic Prince of Wales; who poſſeſſed many of what the King of Pruſſia called, ces qualités ſociables qui s'allient ſi rarement avec la morgue et la grandeur des Souveraines WARTON.

VER. 93. *Still let me ſay! No Follower, but a Friend*] i. e. Unrelated to their *parties*, and attached only to their *perſons*. WARBURTON.

VER. 99 *the* MAN *of* ROSS,] Kirle, the celebrated Man of Roſs, was educated at Baliol College Oxford, where there is a curious Tankard, inſcribed with his name, which he left as a preſent to the College; it is often ſhewn as a curioſity, in conſequence of the ſplendor given to his name, by Pope's numbers.

The Tankard ſtands about 10 inches high from the ground, being ſupported by three legs, in the ſhape of Lions.

The handle is formed by the figure of a Dolphin, and the cover lifted up by a figure of an Hedge hog, which was Kirle's Creſt.

Upon the cover of the Tankard, the arms of Baliol College.

In the centre, the Arms of the Donor, above which are the words "*Poculum Charitatis:*" and underneath, the following Inſcription:

"*Ex dono Johannis Kirle de Roſſe, in Agro Hereforդienſi et hujus Collegii Sono Commenſalis.*"

The date of the year, in which the gift was made, is, contrary to the uſual form, omitted.

VER. 99. *my* LORD MAY'R.] Sir John Barnard, Lord Mayor in the year of the Poem, 1738. A citizen eminent for his virtue, public ſpirit, and great talents in Parliament. An excellent Man, Magiſtrate, and Senator. In the year 1747, the City of London, in memory of his many and ſignal ſervices to his Country, erected a ſtatue to him. But his image had been placed long before in the heart of every good Man. WARBURTON.

Some, in their choice of Friends (nay, look not grave)
Have ſtill a ſecret Bias to a Knave:
To find an honeſt man I beat about,
And love him, court him, praiſe him, in or out.
F. Then why ſo few commended?
P. Not ſo fierce;
Find you the Virtue, and I'll find the Verſe.
But random Praiſe—the taſk can ne'er be done;
Each Mother aſks it for her booby Son,
Each Widow aſks it for *the Beſt of Men*,
For him ſhe weeps, for him ſhe weds agen.
Praiſe cannot ſtoop, like Satire, to the ground;
The Number may be hang'd, but not be crown'd.
Enough for half the Greateſt of theſe days,
To 'ſcape my Cenſure, not expect my Praiſe.
Are they not rich? what more can they pretend?
Dare they to hope a Poet for their Friend?
What RICHLIEU wanted, LOUIS ſcarce could gain,
And what young AMMON wiſh'd, but wiſh'd in vain.
No

NOTES.

VER. 102. *To find an honeſt man, &c.*] In this ſearch, in which he was very ſincere, it would have been well if he had not ſometimes truſted to the reports of others, who had *leſs penetration, but more paſſions* to gratify. WARBURTON.

VER. 112. *Enough for half the Greateſt*] Dr. Warton aſks, whether this is not *too high language?* He might well aſk. Pope puts me in mind here, of what we read of the beautiful, but fearful ſerpent, in a rich African landſcape, that lifts his head above the tall graſs, as if he thought himſelf the lord of the Earth.

VER. 116 *What* RICHLIEU *wanted,*] A curious and uncommon fact is mentioned by the learned Abbé Longuerue, Part ii. p. 5. That Cardinal Richlieu had, from time to time, fits of in-

No Pow'r the Muſe's Friendſhip can command;
No Pow'r when Virtue claims it, can withſtand:
To *Cato*, *Virgil* pay'd one honeſt line;
O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!
—What are you thinking? F. Faith the thought's no ſin,
I think your Friends are out, and would be in.
P. If merely to come in, Sir, they go out,
The way they take is ſtrangely round about:
F. They too may be corrupted, you'll allow?
P. I only call thoſe Knaves who are ſo now.
Is that too little? Come then, I'll comply—
Spirit of *Arnall!* aid me while I lie.

COBHAM'S

NOTES.

ſanity, during which no perſon was permitted to approach him but a few confidents, and eſpecially Bois-Robert. He gave, ſays Segrais, p. 170. one hundred and twenty thouſand crowns a year in penſions to men of learning and ſcience. The hiſtory of his founding the French Academy is well known; which is frequently ſaid to have poliſhed and fixed the French language. But Malherbe, their firſt correct writer, died before the inſtitution of this Academy. WARTON.

VER. 116. LOUIS *ſcarce could gain,*] By this expreſſion finely inſinuating, that the great *Boileau* always falls below himſelf in thoſe paſſages where he flatters his Maſter. Of which he gives us an inſtance in Ver. 231. where the topic of adulation is exceeding childiſh and extravagant. WARBURTON.

"The *relentleſs* deſpotiſm of Louis," ſays a certain eloquent writer, "was proudly arrayed in manners, gallantry, ſplendor, magnificence, and even covered over with the impoſing robes of ſcience and literature."—But the deſpotiſm was notwithſtanding *relentleſs*. WARTON.

VER. 121. *O let my Country's Friends illumine mine!* Warburton calls this *a pretty expreſſion, alluding to the old practice of illuminating MSS. with gold and vermilion!!*

VER. 128. *Come then, I'll comply*] Here is a moſt happy imitation of Perſius, and of Boileau;

——Per

COBHAM's a Coward, POLWARTH is a Slave,
And LYTTELTON a dark deſigning Knave,
ST. JOHN has ever been a wealthy Fool—
But let me add, Sir ROBERT's mighty dull,
Has

NOTES.

——Per me equidem ſunt omnia protinus alba,
Nil moror; euge omnes, omnes, bene miræ eritis res:
Hoc juvat? *Perſius*, Sat. I. v. 110.

And thus Boileau, Sat. ix. v. 287.

Puiſque vous le voulez, je vais changer de ſtile,
Je le declare donc, Quinault eſt un Virgile.
Pradon comme un ſoleil en nos ans a paru
Pelletier ecrit mieux qu' Ablancourt ni Patru.
Cotin a ſes ſermons trainant toute la terre,
Fend les flots d'auditeurs pour aller à ſa chaire.

But Pope has plainly the ſuperiority by the artful and ironical compliments paid to his friends. WARTON.

VER. 129 *Spirit of* Arnall!] Look for him in his place, Dunc. B. ii. Ver. 315. POPE.

VER. 129. *Spirit of* Arnall!] Arnall was one of the writers for Sir Robert Walpole, and got by his writing, &c a very large ſum, an account of which may be ſeen in the notes to the Dunciad. Some of his letters now before me, for the ſight of which I am indebted to Mr. Coxe, ſhew him to have been a ſhrewd and ſenſible man. What is curious in *one*, he talks very highly of his *honour* and *veracity*. He was vain-glorious and important in his own ideas; as Pope, with much leſs reaſon: what he got, he ſpent as faſt as it came, and many of his letters to Sir Robert ſhew great poverty and diſtreſs. They are full of earneſt petitions for preferment, money, &c. He had a ſilver Ink-ſtand, which he was proud of diſplaying, and boaſted it was a preſent from his FRIEND WALPOLE! His diſtreſs at laſt, brought on by his own imprudence, induced him, it is ſuppoſed, to commit ſuicide.

Communicated by Mr. Coxe.

VER. 130. POLWARTH] The Hon. Hugh Hume, Son of Alexander Earl of Marchmont, Grandſon of Patric Earl of Marchmont, and diſtinguiſhed, like them, in the cauſe of Liberty. POPE.

Has never made a Friend in private life,
And was, beſides, a Tyrant to his Wife.
But pray, when others praiſe him, do I blame?
Call Verres, Wolſey, any odious name?
Why rail they then, if but a Wreath of mine,
Oh All-accompliſh'd ST. JOHN! deck thy ſhrine?
What? ſhall each ſpurgall'd Hackney of the day,
When Paxton gives him double Pots and Pay,
Or each new-penſion'd Sycophant, pretend
To break my Windows if I treat a Friend;
Then wiſely plead, to me they meant no hurt,
But 'twas my Gueſt at whom they threw the dirt?
Sure, if I ſpare the Miniſter, no rules
Of Honour bind me, not to maul his Tools;
Sure, if they cannot cut, it may be ſaid
His Saws are toothleſs, and his Hatchet's Lead.
It anger'd TURENNE, once upon a day,
To ſee a Footman kick'd that took his pay:
But when he heard th' Affront the Fellow gave,
Knew one a Man of Honour, one a Knave;
The prudent Gen'ral turn'd it to a jeſt,
And begg'd, he'd take the pains to kick the reſt:

Which

NOTES.

VER. 143. *To break my Windows*] Which was done when Lord Bolingbroke and Lord Bathurſt were one day dining with him at Twickenham. All the great perſons celebrated in theſe Satires were in violent oppoſition to government. It is rather ſingular that he has not mentioned Mr. Pitt, one of the moſt able and moſt formidable; eſpecially with his friends Lyttelton, Cobham, and Pulteney. WARTON.

Which not at preſent having time to do—
F. Hold Sir! for God's ſake, where's th' Affront to you?
Againſt your worſhip when had S—k * writ?
Or P—ge † pour'd forth the Torrent of his Wit?
Or grant the Bard whoſe diſtich all commend
[*In Pow'r a Servant, out of Pow'r a Friend*]
To W—le ‡ guilty of ſome venial ſin;
What's that to you who ne'er was out nor in?
The Prieſt whoſe Flattery be-dropt the Crown,
How hurt he you? he only ſtain'd the Gown.

And

NOTES.

VER. 159. *Or P—ge*] Judge Page, who is ſaid to have treated delinquents too roughly. WARTON.

VER. 160. *the Bard*] A verſe taken out of a poem to Sir R. W. POPE.

VER. 161. *In Pow'r*] Lord Melcombe was the Author of this line, in an Epiſtle to Sir Robert Walpole. WARTON.

Mr. Wyndham, to whom I am ſo much indebted, informs me, that Lord Melcombe took the very ſame Epiſtle he had written to Sir Robert, and ſome years afterwards, when circumſtances were changed, addreſſed it to Lord Bute.

VER. 164. *The Prieſt, &c.*] Spoken not of any particular prieſt, but of many prieſts. POPE.

Meaning Dr. Alured Clarke, who wrote a Panegyric on Queen Caroline. The two following unpubliſhed lines of our Author, have been communicated to me by a learned friend, on a picture of this Queen, drawn by Lady Burlington:

Peace! flattering Biſhop, lying Dean!
This Portrait only ſaints the Queen!

A comet happening to appear when Cardinal Mazarine lay on his death-bed, ſome of his many abject flatterers inſinuated, that it had

* Sherlock. † Page. ‡ Walpole.

And how did, pray, the florid Youth offend,
Whoſe Speech you took, and gave it to a Friend?
P. Faith, it imports not much from whom it came;
Whoever borrow'd, could not be to blame,
Since the whole Houſe did afterwards the ſame.
Let Courtly Wits to Wits afford ſupply,
As Hog to Hog in huts of Weſtphaly;
If one through Nature's Bounty or his Lord's,
Has what the frugal dirty ſoil affords,
From him the next receives it, thick or thin,
As pure a meſs almoſt as it came in;
The bleſſed benefit, not there confin'd,
Drops to the third, who nuzzles cloſe behind;
From tail to mouth, they feed and they carouſe:
The laſt full fairly gives it to the *Houſe*.

F. This

NOTES.

had reference to *him*, and his deſtiny. The Cardinal pleaſantly anſwered, "Gentlemen, the comet does me too much honour." Teniſon preached a very fulſome funeral Eulogium of Nell Gwyn. WARTON.

VER. 166. *And how did, &c.*] This ſeems to allude to a complaint made Ver. 71. of the preceding Dialogue. POPE.

VER. 166. *florid Youth*] Lord Hervey, alluding to his painting himſelf.

VER. 172. *As Hog to Hog*] "Our modern Authors write plays as they feed hogs in *Weſtphaly*, where but one eats peaſe or acorns, and all the reſt feed upon his, and one another's *excrements*." *Thoughts on Various Subjects*, vol. ii. p. 497. Though thoſe remarks were not publiſhed in the life-time of Pope, yet the Author of them, Mr. Thyer, informs us, that Mr. Longueville, in whoſe cuſtody they were, communicated them to Atterbury, from whom Pope might hear of them. It is impoſſible any two writers could caſually hit upon an image ſo very peculiar and uncommon. WARTON.

F. This filthy ſimile, this beaſtly line
Quite turns my ſtomach ——
P. So does Flatt'ry mine;
And all your courtly Civet-cats can vent,
Perfume to you, to me is Excrement.
But hear me further—Japhet, 'tis agreed,
Writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could write or read;
In

VARIATIONS.

VER. 185 in the MS.
I grant it, Sir; and further, 'tis agreed,
Japhet writ not, and Chartres ſcarce could read.

NOTES.

VER. 182. *So does Flatt'ry mine;*] Fontenelle has written a pleaſant Dialogue between Auguſtus and Peter Aretine, the Italian Satiriſt, who laughs immoderately at the Emperor, for the groſs flattery he ſo cordially received from his poets, particularly Virgil, at the beginning of the Third Georgic. And Aretine, among other delicate ſtrokes of ridicule, tells him, "On louoit une partie de votre vie, aux depens de l'autre." But Fontenelle ends like a true Frenchman, and aſſures Auguſtus, "he will no longer be quoted as a model for Kings, ſince Louis XIV. has appeared." Such is the language held of a man, who could baniſh Fenelon, burn the Palatinate, and drive away or deſtroy ſo many of his proteſtant ſubjects; who kept in pay 400,000 men. It is grievous to reflect, that for incurring the diſpleaſure of *ſuch* a man, *Racine* had the weakneſs to be ſo much affected, as to bring on, by vexation and grief, a diſeaſe that was fatal to him. Racine and Boileau relinquiſhed, after a ſmall progreſs, the Hiſtory of Louis XIV. which they were appointed to write. Boileau honeſtly owned to his friends, that he did not well know what reaſons to allege in juſtification of the war againſt Holland in 1672. The pride, profuſion, ambition, and deſpotiſm of Louis XIV. laid the foundation of the ruin of France, and all the miſeries we have lived to ſee. WARTON.

VER. 185. *Japhet—Chartres*] See the Epiſtle to Lord Bathurſt. POPE.

Dr. Warton ſays very juſtly, we are wearied with the perpetual repetition of theſe names, and thoſe of *Ward, Waters, Dennis*, &c.

In all the Courts of Pindus guiltleſs quite;
But Pens can forge, my Friend, that cannot write;
And muſt no Egg in Japhet's face be thrown,
Becauſe the Deed he forg'd was not my own?
Muſt never Patriot then declaim at Gin,
Unleſs, good Man! he has been fairly in?
No zealous Paſtor blame a failing Spouſe,
Without a ſtaring Reaſon on his brows?
And each Blaſphemer quite eſcape the rod,
Becauſe the inſult's not on Man, but God?
Aſk you what Provocation I have had?
The ſtrong Antipathy of Good to Bad.
When Truth or Virtue an Affront endures,
Th' Affront is mine, my Friend, and ſhould be yours.
Mine, as a Foe profeſs'd to falſe Pretence,
Who think a Coxcomb's Honour like his Senſe;
Mine, as a Friend to ev'ry worthy Mind;
And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.
F. You're ſtrangely proud.
P. So proud, I am no Slave:
So impudent, I own myſelf no Knave:
So odd, my Country's Ruin makes me grave.
Yes, I am proud; I muſt be proud to ſee
Men not afraid of God, afraid of me:
Safe

NOTES.

VER. 204. *And mine as Man, who feel for all Mankind.*] From Terence: "Homo ſum: humani nihil a me alienum puto."
POPE.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] In this ironical exultation the Poet inſinuates a ſubject of the deepeſt humiliation.
WARBURTON.

Safe from the Bar, the Pulpit, and the Throne,
Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.

O ſacred weapon! left for Truth's defence,
Sole Dread of Folly, Vice, and Inſolence!
To all but Heav'n-directed hands deny'd,
The Muſe may give thee, but the Gods muſt guide:
Rev'rent I touch thee! but with honeſt zeal;
To rouſe the Watchmen of the public Weal,
To Virtue's work provoke the tardy Hall,
And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.
Ye tinſel Inſects! whom a Court maintains,
That counts your Beauties only by your Stains,

Spin

NOTES.

VER. 208. *Yes, I am proud, &c.*] This ſeems fabricated from the materials of *Boileau*, Diſcours au Roi, ver. 99.

En vain d'un lâche orgueil leur eſprit revétu
Se couvre du manteau d'une auſtère vertu:
Leur cœur, qui ſe connoit, et qui fuit la lumière,
S'il ſe moque de Dieu, craint Tartuffe et Molière. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 211. *Yet touch'd and ſham'd by Ridicule alone.*] The paſſions are given us to awake and ſupport Virtue. But they frequently betray their truſt, and go over to the intereſts of Vice. Ridicule, when employed in the cauſe of Virtue, ſhames and brings them back to their duty. Hence the uſe and importance of *Satire*. WARBURTON.

VER. 219. *And goad the Prelate ſlumb'ring in his Stall.*] The good *Euſebius*, in his *Evangelical Preparation*, draws a long parallel between the *Ox* and the Chriſtian *Prieſthood*. Hence the dignified Clergy, out of mere humility, have ever ſince called their *thrones* by the name of *ſtalls*. To which a great Prelate of Wincheſter, one W. Edinton, modeſtly alluding, has rendered his name immortal by this eccleſiaſtical aphoriſm, who would otherwiſe have been forgotten; *Canterbury is the higher rack, but Wincheſter is the better manger*. By which, however, it appears that he was not one of thoſe here condemned, who *ſlumber in their ſtalls*. SCRIBLERUS.

Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine,
Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from *Virtue*'s Shrine,
Her Prieſteſs Muſe forbids the Good to die,
And opes the Temple of *Eternity*.
There, other Trophies deck the truly brave,
Than ſuch as Anſtis caſts into the Grave;
Far other Stars than * and ** wear,
And may deſcend to Mordington from STAIR;
(Such

NOTES.

Prior burleſqued this Ode with infinite pleaſantry and humour. And the ſame may be ſaid of Prior's *Epiſtle to Boileau*. Louis XIV. who had a perſonal regard for Prior, did not, we may well imagine, know that he had ridiculed his favourite Poet. Another French flatterer read to Malherbe ſome fulſome verſes, in which he had repreſented France as moving out of its place to receive the King. "Though this," ſaid the honeſt Malherbe, "was in my time, yet I proteſt I do not remember it." WARTON.

VER. 233. *Not ſo, when diadem'd with rays divine, Touch'd with the Flame that breaks from* Virtue's *Shrine.*] The whole of this paſſage is highly animated and beautiful. The word *diadem'd* has a lofty and ſtriking effect. In the whole paſſage, Pope had a view to Horace and Milton.

VER. 235. *And opes*] From Milton's Comus, ver. 14.
"That opes the Palace of Eternity." WARTON.

VER. 237. *Anſtis*] The chief Herald at Arms. It is the cuſtom at the funeral of great peers, to caſt into the grave the broken ſtaves and enſigns of honour. POPE.

VER. 238. *For other Stars than * and * * wear,*] That is, *Kent* and *Grafton*. The next line wants explanation. I have ſome notion *Lord Mordington* kept a gaming-houſe. BENNET.

VER. 239. STAIR;] John Dalrymple Earl of Stair, Knight of the Thiſtle, ſerved in all the wars under the Duke of Marlborough; and afterwards as Embaſſador in France. POPE.

(Such as on HOUGH's unſully'd Mitre ſhine,
Or beam, good DIGBY, from a Heart like thine;)
Let *Envy* howl, while Heav'n's whole Chorus ſings,
And bark at Honour not conferr'd by Kings;
Let *Flatt'ry* ſick'ning ſee the Incenſe riſe,
Sweet to the World, and grateful to the Skies:
Truth guards the Poet, ſanctifies the line,
And makes immortal, Verſe as mean as mine.

Yes, the laſt Pen for Freedom let me draw,
When Truth ſtands trembling on the edge of Law;
Here,

NOTES.

VER. 240, 241. HOUGH *and* DIGBY] Dr. John Hough, Biſhip of Worceſter; and the Lord Digby. The one an aſſertor of the Church of England in oppoſition to the falſe meaſures of King James II. The other as firmly attached to the cauſe of that King. Both acting out of principle, and equally men of honour and virtue. POPE.

VER. 240. (*Such as on* HOUGH's *unſully'd mitre ſhine,*] Dr. *John Hough*, ſucceſſively Biſhop of Oxford, Lichfield, and Worceſter, was born in 1655, and died May 8, 1743, at the very advanced age of ninety two, after an epiſcopacy of fifty-three years. WAKEFIELD.

VER. 240. *on* HOUGH's *unſully'd*] In the fifty-ſeventh *Perſian* Letter, is an elegant and well written eulogium on this excellent prelate, by Lord Lyttelton. Theſe Letters have been too much depreciated and neglected. WARTON.

VER. 249. *When Truth ſtands trembling*]

England, with all thy faults, I love thee ſtill,
My country! and while yet a nook is left
Where Engliſh minds and manners may be found,
Shall be conſtrain'd to love thee. Though thy clime
Be fickle, and thy year, moſt part, deform'd
With dripping rains, or wither'd by a froſt,
I would not yet exchange thy ſullen ſkies
And fields without a flower, for warmer France
With all her vines: nor for Auſonia's groves
Of golden fruitage and her myrtle bow'rs.

Lines

Here, Laſt of Britons! let your Names be read;
Are none, none living? let me praiſe the Dead,
And for that Cauſe which made your Fathers ſhine,
Fall by the Votes of their degen'rate Line.
Fr. Alas! alas! pray end what you began,
And write next winter more *Eſſays on Man.* 255

VARIATIONS.

VER. 255. in the MS.
Quit, quit theſe themes and write Eſſays on Man.

NOTES.

Lines of the tender and benevolent Cowper, which I here inſert, in order to put us again in good humour with our country, after having juſt ſeen her placed in a diſagreeable light.
WARTON.

VER. 253. *of their degen'rate Line*] Such was the language at that time, uſed by our Author and his friends and aſſociates. Lord Cheſterfield ends the account of his friend Hammond, author of the Love Elegies, with theſe words: "He looked back with a kind of religious awe and delight, upon theſe glorious and happy times of Greece and Rome, when wiſdom, virtue, and liberty formed the only triumvirates; in theſe ſentiments he lived, and would have lived, even in theſe times; in theſe ſentiments he died; but in theſe times too, ut non *erepta* a diis immortalibus vita, ſed *donata*, mors videatur.

In every age, and in every nation, there is a conſtant *progreſſion* of manners; "For the manners of a people ſeldom ſtand ſtill, but are either POLISHING or SPOILING." WARTON.

VER. 254. *pray end what*] We muſt own that theſe Dialogues, excellent as they are, exhibit many and ſtrong marks of our Author's petulance, party-ſpirit, and ſelf-importance; and of aſſuming to himſelf the character of cenſor-general; who, alas! if he had poſſeſſed a thouſand times more genius, integrity, and ability, than he actually enjoyed, could not have altered or amended the manners of a *rich* and *commercial*, and *conſequently* of a *luxurious* and *diſſipated* nation. But we make ourſelves unhappy, by hoping to poſſeſs *incompatible* things; we want to have *wealth* without *corruption*, and *liberty* without *virtue!* WARTON.

VER. *ult.*] This was the laſt Poem of the kind printed by our Author, with a reſolution to publiſh no more; but to enter thus, in the moſt plain and ſolemn manner he could, a ſort of PROTEST againſt that inſuperable corruption and depravity of manners, which he had been ſo unhappy as to live to ſee. Could he have hoped to have amended any, he had continued thoſe attacks; but bad men were grown ſo ſhameleſs and ſo powerful, that Ridicule was become as unſafe as it was ineffectual The Poem raiſed him, as he knew it would, ſome enemies; but he had reaſon to be ſatisfied with the approbation of good men, and the teſtimony of his own conſcience. POPE.

Could Pope, with his good ſenſe, unleſs ſelf-love had blinded him, ſeriouſly believe, that his pen could effect ſuch mighty purpoſes, even if the objects of his Satire were ſo notorious, that every good and wiſe man would have been on his ſide, and nothing was dictated by private ſpleen, and political aſperity! Alas, we might ſay, in the language of Poor Cowper,

"Leviathan is not ſo tam'd;
Laugh'd at, he laughs again, and ſtricken hard
Turns to the ſtroke his adamantine ſcales."

ON RECEIVING FROM

THE RIGHT HONOURABLE

THE LADY FRANCES SHIRLEY

A STANDISH AND TWO PENS.

YES, I beheld th' Athenian Queen
Deſcend in all her ſober charms;
" And take (ſhe ſaid, and ſmil'd ſerene)
" Take at this hand celeſtial arms:

" Secure the radiant weapons wield;
" This golden lance ſhall guard Deſert,

" And

NOTES.

The Lady Frances Shirley] A Lady whoſe great Merit Mr. Pope took a real pleaſure in celebrating. WARBURTON.

VER. 1. *Yes, I beheld, &c.*] To enter into the ſpirit of this Addreſs, it is neceſſary to premiſe, that the Poet was threatened with a proſecution in the Houſe of Lords, for the two foregoing Poems, *the Epilogue to the Satires*. On which, with great reſentment againſt his enemies, for not being willing to diſtinguiſh between

Grave Epiſtles bringing Vice to light,

and licentious Libels, he began a *third Dialogue*, more ſevere and ſublime than the firſt and ſecond; which being no ſecret, matters were ſoon compromiſed. His enemies agreed to drop the proſecution, and he promiſed to leave the third Dialogue unfiniſhed and ſuppreſſed. This affair occaſioned this little beautiful poem, to which it alludes throughout, but more eſpecially in the four laſt ſtanzas. WARBURTON

" And if a Vice dares keep the field,
" This ſteel ſhall ſtab it to the heart."

Aw'd, on my bended knees I fell,
Receiv'd the weapons of the ſky;
And dipt them in the fable Well,
The Fount of Fame or Infamy.

" What *Well?* what *Weapon?* (Flavia cries)
" A ſtandiſh, ſteel and golden pen!
" It came from Bertrand's, not the ſkies;
" I gave it you to write again.

" But, Friend, take heed whom you attack;
" You'll bring a Houſe (I mean of Peers)
" Red, Blue, and Green, nay white and black,
" L—— and all about your ears.

" You'd write as ſmooth again on glaſs,
" And run, on ivory, ſo glib,
" As not to ſtick at fool or aſs,
" Nor ſtop at Flattery or Fib.

" *Athenian Queen!* and *ſober charms!*
" I tell ye, fool, there's nothing in't:
" 'Tis

NOTES.

VER. 15. *Bertrand's,*] A famous toy-ſhop at Bath. WARBURTON.

VER. 23. *fool or aſs,*] The *Dunciad.* WARBURTON.

VER. 24. *Flattery or Fib.*] The *Epiſtle to Dr. Arbuthnot.* WARBURTON.

" 'Tis Venus, Venus gives theſe arms;
" In Dryden's Virgil ſee the print.

" Come, if you'll be a quiet ſoul,
" That dares tell neither Truth nor Lies,
" I'll liſt you in the harmleſs roll
" Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes."

NOTES.

VER 27. *theſe arms;*] Such toys being the uſual preſents from lovers to their miſtreſſes. WARBURTON.

VER. 28 *ſee the print.*] When ſhe delivers Æneas a ſuit of heavenly armour. WARBURTON.

VER. 30. *neither Truth nor Lies,*] i. e. If you have neither the courage to write *Satire*, nor the application to attempt an *Epic* Poem.—He was then meditating on ſuch a work. WARBURTON.

VER. 32. *Of thoſe that ſing of theſe poor eyes.*] Among the many ſwains who ſung of "theſe poor eyes," was Lord Cheſterfield, in his well known Ballad:—

" When *Fanny* blooming fair,
First met my raviſh'd ſight,
Struck with her face and air,
I gaz'd with ſtrange delight."

This beautiful Lady was fourth daughter of Earl Ferrers, who had at that time a houſe at Twickenham. Notwithſtanding her numerous admirers, ſhe died at Bath, *unmarried*, in the year 1762. At Clarendon Park, near Saliſbury, the ſeat of her *Siſter's Son*, Henry Bathurſt eſq., there is a full length painting, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; and if ſhe was as handſome as ſhe is there repreſented, Lord Cheſterfield's paſſionate addreſs might be eaſily accounted for. The writer of this note had looked at it for ſome time with admiration, without knowing whoſe portrait it was, when the hoſpitable and benevolent Owner of the manſion ſaid, "That is the celebrated Fanny blooming fair." Her ſiſter, married to Mr. Bathurſt's father, is painted at full length in the ſame room.

Lady

Lady Frances is dreſſed in a *Turkiſh* habit, probably introduced by Lady M. W. Montagu to England at the time, as ſhe lived at Twickenham. The dreſs is beautiful, and gives great effect to the attitude and countenance. The ſketch of Earl Ferrers' Houſe and Gardens is in the back ground.

I ſhall here preſent the Reader with a valuable Literary Curioſity, a Fragment of an unpubliſhed Satire of Pope, intitled, ONE THOUSAND SEVEN HUNDRED AND FORTY; communicated to me by the kindneſs of the learned and worthy Dr. Wilſon, formerly fellow and librarian of Trinity College, Dublin; who ſpeaks of the Fragment in the following terms:

"This Poem I tranſcribed from a rough draft in Pope's own hand. He left many blanks for fear of the Argus Eye of thoſe who, if they cannot find, can fabricate treaſon; yet, ſpite of his precaution, it fell into the hands of his enemies. To the hieroglyphics, there are direct alluſions, I think in ſome of the notes on the Dunciad. It was lent me by a grandſon of Lord Chetwynd, an intimate friend of the famous Lord Bolingbroke, who gratified his curioſity by a boxful of the rubbiſh and ſweepings of Pope's ſtudy, whoſe executor he was, in conjunction with Lord Marchmont." WARTON.

1740.

A POEM.

O WRETCHED [a] B - - -, jealous now of all,
What God, what mortal, ſhall prevent thy fall?
Turn, turn thy eyes from wicked men in place,
And ſee what ſuccour from the Patriot Race.
[b] C - - -, his own proud dupe, thinks Monarchs things
Made juſt for him, as other fools for Kings;
Controls, decides, inſults thee every hour,
And antedates the hatred due to Pow'r.
Thro' Clouds of Paſſion P - -'s views are clear,
He foams a Patriot to ſubſide a Peer;
Impatient ſees his country bought and ſold,
And damns the market where he takes no gold.
Grave,

NOTES.

VER. 1. *O wretched* B - - -,] There is no doubt but that this intereſting fragment was the beginning of the very Satire to which Warburton alludes in the laſt Poem.

Pope was afraid to go on in his career of perſonal acrimony, Paul Whitehead, having thrown out an indecent ſarcaſm againſt Dr. Sherlock, was threatened with a proſecution. This was meant as a *hint* to Pope; and it is very plain his ſatiric progreſs was interrupted, for his alarm evidently appears. In this Poem, (which certainly was part of his plan, as a continuation of the *Epilogue*,) he ſeems,

"Willing to wound, and *yet afraid to ſtrike.*"

I have added ſome explanatory names.

[a] Britain. [b] Cobham.

Grave, righteous [c] S - joggs on till, paſt belief,
He finds himſelf companion with a thief.
To purge and let thee blood, with fire and ſword,
Is all the help ſtern [d] S - - wou'd afford.
That thoſe who bind and rob thee, would not kill,
Good [e] C - - hopes, and candidly ſits ſtill.
Of [f] Ch - s W - - who ſpeaks at all,
No more than of [g] Sir Har-y or Sir P - - .
Whoſe names once up, they thought it was not wrong
To lie in bed, but ſure they lay too long.
[h] G - - r, C - m, B - t, pay thee due regards,
Unleſs the ladies bid them mind their cards.
with wit that muſt
And [i] C - - - d who ſpeaks ſo well and writes,
Whom (ſaving W.) every S. *harper bites*,
muſt needs
Whoſe wit and equally provoke one,
Finds thee, at beſt, the butt to crack his joke on.
As for the reſt, each winter up they run,
And all are clear, that ſomething muſt be done.
Then urg'd by [k] C - - t, or by C - - t ſtopt,
Inflam'd by [l] P - -, and by P - - dropt;
They follow rev'rently each wond'rous wight,
Amaz'd that one can read, that one can write:

So

[c] Sandys. [d] Shippen. [e] Perhaps the Earl of Carliſle.
[f] Sir Charles Hanbury Williams.
[g] Sir Henry Oxenden and Sir Paul Methuen.
[h] Lords Gower, Cobham, and Bathurſt.
[i] Lord Cheſterfield. [k] Lord Carteret.
[l] William Pulteney, created in 1742 Earl of Bath.

So geeſe to gander prone obedience keep,
Hiſs if he hiſs, and if he ſlumber, ſleep.
Till having done whate'er was fit or fine,
Utter'd a ſpeech, and aſk'd their friends to dine;
Each hurries back to his paternal ground,
Content but for five ſhillings in the pound,
Yearly defeated, yearly hopes they give,
And all agree, Sir Robert cannot live.
  Riſe, riſe, great [l] W - -, fated to appear,
Spite of thyſelf a glorious miniſter!
Speak the loud language Princes . . . .
And treat with half the . . . . . .
At length to B - - kind, as to thy . . . .
Eſpouſe the nation, you . . . . . .
  What can thy [m] H . . . . . .
Dreſs in Dutch . . . . . .
Tho' ſtill he travels on no bad pretence,
To ſhow . . . . . .
  Or thoſe foul copies of thy face and tongue,
Veracious [n] W - - - and frontleſs [o] Young;
Sagacious [p] Bub, ſo late a friend, and there
So late a foe, yet more ſagacious [q] H - - -?

Hervey

---

[l] Walpole.

[m] Either Sir Robert's brother Horace, who had juſt quitted his embaſſy at the Hague, or his ſon Horace, who was then on his travels.

[n] W. Winnington. [o] Sir William Young.

[p] Dodington. [q] Probably Hare, biſhop of Chicheſter.

Hervey and Hervey's ſchool, [q]F -, H - - y, [r]H - - n,
Yea, moral [s]Ebor, or religious Winton.
How! what can [t]O - - w, what can D - - -
The wiſdom of the one and other chair,
[u]N - - - laugh, or [x]D - - s ſager,
Or thy dread truncheon [y]M.'s mighty peer?
What help from [z]J - - s opiates canſt thou draw,
Or [a]H - - k's quibbles voted into law?
[b]C. that Roman in his noſe alone,
Who hears all cauſes, [c]B - -, but thy own,
Or thoſe proud fools whom nature, rank, and fate
Made fit companions for the Sword of State.
Can the light packhorſe, or the heavy ſteer,
The ſowzing Prelate, or the ſweating Peer,
Drag out with all its dirt and all its weight,
The lumb'ring carriage of thy broken State?
Alas! the people curſe, the carman ſwears,
The drivers quarrel, and the maſter ſtares.
The plague is on thee, Britain, and who tries
To ſave thee in th' infectious office *dies*.

The

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[q] Fox and Henley, [r] Hinton.
[s] Blackburn, Archbiſhop of York, and Hoadley, biſhop of Wincheſter.
[t] Onſlow, Speaker of the Houſe of Commons, and the Earl of Delawar, Chairman of the Committees of the Houſe of Lords.
[u] Newcaſtle.
[x] Dorſet; perhaps the laſt word ſhould be *ſneer*.
[y] Duke of Marlborough.
[z] Jekyll. [a] Hardwick.
[b] Probably Sir John Cummins, Lord Chief Juſtice of the Common Pleas. [c] Britain.

The firſt firm P - - y ſoon reſign'd his breath,
Brave [d] S - - w lov'd thee, and was ly'd to death.
Good [e] M - m - t's fate tore [f] P - - th from thy ſide,
And thy laſt ſigh was heard when [g] W - - m died. 80

Thy

NOTES.

VER. 80. *W—m died.*] Sir William Wyndham died this year; his death was a ſevere blow to the Party, and none felt it perhaps more than Bolingbroke, whoſe friendſhip for him appears to have been ardent and ſincere. The following extract of a letter from Bolingbroke, to Sir Charles Wyndham on this occaſion will be read with intereſt, as it particularly ſhews the ſentiments of the Party at this time:

Lord BOLINGBROKE *to Sir* CHARLES WYNDHAM.

" DEAR SIR, *Argeville, Auguſt* 8th, 1740.

" I feel as I ought to do, the kindneſs you ſhew me in ſending a ſervant on purpoſe, with a letter that gives me as much comfort as I am capable of receiving, ſince the loſs we have ſuſtained by the death of your Father and my Friend. You are in the right, and I love you the better for the ſentiment: it is reputation to be deſcended from ſo great and ſo good a man; and ſurely it is ſome to have lived thirty years with him in the warmeſt and moſt active friendſhip. Far from any need of making excuſes, that you did not write the cruel news to me when you ſent to my Lady Denbigh, I have thanks to return you for ſparing me, as you ſpared yourſelf. The news came to me with leſs ſurprize, but not with leſs effect. My unhappineſs, for ſuch it will be as long as I am able to feel pleaſure and pain, began however a little later. It is a plain truth, free from all affectation or compliment, that as your Father was dearer to me than all the reſt of the world, ſo muſt every thing be that remains of him: you, Sir, eſpecially, who are as dear to my heart as you could be, if, being the ſame worthy man you are, you was my own ſon. The reſolutions you have taken both as to public and private life, are ſuch as become the

ſon

[d] Earl of Scarborough. In another place Pope ſpells his name with a *w*. Ep. to the Sat. Dial. 2. l. 65.
[e] Marchmont. [f] Polwarth, ſon to Lord Marchmont.
[g] Wyndham.

Thy Nobles [h] Sl - s, thy [i] Se - - s bought with gold,
Thy Clergy perjur'd, thy whole People ſold.
An atheiſt ☋ a ☉''s [k] ad . . . . . .
Blotch thee all o'er, and ſink . . .
Alas! on one alone our all relies,
Let him be honeſt, and he muſt be wiſe,
Let him no trifler from his ſchool,
Nor like his . . . . . ſtill a . . . .
Be but a man! unminiſter'd, alone,
And free at once the Senate and the Throne;
Eſteem the public love his beſt ſupply,
A [l] ☉'s true glory his integrity;
Rich *with* his . . . . *in* his . . . ſtrong,
Affect no conqueſt, but endure no wrong.

Whatever

NOTES.

ſon and ſucceſſor of Sir William Wyndham. To be a friend to your country, is to be what he was eminently; it is to be what he would have recommended you to be, even with his dying breath, if the nature of his diſtemper had permitted ſuch an effort. He thought this country on the brink of ruin, and that monarchical but free conſtitution of government, wherein the glory and the happineſs of our nation conſiſted, at the point of being diſſolved, and ſacrificed to the ſupport of a weak and wicked adminiſtration; but he thought that the greater the diſtreſs was, the more incumbent and the more preſſing the duty of ſtruggling to prevent, or to alleviate, it became. One of the laſt things he ſaid to me the day before he left this place was, that he did not expect to live to ſee Britain reſtored to a flouriſhing and ſecure ſtate, but that he would die in labouring to procure that happineſs to thoſe he ſhould leave behind him.———" M. S. from the Egremont Papers; communicated by Mr. Coxe.

[h] Slaves.
[i] Senates.
[k] Adminiſtration.
[l] King's.

Whatever his religion or his blood,
His public virtue makes his title good.
Europe's juſt balance and our own may ſtand,
And one man's honeſty redeem the land.

NOTES.

VER. 65. *Whatever his religion*] He probably means Frederick Prince of Wales, who took a decided part with the malecontents againſt Sir R. Walpole's adminiſtration. This was written the year before the general election, which decided the fate of Walpole. It is ſingular that Pope, in this Satire, turns his weapons againſt his own party, and attacks many of thoſe whom he had lately panegyriſed with the moſt extravagant praiſe, particularly Pulteney and Cheſterfield, of whom he ſaid in 1738:

"How can I, Pulteney, Cheſterfield forget,
While Roman ſpirit charms and Attic wit."

THE

PLAN OF AN EPIC POEM,

TO HAVE BEEN WRITTEN IN BLANK VERSE,

AND INTITLED,

B R U T U S.

THE

PLAN

OF AN

EPIC POEM.

As Eneas was famed for his piety, ſo his grandſon's characteriſtic was benevolence; this firſt predominant principle of his character, prompted his endeavours to redeem the remains of his countrymen, the deſcendants from Troy, then captives in Greece, and to eſtabliſh their freedom and felicity in a juſt form of government.

He goes to Epirus; from thence he travels all over Greece; collects all the ſcattered Trojans; and redeems them with the treaſures he brought from Italy.

Having collected his ſcattered countrymen, he conſults the oracle of Dodona, and is promiſed a ſettlement in an Iſland, which, from the deſcription, appears to have been Britain. He then puts to ſea, and enters the Atlantic Ocean.

The

The Firſt Book was intended to open with the appearance of Brutus at the Straits of Calpe, in ſight of the Pillars of Hercules (the *ne plus ultra*). He was to have been introduced debating in council with his captains, whether it was adviſable to launch into the great Ocean, on an enterpriſe bold and hazardous as that of the great Columbus.

One reaſon, among others, aſſigned by Brutus, for attempting the great Ocean in ſearch of a new country was, that he entertained no proſpect of introducing pure manners in any part of the then known world; but that he might do it among a people uncorrupt in their manners, worthy to be made happy, and wanting only arts and laws to that purpoſe.

A debate enſues. Piſander, an old Trojan, is rather for ſettling in Betica, a rich country near the Straits, within the Mediterranean, of whoſe wealth they had heard great fame at Carthage.

Brutus apprehends that the ſoftneſs of the climate, and the gold found there, would corrupt their manners; beſides, that the Tyrians, who had eſtabliſhed great commerce there, had introduced their ſuperſtitions among the natives, and made them unapt to receive the inſtructions he was deſirous to give.

Cloanthes, one of his captains, out of avarice and effeminacy, nevertheleſs deſires to ſettle in a rich and fertile country, rather than to tempt the dangers of the Ocean, out of a romantic notion of heroiſm.

This has ſuch an effect, that the whole council being diſmay'd, are unwilling to paſs the Straits, and venture into the great Ocean; pleading the example of Hercules for not advancing farther, and urging the preſumption of going beyond a God. To which Brutus, riſing with emotion, anſwers, that Hercules was but a mortal like them; and that if their virtue was ſuperior to his, they would have the ſame claim to divinity: for that the path of virtue was the only way which lay open to Heaven.

At length he reſolves to go in a ſingle ſhip, and to reject all ſuch daſtards, as dared not accompany him.

Upon this, Orontes takes fire, declares he will attend him through any dangers; that he wants no oracle, but his own courage and the love of glory; that it was for merchants like the Tyrians, not for heroes like them, to make trading ſettlements in a country for the ſake of its wealth.

All the younger part of the council agree to the ſentiments of Orontes; and, for the love they bear to Brutus, determine to be the companions of his enterpriſe; and it is reſolved to ſet ſail the next day. That night, Hercules appears to him in a viſion, applauding and confirming the ſentiments he had that day delivered in council, and encouraging him to perſevere in the purſuit of the intended enterpriſe.

The

The Second Book opens with a picture of the Supreme God in all his majeſty, ſitting on his throne in the higheſt Heaven. The ſuperintending Angel of the Trojans empire (the *Regnum Priami vetus*) falls down before the throne, and confeſſes his juſtice in having overturned that kingdom, for the ſins of the princes, and of the people themſelves. But adds, that after having chaſtiſed and humbled them, it would now be agreeable to his mercy and goodneſs, to raiſe up a new ſtate from their ruins, and form a people who might ſerve him better; that, in Brutus, his providence had a fit inſtrument for ſuch a gracious deſign.

This proſtrate Angel is raiſed by the Almighty, and permitted to attend upon Brutus in his voyage to Britain, in order to aſſiſt him in the reduction of that Iſland.

The Guardian Angel, in purſuance of this commiſſion, flies from Heaven to the high Mountain of Calpe; and from thence cauſes an eaſt wind to blow, which carries the fleet out of the Straits weſtward to the Canary Iſlands, where he lands.

Here was to have been a deſcription of Teneriff, and of the Volcanos, as likewiſe of a moſt delicious Iſland, which is deſcribed to be without inhabitants. A great part of his followers are diſpoſed to ſettle here. What more, ſay they, can we wiſh for ourſelves, than ſuch a pleaſing end of all our labours?

In

In an inhabited country we muſt, perhaps, be forced to fight and deſtroy the natives; here, without encroaching upon others, without the guilt of a conqueſt, we may have a land that will ſupply us with all the neceſſaries of life. Why then ſhould we go farther? Let us thank the Gods, and reſt here in peace. This affords room for a beautiful deſcription of the land of Lazineſs.

Brutus, however, rejects the narrow and ſelfiſh propoſition, as incompatible with his generous plan of extending benevolence, by inſtructing and poliſhing uncultivated minds. He deſpiſes the mean thought of providing for the happineſs of themſelves alone, and ſets the great proſpect of Heaven before them.

His perſuaſions, being ſeconded by good omens, prevail: nevertheleſs they leave behind them the old man and the woman, together with ſuch as are timid and unfit for ſervice, to enjoy their eaſe there, and to erect a city. Over this colony, conſiſting however of about three thouſand perſons, he propoſes to make Piſander King, under ſuch limitations as appear to him wiſeſt and beſt.

To this propoſal they all aſſent with great ſatisfaction; only Piſander abſolutely refuſes to be King, and begs, notwithſtanding his age, that he may attend Brutus in his enterprize. He urges that his experience and counſels may be of uſe, though his

ſtrength is gone; and that he ſhall die unhappy, if he does not die in the arms of his friend.

Brutus accepts his company, with great expreſſions of gratitude; and having left his colony a form of pure worſhip, and a ſhort and ſimple body of laws, orders them to chooſe a government for themſelves, and then ſets ſail with none but reſolute and noble aſſociates.

Here the Poet, by way of epiſode, meant to have introduced the paſſion of ſome friend, or the fondneſs of ſome female, who refuſed to ſtay behind, and determined to brave all hardſhips and perils, rather than quit the object of their affections.

Providence is now ſuppoſed to ſend his ſpirit to raiſe the wind, and direct it to the northward. The veſſel at length touched at Liſbon or Ulyſſipont, where he meets with the ſon of a Trojan, captive of Ulyſſes. This gives occaſion for an epiſode; and, among other things, furniſhes an account of Ulyſſes ſettling there, and building of Liſbon; with a detail of the wicked principles of policy and ſuperſtition he had eſtabliſhed, and of his being at length driven away by the diſcontented people he had enſlaved.

Brutus is afterwards driven by a ſtorm, raiſed by an evil ſpirit, as far as Norway. He prays to the Supreme God. His Guardian Angel calms the ſeas, and conducts the fleet ſafe into port; but the evil ſpirit excites the barbarian people to attack them at their landing.

Brutus,

Brutus, however, repulſes them, lands, and encamps on the ſea-ſhore. In the night an *aurora borealis* aſtoniſhes his men, ſuch a phenomenon having never been ſeen by them before.

He endeavours to keep up their ſpirits, by telling them that what they look upon as a prodigy, may be a phenomenon of nature uſual in thoſe countries, though unknown to them and him; but that if it be any thing ſupernatural, they ought to interpret it in their own favour, becauſe Heaven never works miracles but for the good.

About midnight they are attacked again by the barbarians, and the light of the *aurora* is of great uſe to them for their defence.

Brutus kills their chief leader, and Orontes the three next in command. This diſcourages them, and they fly up into the country. He makes priſoners of ſome of the natives, who had been uſed to thoſe ſeas, and inquires of them concerning a great iſland to the ſouth-weſt of their country; they tell him they had been in ſuch an iſland upon piratical voyages, and had carried ſome of the natives into captivity. He obtains ſome of thoſe captives, whom he finds to be Britons; they deſcribe their country to him, and undertake to pilot him.

In the next Book, Brutus touches at the Orcades, and a picture is given of the manner of the Savages. The North Britons he brought with him from Norway relate ſtrange ſtories concerning one of the greateſt

of their iſlands, ſuppoſed to be inhabited by dæmons, who forbid all acceſs to it, by thunders, earthquakes, &c. Eudemon relates a tradition in Greece, that in one of the Northern Iſlands of the Ocean, ſome of the Ti ans were confined after their overthrow by Jupiter. Brutus, to confound their ſuperſtition, reſolves to land in that iſland.

Brutus ſails thither in a ſmall veſſel of ſix oars, attended only by Orontes, who inſiſts on ſharing with him in this adventure. When the boat approaches the ſhore, a violent hurricane riſes, which daſhes it againſt the rocks, and beats it to pieces. All the men are drowned but Brutus and Orontes, who ſwim to land. They find a thick foreſt, dark and impenetrable, out of which proceeds a dreadful noiſe.

All at once the ſun was darkened, a thick night comes over them; thundering noiſes and bellowings are heard in the air, and under ground. A terrible eruption of fire breaks out from the top of a mountain, the earth ſhakes beneath their feet. Orontes flies back into the wood, but Brutus remains undaunted, though in great danger of being ſwallowed up, or burnt by the fire. In this extremity he calls upon God; the eruption ceaſes, and his Guardian Angel appears to Brutus, telling him God had permitted the evil ſpirit to work ſeeming miracles by natural means, in order to try his virtue, and to humble the pride of Orontes, who was too confident in his courage, and too little regardful of Providence. That

the hill before them was a volcano; that the effects of it, dreadful, though natural, had made the ignorant ſavages believe the Iſland to be an habitation of fiends. That the hurricane, which had wrecked his boat, was a uſual ſymptom, preceding an eruption. That he might have periſhed in the eruption, if God had not ſent him his good Angel to be his preſerver.

He then directs him to ſeek the ſouth-weſt part of Great Britain, becauſe the northern parts were infeſted by men not yet diſpoſed to receive religion, arts, and good government, the ſubduing and civilizing of whom was reſerved by Providence for a ſon, that ſhould be born of him after his conqueſt of England.

Brutus promiſes to obey; the Angel vaniſhes: Brutus finds Orontes in a cave of the wood; he is ſo aſhamed of his fear, that he attempts to kill himſelf. Brutus comforts him, aſcribes it to a ſupernatural terror, and tells him what he had heard from the Angel. They go down to the coaſt, where they find Hanno, with a ſhip to carry them off.

The enſuing Book deſcribes the joy of Brutus, at ſight of the white rocks of Albion. He lands at Torbay, and, in the weſtern part of the Iſland, meets with a kind reception.

The climate is deſcribed to be equally free from the effeminacy and ſoftneſs of the ſouthern climes, and the ferocity and ſavageneſs of the northern. The natural genius of the natives being thus in the medium between theſe extremes, was well adapted to receive

the improvements in virtue, he meditated to introduce. They are repreſented worſhippers of the Sun and Fire, but of good and gentle diſpoſitions, having no bloody ſacrifices among them. Here he meets the Druids, at an altar of turf, in an open place, offering fruits and flowers to Heaven.

Then follows a picture of the haven, which is ſucceeded by an account of the northern parts, ſuppoſed to be infeſted by tyrants, of whom the Britons tell ſtrange ſtories, repreſenting them as giants, whom he undertakes to aſſiſt them in conquering.

Among theſe iſlands, our Poet takes notice of the iſland Mona, groaning under the laſh of ſuperſtition, being governed by prieſts.

Likewiſe of another, diſtracted by *diſmal anarchy*, the neighbours eating their captives, and carrying away virgins; which affords room for a beautiful epiſode, deſcribing the feelings of a paſſionate lover, who prevailed on Brutus to fly to the reſcue of a favourite fair-one, whom, by his aid, he recovered from the arms of her brutal raviſher.

Our Poet alſo ſpeaks of a third, under the dominion of Tyranny, which was ſtronger than the reſt, and defended by giants living in caſtles, high rocks, &c. Some of theſe giants our Poet names, as *Corinæus*, *Gogmagog*, &c. Here he propoſed to moralize the old fables concerning Brutus, Gogmagog, &c.

Brutus, however, is oppoſed in his attempt by the prieſts, conjurers, and magicians; and the prieſts are ſuppoſed

ſuppoſed to have had ſecrets, which paſſed for ſupernatural, ſuch as the uſe of gunpowder, &c. He meets with many difficulties likewiſe from his own people, which interrupt his deſigns; particularly from one of his kinſmen, who is fierce, young, and ambitious. He is earneſt for conquering all by force, and treating the people who ſubmitted to him as ſlaves.

But Brutus gives it as his opinion, not to conquer and deſtroy the natives of the new-diſcovered land, but to poliſh and refine them, by introducing true religion, void of ſuperſtition and all falſe notions of the Deity, which only leads to vice and miſery, among people who are uncorrupted in their manners, and only want the introduction of uſeful arts, under the ſanction of a good government, to eſtabliſh and enſure their felicity.

This turbulent kinſman likewiſe endangers a revolt, by taking away a woman betrothed to a Briton.

Some of Brutus's followers take part with him, and raiſe a faction, which, by his wiſdom and firmneſs, he ſuppreſſes, and brings the diſcontented back to their duty; who at length unite with him againſt the giants their common enemy. It muſt not be omitted, that the kinſman is repreſented as repenting of his ſeceſſion, and much aſhamed that Brutus, having left him a victim to female blandiſhments, went to the war without him.

Brutus, in the end, ſucceeded in his enterprize againſt the giants, and enchantment vaniſhed before him; having reduced the fortreſſes of ſuperſtition, anarchy, and tyranny, the whole Iſland ſubmits to good government, and with this the Poem was intended to cloſe.

Such was the outline of this Poem, which, if he had finiſhed, it would not, perhaps, have added much to his reputation.

He had likewiſe planned two Odes, or Moral Poems, on the Miſchiefs of Arbitrary Power, and the Folly of Ambition. The firſt was to open with a view and deſcription of Mount Ætna or Veſuvius, after a long intermiſſion from eruptions; in which was given a picture of all rural felicity, in the moſt enchanting ſcenes of vine-yards and olive-yards in one place; the products of Ceres in another; and flowery paſtures, overſpread with flocks and herds, in a third; while the ſhepherds were indulging themſelves in their rural dances, ſongs, and muſic; and the huſbandmen in feats of activity. In the heat of theſe amuſements, is heard the rumbling in the bowels of the mountain, the day is overcaſt, and after other dreadful ſymptoms of approaching deſolation, a torrent of liquid fire breaks out from the mouth, and running down the declivity, carries away every thing in its paſſage; and as Milton ſays—

"All the flouriſhing works of Peace deſtroys."

That

That on the Folly of Ambition and a Name, was to open with the view of a large champaign deſart country; in the midſt of which was a large heap of ſhapeleſs and deformed ruins, under the ſhadow of which was ſeen a ſhepherd's ſhed, who at his door was tending a few ſheep and goats. The ruins attract the eye of a traveller paſſing by, who, curious to be informed of what he ſaw, addreſſes himſelf to the ſhepherd, to know to what ſuperb ſtructures theſe ruins belonged. The ſhepherd entertains him with an abſurd and fabulous account of ancient times, in which there were ſuch traces of true hiſtory, that the traveller at length diſcovers, by the aid of the fabulous narrator, joined to certain marks in the ruins themſelves, that this was the famous Blenheim, built, at the public expence, by a warlike nation, for the Deliverer of Europe, &c.

I CANNOT but wiſh that Pope had purſued his attempt of an Epic; it would have decided clearly his real poetic fame, and his uſage of blank verſe would have proved, whether he was as capable of producing the ſolemn and harmonious flow of the Miltonic periods, as he was of compreſſing ſenſe in rhyme, and giving preciſion and correctneſs to the couplet. The main point of the poetic character would alſo have been aſcertained, fancy.

I rather think, however, that Pope's good ſenſe prevented the attempt, and that he was afraid of loſing the high ground he had already gained as a Poet.

PREFACE

TO

HOMER'S ILIAD.

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HOMER'S ILIAD.

HOMER is univerſally allowed to have had the greateſt *Invention* of any writer whatever. The praiſe of Judgment Virgil has juſtly conteſted with him, and others may have their pretenſions as to particular excellencies; but his Invention remains yet unrivalled. Nor is it a wonder if he has ever been acknowledged the greateſt of poets, who moſt excelled in that which is the very foundation of poetry. It is the Invention that, in different degrees, diſtinguiſhes all great Genius's: the utmoſt ſtretch of human ſtudy, learning, and induſtry, which maſter every thing beſides, can never attain to this. It furniſhes Art with all her materials, and without it, Judgment itſelf can at beſt but *ſteal wiſely:* for Art is only like a prudent ſteward that lives on managing the riches of Nature. Whatever praiſes may be given to works of Judgment, there is not even a

ſingle

ſingle beauty in them, to which the Invention muſt not contribute. As in the moſt regular gardens, Art can only reduce the beauties of Nature to more regularity, and ſuch a figure, which the common eye may better take in, and is therefore more entertained with. And perhaps the reaſon why common Critics are inclined to prefer a judicious and methodical genius to a great and fruitful one, is, becauſe they find it eaſier for themſelves to purſue their obſervations through an uniform and bounded walk of Art, than to comprehend the vaſt and various extent of Nature.

Our Author's work is a wild paradiſe *, where if we cannot ſee all the beauties ſo diſtinctly as in an ordered garden, it is only becauſe the number of them is infinitely greater. 'Tis like a copious nurſery which contains the ſeeds and firſt productions of every kind, out of which thoſe who followed him have but ſelected ſome particular plants, each according to his fancy, to cultivate and beautify. If ſome

* Theſe words ſeem to imply that the *Iliad* is deficient in point of *regularity* and *conduct* of the Fable. Whereas one of its moſt tranſcendent and unparalleled excellencies is the *coherence*, the *conſiſtency*, the *ſimplicity*, and the *perſpicuity* of its plan; all which qualities are the reſult of *judgment* as well as of *invention*; and all which the beſt critics, from *Ariſtotle* to *Clarke*, have joined in admiring and applauding. Let *Quintilian* ſpeak for all the reſt; *in diſpoſitione totius operis nonne humani generis modum exceſſit?* And he excels Virgil as much in *judgment* as *invention*; and in exact *diſpoſition*, *juſt thought*, *correct elocution*, and *poliſhed numbers*, as in *poetical fire*. Mad. *Dacier* was vehemently angry at Mr. *Pope* for this paragraph. In fact, we *do ſee* the beauties of this *well-ordered garden*; which is *not* a mere *nurſery*; its plants are *not too luxuriant*, and are *arrived* to *perfection* and *maturity*. WARTON.

ſome things are too luxuriant, it is owing to the richneſs of the ſoil; and if others are not arrived to perfection or maturity, it is only becauſe they are over-run and oppreſſed by thoſe of a ſtronger nature.

It is to the ſtrength of this amazing Invention we are to attribute that unequalled fire and rapture, which is ſo forcible in Homer, that no man of a true poetical ſpirit is maſter of himſelf while he reads him. What he writes, is of the moſt animated nature imaginable; every thing moves, every thing lives, and is put in action. If a council be called, or a battle fought, you are not coldly informed of what was ſaid or done as from a third perſon; the reader is hurried out of himſelf by the force of the Poet's imagination, and turns in one place to a hearer, in another to a ſpectator. The courſe of his verſes reſembles that of the army he deſcribes,

Οἱ δ' ἀῤ ἴσαν, ὡσεί τε πυρὶ χθὼν πᾶσα νέμοιτο.

They pour along like a fire that ſweeps the whole earth before it. 'Tis however remarkable, that his fancy, which is every where vigorous, is not diſcovered immediately at the beginning of his poem in its fulleſt ſplendor: it grows in the progreſs both upon himſelf and others, and becomes on fire like a chariot-wheel, by its own rapidity. Exact diſpoſition, juſt thought, correct elocution, poliſhed numbers, may have been found in a thouſand; but this poetical fire, this *Vivida vis animi*, in a very few. Even in works where

where all thoſe are imperfect or neglected, this can over-power criticiſm, and make us admire even while we diſapprove. Nay, where this appears, though attended with abſurdities, it brightens all the rubbiſh about it, till we ſee nothing but its own ſplendor. This *Fire* is diſcerned in Virgil, but diſcerned as through a glaſs, reflected from Homer, more ſhining than fierce, but every where equal and conſtant: in Lucan and Statius, it burſts out in ſudden, ſhort, and interrupted flaſhes: in Milton * it glows like a furnace

* Of all paſſages in our Author's Works, I moſt wiſh he had never written this taſteleſs and unjuſt compariſon But indeed he never ſpeaks of our divine Bard, *con amore*. This has lately been done by Mr. *Hayley*, in his curious and animated Life of Milton. I do not honour Sir John Denham ſo much for his writing Cooper's Hill, as I do for being the very firſt perſon that ſpoke highly of Paradiſe Loſt; who coming one day into the Houſe of Commons with a proof ſheet of this Poem, wet from the preſs, and being aſked what paper he held in his hand, replied, "It was part of the nobleſt poem that was ever written in any language, or in any age."

"Milton," ſays Warburton, with his uſual love of bringing every thing into ſyſtem, "found Homer poſſeſſed of the province of Morality; Virgil of Politics; and nothing left for him, but that of Religion. This he ſeized, as aſpiring to ſhare with them in the government of the poetic world; and by means of the ſuperior dignity of his ſubject, hath gotten to the head of that triumvirate, which took ſo many ages in forming. Theſe are the three ſpecies of the Epic Poem; for its largeſt ſphere is human action, which can be conſidered but in a MORAL, POLITICAL, or RELIGIOUS View; and theſe the three makers; for each of their poems was ſtruck at a heat, and came to perfection from its firſt eſſay. Here then the grand ſcene was cloſed, and all farther improvements of the Epic at an end." A cruel ſentence indeed, and a very ſevere ſtatute of *Limitation!*

nace kept up to an uncommon ardor by the force of art: in Shakeſpeare, it ſtrikes before we are aware, like an accidental fire from heaven: but in Homer, and in him only, it burns every where clearly, and every where irreſiſtibly.

I ſhall here endeavour to ſhow, how this vaſt *Invention* exerts itſelf in a manner ſuperior to that of any poet, through all the main conſtituent parts * of his work,

Limitation! enough, if it had any foundation, to deſtroy every future attempt of any exalted genius that might ariſe. But, in truth, the aſſertion is totally groundleſs and chimerical. Each of the three poets might change the ſtations here aſſigned to them. Homer might aſſume to himſelf the province of politics; Virgil of morality; and Milton of both; who is alſo a ſtrong proof that human action is not the largeſt ſphere of Epic Poetry. But of all Dr. Warburton's forced and fanciful interpretations, next to his extraordinary interpretation of the Sixth Book of the Æneid, is the ſuppoſition that Virgil, by the epiſode of Niſus and Euryalus, meant to recommend the Grecian inſtitution of the Band of Lovers and Friends that fought at each other's ſides: and, alſo, that by the behaviour and death of Amata, and her celebration of the Bacchic Rites in the Seventh Book, Virgil meant to proſcribe and expoſe the abominable abuſes that had crept into the *myſteries*. I lament that Mr. Gibbon, in his able confutation of the notion of Auguſtus's Initiation, has not touched on this topic.

WARTON.

* Convinced that this Tranſlation is the moſt ſpirited and the beſt ever given of any ancient Poet, and moſt ſuited to modern times and readers; yet I have always been of opinion, that Pope would have made it ſtill more excellent, and would have profited much, if he could have ſeen *Blackwell's Enquiry into the Life and Writings of Homer*; a work, though written indeed with ſome affectation of ſtyle, that abounds in curious reſearches and obſervations, and places Homer in a new light; by endeavouring to ſhew *how it has happened* that no poet has ever equalled him for upwards of two thouſand years; namely, by the *united influence* of the happieſt *climate*; the moſt natural *manners* to paint; the boldeſt *lan-*

work, as it is the great and peculiar characteriſtic which diſtinguiſhes him from all other authors.

This ſtrong and ruling faculty was like a powerful ſtar, which, in the violence of its courſe, drew all things within its *vortex*. It ſeemed not enough to have taken in the whole circle of arts, and the whole compaſs of nature, to ſupply his maxims and reflections; all the inward paſſions and affections of mankind, to furniſh his characters; and all the outward forms and images of things for his deſcriptions: but wanting yet an ampler ſphere to expatiate in, he opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of *Fable*. That which Ariſtotle calls the *Soul of Poetry*, was firſt breathed into it by Homer. I ſhall begin with conſidering him in this part, as it is naturally the firſt, and I ſpeak of it both as it means the deſign of a poem, and as it is taken for fiction.

Fable may be divided into the *probable*, the *allegorical*, and the *marvellous*. The *probable fable* is the recital of ſuch actions as, though they did not happen, yet might, in the common courſe of nature: or of ſuch

guage to uſe; the moſt expreſſive *religion*; and the richeſt *ſubject* to work upon. *Nature*, after all, is the ſureſt rule, and *real* characters the beſt ground of *fiction*. The paſſions of the human mind, if truly awaked, and kept up by objects fitted to them, dictate a language peculiar to themſelves. *Homer* has copied it, and done juſtice to nature. We ſee her image in his draft; and this Work is the *great Drama of Life*, acted in our view. A moſt ingenious theory, if not ſolid, in every reſpect. WARTON.

ſuch as though they did, become fables by the additional epiſodes and manner of telling them. Of this ſort is the main ſtory of an Epic Poem, *the return of* Ulyſſes, *the ſettlement of the* Trojans *in* Italy, or the like. That of the *Iliad* is the *anger* of Achilles, the moſt ſhort and ſingle ſubject that was ever choſen by any Poet. Yet this he has ſupplied with a vaſter variety of incidents and events, and crowded with a greater number of councils, ſpeeches, battles, and epiſodes of all kinds, than are to be found even in thoſe poems whoſe ſchemes are of the utmoſt latitude and irregularity. The action is hurried on with the moſt vehement ſpirit, and its whole duration employs not ſo much as fifty days. Virgil, for want of ſo warm a genius, aided himſelf by taking in a more extenſive ſubject, as well as a greater length of time, and contracting the deſign of both Homer's poems into one, which is yet but a fourth part as large as his. The other Epic Poets have uſed the ſame practice, but generally carried it ſo far as to ſuperinduce a multiplicity of fables, deſtroy the unity of action, and loſe their readers in an unreaſonable length of time. Nor is it only in the main deſign that they have been unable to add to his invention, but they have followed him in every epiſode and part of ſtory. If he has given a regular *catalogue* of an *army*, they all draw up their forces in the ſame order. If he has funeral games for Patroclus, Virgil has the ſame for Anchiſes, and Statius (rather than omit them) deſtroys the unity of his action for thoſe of Archemorus.

If Ulyſſes viſit the ſhades, the Æneas of Virgil and Scipio of Silius are ſent after him. If he be detained from his return by the allurements of Calypſo, ſo is Æneas by Dido, and Rinaldo by Armida. If Achilles be abſent from the army on the ſcore of a quarrel through half the poem, Rinaldo muſt abſent himſelf juſt as long, on the like account. If he gives his hero a ſuit of celeſtial armour, Virgil and Taſſo make the ſame preſent to theirs. Virgil has not only obſerved this cloſe imitation of Homer, but where he had not led the way, ſupplied the want from other Greek authors. Thus the ſtory of Sinon and the taking of Troy was copied (ſays Macrobius) almoſt word for word from Piſander, as the loves of Dido and Æneas are taken from thoſe of Medea and Jaſon in Apollonius, and ſeveral others in the ſame manner.

To proceed to the *allegorical fable:* If we reflect upon thoſe innumerable knowledges, thoſe ſecrets of nature and phyſical philoſophy, which Homer is generally ſuppoſed to have wrapped up in his *allegories*, what a new and ample ſcene of wonder may this conſideration afford us? How fertile will that imagination appear, which was able to clothe all the properties of elements, the qualifications of the mind, the virtues and vices, in forms and perſons; and to introduce them into actions agreeable to the nature of the things they ſhadowed? This is a field in which no ſucceeding poets could diſpute with Homer; and

whatever commendations have been allowed them on this head, are by no means for their invention in having enlarged his circle, but for their judgment in having contracted it. For when the mode of learning changed in following ages, and ſcience was delivered in a plainer manner; it then became as reaſonable in the more modern poets to lay it aſide, as it was in Homer to make uſe of it. And perhaps it was no unhappy circumſtance for Virgil, that there was not in his time that demand upon him of ſo great an invention, as might be capable of furniſhing all thoſe allegorical parts of a poem.

The *marvellous fable* includes whatever is ſupernatural, and eſpecially the machines of the Gods. He ſeems * the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry, and ſuch a one as makes its greateſt importance and dignity. For we find thoſe authors who have been offended at the literal notion of the Gods, conſtantly laying their accuſation againſt Homer as the chief ſupport of it. But whatever cauſe there might be to blame his *machines* in a philoſophical or a religious view, they are ſo perfect in the poetic, that mankind have been ever ſince contented to follow them: none have been able to enlarge the ſphere of poetry beyond the limits he has ſet:

* In the former editions this ſentence ſtood thus: "If Homer was not the firſt who introduced the Deities into the religion of Greece, (as Herodotus imagines,) he ſeems the firſt who brought them into a ſyſtem of machinery for poetry." WARTON.

ſet: every attempt of this nature has proved unſucceſsful; and after all the various changes of times and religions, his Gods continue to this day the Gods of poetry.

We come now to the *characters* of his perſons: And here we ſhall find no author has ever drawn ſo many, with ſo viſible and ſurprizing a variety, or given us ſuch lively and affecting impreſſions of them. Every one has ſomething ſo ſingularly his own, that no painter could have diſtinguiſhed them more by their features, than the Poet has by their manners. Nothing can be more exact than the diſtinctions he has obſerved in the different degrees of virtues and vices. The ſingle quality of *courage* is wonderfully diverſified in the ſeveral characters of the Iliad. That of Achilles is furious and intractable; that of Diomede forward, yet liſtening to advice and ſubject to command: that of Ajax is heavy and ſelf-confiding; of Hector active and vigilant: the courage of Agamemnon is inſpirited by love of empire and ambition, that of Menelaus mixed with ſoftneſs and tenderneſs for his people: we find in Idomeneus a plain direct ſoldier, in Sarpedon a gallant and generous one. Nor is this judicious and aſtoniſhing diverſity to be found only in the principal quality which conſtitutes the main of each character, but even in the under-parts of it, to which he takes care to give a tincture of that principal one. For example, the main characters of Ulyſſes and Neſtor conſiſt in *wiſdom*; and

they

they are diſtinct in this, that the wiſdom of one is *artificial* and *various*, of the other *natural*, *open*, and *regular*. But they have, beſides, characters of *courage*; and this quality alſo takes a different turn in each from the difference of his prudence: for one in the war depends ſtill upon *caution*, the other upon *experience*. It would be endleſs to produce inſtances of theſe kinds. The characters of Virgil * are far from ſtriking

* "Virgil had been accuſtomed to the ſplendor of a court, the magnificence of a palace, and the grandeur of a royal equipage; accordingly his repreſentations of that part of life are more auguſt and ſtately than Homer's. He has a greater regard to decency, and thoſe poliſhed manners which render men ſo much of a piece, and make them all reſemble one another in their conduct and behaviour. His ſtate deſigns and political managements are finely laid, and carried on much in the ſpirit of a courtier. The eternity of a government, the forms of magiſtrature, and plan of dominion, ideas to which Homer was a ſtranger, are familiar with the Roman poet. But the Grecian's wiles are plain and natural; either ſtratagems of war, or ſuch deſigns in peace, as depend not upon forming a party for their execution. He excels in the ſimple inſtructive parts of life; the play of the paſſions, the proweſs of bodies, and thoſe ſingle virtues of perſons and characters, that ariſe from untaught, undiſguiſed nature. And afterwards, even the ſtately Agamemnon is not aſhamed to own his paſſion for a captive maid before the whole army. He is, beſides, now and then a little covetous, and tortured with fear to ſuch a degree, that his teeth chatter and knees knock againſt each other; he groans and weeps and rends his hair, and is in ſuch piteous plight, that, if we were not well aſſured of his perſonal bravery, we ſhould take him for a downright coward. But Virgil durſt make no condeſcenſion to nature, nor repreſent the human frailties in their genuine light."

Theſe fine and judicious remarks of Blackwell ſeem to have been borrowed from an Epiſtle of *Gravina* to *Maffei*, p. 248. In Napoli, 1716. WARTON.

ſtriking us in this open manner; they lie in a great degree hidden and undiſtinguiſhed, and where they are marked moſt evidently affect us not in proportion to thoſe of Homer. His characters of valour are much alike; even that of Turnus ſeems no way peculiar but as it is in a ſuperior degree; and we ſee nothing that differences the courage of Mneſtheus from that of Sergeſtus, Cloanthus, or the reſt. In like manner it may be remarked of Statius's heroes, that an air of impetuoſity runs through them all; the ſame horrid and ſavage courage appears in his Capaneus, Tydeus, Hippomedon, &c. They have a parity of character, which makes them ſeem brothers of one family. I believe when the reader is led into this tract of reflection, if he will purſue it through the *Epic* and *Tragic* writers, he will be convinced how infinitely ſuperior in this point the invention of Homer was to that of all others.

The *ſpeeches* are to be conſidered as they flow from the characters, being perfect or defective as they agree or diſagree with the manners of thoſe who utter them. As there is more variety of characters in the *Iliad*, ſo there is of ſpeeches, than in any other poem. *Every thing in it has manners* (as Ariſtotle expreſſes it); that is, every thing is acted or ſpoken. It is hardly credible, in a work of ſuch length, how ſmall a number of lines are employed in narration. In Virgil the dramatic part is leſs in proportion to the narrative; and the ſpeeches often conſiſt of general reflections

reflections or thoughts *, which might be equally juſt in any perſon's mouth upon the ſame occaſion. As many of his perſons have no apparent characters, ſo many of his ſpeeches eſcape being applied and judged by the rule of propriety. We oftener think of the author himſelf when we read Virgil, than when we are engaged in Homer: all which are the effects of a colder invention, that intereſts us leſs in the action deſcribed: Homer makes us hearers, and Virgil leaves us readers.

If in the next place we take a view of the *ſentiments*, the ſame preſiding faculty is eminent in the ſublimity and ſpirit of his thoughts. Longinus has given his opinion, that it was in this part Homer principally excelled. What were alone ſufficient to prove the grandeur and excellence of his ſentiments in general, is, that they have ſo remarkable a parity with thoſe of the Scripture: Duport, in his Gnomologia Homerica, has collected innumerable inſtances of this ſort. And it is with juſtice an excellent modern writer allows, that if Virgil has not ſo many thoughts that are low and vulgar, he has not ſo many that are ſublime and noble; and that the Roman author

* This cenſure is too general; many of the ſpeeches are appropriated and adapted to the character that ſpeaks; none more ſo, than one, not ſo frequently noticed as it ought to be, that of Æneas to the Ghoſt of Hector, in which the confuſion and obſcure ideas of a man in a dream are finely repreſented by the queſtions he aſks. Lib. ii. v. 281. WARTON.

author ſeldom riſes into very aſtoniſhing ſentiments where he is not fired by the *Iliad*.

If we obſerve his *deſcriptions*, *images*, and *ſimiles*, we ſhall find the invention ſtill predominant. To what elſe can we aſcribe that vaſt comprehenſion of images of every ſort, where we ſee each circumſtance of art *, and individual of nature ſummoned together, by the extent and fecundity of his imagination; to which all things, in their various views, preſented themſelves in an inſtant, and had their impreſſions taken off to perfection at a heat? Nay, he not only gives us the full proſpects of things, but ſeveral unexpected peculiarities and ſide views, unobſerved by any Painter but Homer. Nothing is ſo ſurpriſing as the deſcription of his battles, which take up no leſs than half the *Iliad*, and are ſupplied with ſo vaſt a variety of incidents, that no one bears a likeneſs to another; ſuch different kinds of deaths, that no two heroes are wounded in the ſame manner; and ſuch a profuſion of noble ideas, that every battle riſes above the laſt in greatneſs, horror,

* "Dans Homere," ſays Winkelman, "tout eſt image, tout eſt fait pour etre peint; diſons mieux, tout y eſt peint."

Circumſtantial deſcription is, after all, the true teſt of a vivid imagination. It is not intended by this remark, nor by what is ſaid before in theſe notes, to commend or juſtify *uſeleſs* or *trifling* circumſtances in any deſcription What Demetrius Phalereus has ſaid, from page 124 to page 130 of Gale's edition, περὶ ἑρμηνείας, is well worth an attentive peruſal, and ſhews the true uſe of circumſtantial deſcription. WARTON.

ror, and confuſion. It is certain there is not near that number of images and deſcriptions in any Epic Poet; though every one has aſſiſted himſelf with a great quantity out of him; and it is evident of Virgil eſpecially, that he has ſcarce any compariſons which are not drawn from his maſter.

If we deſcend from hence to the *expreſſion*, we ſee the bright imagination of Homer ſhining out in the moſt enlivened forms of it. We acknowledge him the father of poetical diction, the firſt who taught that *language of the Gods* to men. His expreſſion * is like the colouring of ſome great maſters, which diſcovers itſelf to be laid on boldly, and executed with rapidity. It is indeed the ſtrongeſt and moſt glowing imaginable, and touched with the greateſt ſpirit. Ariſtotle had reaſon to ſay, He was the only poet who had found out *living words*; there are in him more daring figures and metaphors than in any good author

* Of all the excellencies of Homer's ſtyle, Clarke is of opinion that its *perſpicuity* is the moſt peculiar and predominant; and ſays, no writer whatever, not of verſe only but *proſe*, in any language, is ſo uniformly *perſpicuous*. This teſtimony of a philoſopher and mathematician, remarkable for a *clear head* himſelf, is worth remembering and regarding. This matchleſs perſpicuity, on which Pope has not ſufficiently dwelt, is owing to the clearneſs of his images, and the truth of his ſentiments; in ſhort, to his copying nature exactly. It is mortifying to hear an eminent critic and ſcholar declare, that, "among the readers of Homer, the number is very ſmall of thoſe who find much in the Greek more than in the common Latin tranſlation, except the muſic of his verſification." Pope would have profited much if Clarke's admirable Notes had preceded his tranſlation. WARTON.

author whatever. An arrow is *impatient* to be on the wing, a weapon *thirſts* to drink the blood of an enemy, and the like. Yet his expreſſion is never too big for the ſenſe, but juſtly great in proportion to it. 'Tis the ſentiment that ſwells and fills out the diction, which riſes with it, and forms itſelf about it: and in the ſame degree that a thought is warmer, an expreſſion will be brighter; as that is more ſtrong, this will become more conſpicuous: like glaſs in the furnace, which grows to a greater magnitude and refines to a greater clearneſs, only as the breath within is more powerful, and the heat more intenſe.

To throw his language more out of proſe, Homer ſeems to have affected the *compound epithets*. This was a ſort of compoſition peculiarly proper to poetry, not only as it heightened the *diction*, but as it aſſiſted and filled the *numbers* with greater ſound and pomp, and likewiſe conduced in ſome meaſure to thicken the *images*. On this laſt conſideration I cannot but attribute theſe alſo to the fruitfulneſs of his invention, ſince (as he managed them) they are a ſort of ſupernumerary pictures of the perſons or things to which they are joined. We ſee the motion of Hector's plumes in the epithet of Κορυθαίολος, the landſcape of mount Neritus in that of Εἰνοσίφυλλος, and ſo of others, which particular images could not have been inſiſted upon ſo long as to expreſs them in a deſcription (though but of a ſingle line) without diverting the reader too much from the principal action or figure.

figure. As a Metaphor is a ſhort ſimile, one of theſe Epithets is a ſhort deſcription.

Laſtly, if we conſider his *verſification*, we ſhall be ſenſible what a ſhare of praiſe is due to his invention in that. He was not ſatisfied with his language as he found it ſettled in any one part of Greece, but ſearched through its different *dialects* * with this particular view, to beautify and perfect his numbers: he conſidered theſe as they had a greater mixture of vowels or conſonants, and accordingly employed them as the verſe required either a greater ſmoothneſs or ſtrength. What he moſt affected was the *Ionic*, which has a peculiar ſweetneſs from its never uſing contractions, and from its cuſtom of reſolving the diphthongs into two ſyllables; ſo as to make the words open themſelves with a more ſpreading and ſonorous fluency. With this he mingled the *Attic* contractions, the broader *Doric*, and the feeble *Æolic*, which often rejects its aſpirate, or takes off its accent; and completed this variety by altering ſome letters with the licence of poetry. Thus his meaſures, inſtead

* Clarke has given the true rational account of the *dialects* of Homer; a thing ſo frequently miſunderſtood, and as appears by our Author: "Homerus *non* dialectis *omnibus* promiſcuè & ἀλόγως, ſed eâ ſolum modo uſus eſt, quæ inter ſuos erat, *Ionico-Poeticâ*; ex variis quidem illa dialectis exiſtens, non communiter & universè, ſed certâ quâdam & conſtanti ratione, poetis Ionicis (ut credere æquum eſt) uſitatâ." Lib. ii. ad ver. 43.

Homer did not uſe ſuch a jargon as Fontenelle idly imagines; as if a French poet was to introduce in the ſame page, *Gaſcon*, *Norman*, *Breton*, &c. words. See *Monboddo*, vol. iii. and *Burgeſs's* Edition of *Dawes*, Preface, p. 21. WARTON.

ſtead of being fetters to his ſenſe, were always in readineſs to run along with the warmth of his rapture, and even to give a further repreſentation of his notions, in the correſpondence of their ſounds to what they ſignified. Out of all theſe he has derived that harmony, which makes us confeſs he had not only the richeſt head, but the fineſt ear in the world. This is ſo great a truth, that whoever will but conſult the tune of his verſes, even without underſtanding them, (with the ſame ſort of diligence as we daily ſee practiſed in the caſe of Italian Operas,) will find more ſweetneſs, variety, and majeſty of ſound, than in any other language or poetry. The beauty of his numbers is allowed by the critics to be copied but faintly by Virgil himſelf, though they are ſo juſt to aſcribe it to the nature of the Latin tongue: indeed the Greek * has ſome advantages both from the natural *ſound* of its *words*, and the turn and *cadence* of its *verſe*, which agree with the genius of no other language. Virgil was very ſenſible of this, and uſed the utmoſt diligence in working up a more intractable language to whatſoever graces it was capable of; and in particular never failed to bring the ſound of his line to a beautiful agreement with its ſenſe. If the Grecian poet has not been ſo frequently celebrated on this account as the Roman, the only reaſon is, that fewer critics have underſtood one language than the other.

* Such is the ſweetneſs of this language, that it admits of no word ending with theſe three harſh letters, Θ, Φ, X WARTON.

other. Dionyſius of Halicarnaſſus has pointed out many of our author's beauties in this kind, in his treatiſe of the *Compoſition of Words*, and others will be taken notice of in the courſe of my Notes. It ſuffices at preſent to obſerve of his numbers, that they flow with ſo much eaſe, as to make one imagine Homer had no other care than to tranſcribe as faſt as the *Muſes* dictated; and at the ſame time with ſo much force and inſpirited vigour, that they awaken and raiſe us like the ſound of a trumpet. They roll along as a plentiful river, always in motion, and always full; while we are borne away by a tide of verſe, the moſt rapid, and yet the moſt ſmooth imaginable.

Thus, on whatever ſide we contemplate Homer, what principally ſtrikes us is his *invention*. It is that which forms the character of each part of his work; and accordingly we find it to have made his fable more *extenſive* and *copious* than any other, his manners more *lively* and *ſtrongly marked*, his ſpeeches more *affecting* and *tranſporting*, his ſentiments more *warm* and *ſublime*, his images and deſcriptions more *full* and *animated*, his expreſſion more *raiſed* and *daring*, and his numbers more *rapid* and *various*. I hope, in what has been ſaid of Virgil, with regard to any of theſe heads, I have no way derogated from his character. Nothing is more abſurd or endleſs, than the common method of comparing eminent writers by an oppoſition of particular paſſages in them, and forming a judgment from thence of their

their merit upon the whole. We ought to have a certain knowledge of the principal character and diſtinguiſhed excellence of each: it is in *that* we are to conſider him, and in proportion to his degree in *that* we are to admire him. No author or man ever excelled all the world in more than one faculty: and as Homer has done this in *invention*, Virgil has in *judgment* *. Not that we are to think Homer wanted judgment,

* This is a commonly received opinion. It might, perhaps, however be proved, as has been hinted before, that the *judgment* of Homer was equal to his invention. But there is a ſet of notions and doctrines, concerning the characters of great writers, handed down from critic to critic, and implicitly adopted without due conſideration. This is one of that kind. Another, relating alſo to Virgil, is, that his chief excellence lay in deſcribing what is beautiful. But he appears to be equally excellent in painting the *terrible*. What images are exhibited in the following paſſages!

Armorum ſonitum toto Germania cœlo
Audiit; inſolitis tremuerunt motibus Alpes.—
—caligantem nigra formidine lucum——
—terque fragor ſtagnis auditus Avernis—
—tenuitque inhiaus tria Cerberus ora—
—ipſæ ſtupuere domus, atque intima leti
Tartara———
—ſtygiis emiſſa Tenebris
Pallida Tiſiphone, Morbos agit ante Metumque
Inque dies avidum ſurgens caput altius effert.—
Noctem illam tecti ſylvis immania monſtra
Perferimus: nec quæ ſonitum det cauſa videmus.
——feſſum quoties mutat latus, intremere omnem
Murmure Trinacriam———
Cernimus aſtantes nequicquam lumine torvo
Ætnæos fratres, cœlo capita alta ferentes
Concilium horrendum——
——terque ipſa ſolo, mirabile dictu
Emicuit——

Pectora

judgment, becauſe Virgil had it in a more eminent degree; or that Virgil wanted invention, becauſe Homer poſſeſt a larger ſhare of it: each of theſe great authors had more of both than perhaps any man beſides, and are only ſaid to have leſs in compariſon with one another. Homer was the greater genius, Virgil the better artiſt. In one we moſt admire the man, in the other the work. Homer hurries and tranſports us with a commanding impetuoſity;

Pectora quorum inter fluctus arrecta, jubæque
Sanguineæ exuperant undas——
——vaſtos a rupe Cyclopas
Proſpicio, ſonitumque pedum, vocemque tremiſco.—
Hinc exaudiri voces & verba vocantis
Sæpe viri——
——Latices nigreſcere ſacros,
Fuſaque in obſcœnum ſe vertere vina cruorem,
Hoc viſum nulli, non ipſi effata ſorori.
——Furiarum maxima juxta
Accubat——
Tiſiphoneque ſedens pallâ ſuccincta cruentâ
Veſtibulum inſomnis ſervat noctesque dieſque——
Hinc exaudiri gemitus, & ſæva ſonare
Verbera, tum ſtridor ferri, tractæque Catenæ:
Conſtitit Æneas, ſtrepitumque extertitus hauſit.
Sævior intus habet ſedem——
Quantus Athos, aut quantus Eryx——
—— quærentem dicere plura
Reppulit, & geminos erexit crinibus angues,
Verberaque inſonuit——
——Turni ſe peſtis ad ora,
Fertque refertque ſonans, clypeumque everberat alis.

All theſe bold and maſterly ſtrokes, to which many may be added, are certainly more in the manner of MICHAEL ANGELO, than of RAPHAEL. WARTON.

ſity; Virgil leads us with an attractive majeſty: Homer ſcatters with a generous profuſion; Virgil beſtows with a careful magnificence: Homer, like the Nile, pours out his riches with a boundleſs overflow; Virgil, like a river in its banks, with a gentle and conſtant ſtream. When we behold their battles, methinks the two Poets reſemble the Heroes they celebrate: Homer, boundleſs and irreſiſtible as Achilles, bears all before him, and ſhines more and more as the tumult increaſes; Virgil, calmly daring like Æneas, appears undiſturbed in the midſt of the action; diſpoſes all about him, and conquers with tranquillity. And when we look upon their machines, Homer ſeems like his own Jupiter in his terrors, ſhaking Olympus, ſcattering the lightnings, and firing the Heavens; Virgil, like the ſame power in his benevolence, counſelling with the Gods, laying plans for empires, and regularly ordering his whole creation.

But after all, it is with great parts as with great virtues, they naturally border on ſome imperfection; and it is often hard to diſtinguiſh exactly where the virtue ends, or the fault begins. As prudence may ſometimes ſink to ſuſpicion, ſo may a great judgment decline to coldneſs; and as magnanimity may run up to profuſion or extravagance, ſo may a great invention to redundancy or wildneſs. If we look upon Homer in this view, we ſhall perceive the chief *objections* againſt him to proceed from ſo noble a cauſe as the exceſs of this faculty.

Among

Among theſe we may reckon ſome of his *marvellous fictions*, upon which ſo much criticiſm has been ſpent, as ſurpaſſing all the bounds of probability. Perhaps it may be with great and ſuperior ſouls, as with gigantic bodies, which, exerting themſelves with unuſual ſtrength, exceed what is commonly thought the due proportion of parts, to become miracles in the whole; and like the old heroes of that make, commit ſomething near extravagance, amidſt a ſeries of glorious and inimitable performances. Thus Homer has his *ſpeaking horſes*, and Virgil his *myrtles diſtilling blood*, where the latter has not ſo much as contrived the eaſy intervention of a Deity to ſave the probability.

It is owing to the ſame vaſt invention, that his *Similes* have been thought too exuberant and full of circumſtances. The force of this faculty is ſeen in nothing more, than in its inability to confine itſelf to that ſingle circumſtance upon which the compariſon is grounded: it runs out into embelliſhments of additional images, which however are ſo managed as not to overpower the main one. His ſimiles are like pictures, where the principal figure has not only its proportion given agreeable to the original, but is alſo ſet off with occaſional ornaments and proſpects. The ſame will account for his manner of heaping a number of compariſons together in one breath, when his fancy ſuggeſted to him at once ſo many various and

correſpondent images. The reader will eaſily extend this obſervation to more objections of the ſame kind.

If there are others which ſeem rather to charge him with a defect or narrowneſs of genius, than an exceſs of it; thoſe ſeeming defects will be found upon examination to proceed wholly from the nature of the times he lived in. Such are his *groſſer repreſentations* of the *Gods*, and the vicious and *imperfect manners* of his *Heroes*, which will be treated of in the following *Eſſay*[a]: But I muſt here ſpeak a word of the latter, as it is a point generally carried into extremes, both by the cenſurers and defenders of Homer. It muſt be a ſtrange partiality to antiquity, to think with Madam Dacier[b], "that thoſe times and manners* are "ſo

[a] See the articles of Theology and Morality, in the third part of the Eſſay. WARBURTON.

[b] Preface to her Homer. WARBURTON.

* In that *progreſſion* of manners that happens in every age and every country, there is a *certain* period more *proper* for poetical deſcription than another. The more any nation becomes poliſhed, the more the genuine feelings of nature are diſguiſed and ſuppreſſed, and their manners are conſequently leſs adapted to bear a faithful repreſentation. The little forms and ceremonies which have been introduced into civil life by modern governments, are not ſuited to the dignity and ſimplicity of the *Epic* Muſe. Our preſent modes muſt be forgotten, when we attempt any thing in the ſerious or ſublime poetry; for heroiſm diſdains the luxurious refinements, the falſe delicacy, the fictitious grandeur, and idle ſtate of modern ages. What our Author replies here to Madame Dacier, relates to the circumſtance of manners being *morally*, not *poetically* good: and he ſhould have inſiſted more on the *latter* circumſtance. The lovers of Homer cannot but read with great pleaſure

"so much the more excellent, as they are more con-
"trary to ours." Who can be so prejudiced in their favour as to magnify the felicity of those ages, when a spirit of revenge and cruelty, joined with the practice of rapine and robbery, reigned through the world; when no mercy was shewn but for the sake of lucre, when the greatest Princes were put to the sword, and their wives and daughters made slaves and concubines? On the other side, I would not be so delicate as those modern critics, who are shocked at the *servile offices* and mean employments in which we sometimes see the Heroes of Homer engaged. There is a pleasure in taking a view of that simplicity in opposition to the luxury of succeeding ages, in beholding Monarchs without their guards, Princes tending their flocks, and Princesses drawing water from the springs. When we read Homer, we ought to reflect that we are reading the most ancient author in the heathen world; and those who consider him in this light, will double their pleasure in the perusal of him. Let them think they are growing acquainted with nations and people that are now no more; that they are stepping almost three thousand years back into the remotest antiquity, and entertaining themselves

pleasure the comparison Mr. Wood has made of the *Heroic*, *Patriarchal*, and *Bedouin manners*, dividing their similarities, with much judgment and acuteness, into six general classes, and shewing their exact conformity to what he observed in his travels. *Essay on the Original Genius of Homer*, p. 158. WARTON.

ſelves with a clear and ſurpriſing viſion of things no where elſe to be found, the only true mirrour of that ancient world. By this means alone their greateſt obſtacles will vaniſh; and what uſually creates their diſlike, will become a ſatisfaction.

This conſideration may further ſerve to anſwer for the conſtant uſe of the ſame *epithets* to his Gods and Heroes, ſuch as the *far-darting* Phœbus, the *blue-eyed* Pallas, the *ſwift-footed* Achilles, etc. which ſome have cenſured as impertinent and tediouſly repeated. Thoſe of the Gods depended upon the powers and offices then believed to belong to them, and had contracted a weight and veneration from the rites and ſolemn devotions in which they were uſed: they were a ſort of attributes with which it was a matter of religion to ſalute them on all occaſions, and which it was an irreverence to omit. As for the epithets of great men, Monſ. Boileau is of opinion, that they were in the nature of *Surnames*, and repeated as ſuch; for the Greeks, having no names derived from their fathers, were obliged to add ſome other diſtinction of each perſon; either naming his parents expreſsly, or his place of birth, profeſſion, or the like; as, Alexander the ſon of Philip, Herodotus of Halicarnaſſus, Diogenes the Cynic, etc. Homer therefore, complying with the cuſtom of his country, uſed ſuch diſtinctive additions as better agreed with poetry. And indeed we have ſomething parallel to theſe in modern times, ſuch as the names of Harold Harefoot, Edmund Ironſide,

ſide, Edward Long-ſhanks, Edward the Black Prince, etc. If yet this be thought to account better for the propriety than for the repetition, I ſhall add a further conjecture. Heſiod, dividing the world into its different ages, has placed a fourth age between the brazen and the iron one, of *Heroes diſtinct from other men, a divine race, who fought at* Thebes *and* Troy, *are called demi-Gods, and live by the care of* Jupiter *in the iſlands of the bleſſed*[c]. Now among the divine honours which were paid them, they might have this alſo in common with the Gods, not to be mentioned without the ſolemnity of an epithet, and ſuch as might be acceptable to them by its celebrating their families, actions, or qualities.

What other cavils have been raiſed againſt Homer, are ſuch as hardly deſerve a reply, but will yet be taken notice of as they occur in the courſe of the work. Many have been occaſioned by an injudicious endeavour to exalt Virgil; which is much the ſame, as if one ſhould think to raiſe the ſuperſtructure by undermining the foundation: One would imagine by the whole courſe of their parallels, that theſe critics never ſo much as heard of Homer's having written firſt; a conſideration which whoever compares theſe two Poets, ought to have always in his eye. Some accuſe him for the ſame things which they overlook or praiſe in the other; as when they prefer the fable and

[c] Heſiod, Op. et Dier. lib. i. ver. 155, etc. WARBURTON.

and moral of the Æneis to thoſe of the Iliad, for the ſame reaſons which might ſet the Odyſſey above the Æneis: as that the Hero is a wiſer man; and the action of the one more beneficial to his country than that of the other: or elſe they blame him for not doing what he never deſigned; as becauſe Achilles is not as good and perfect a prince as Æneas, when the very moral of his poem required a contrary character: It is thus that Rapin judges in his compariſon of Homer and Virgil. Others ſelect thoſe particular paſſages of Homer which are not ſo laboured as ſome that Virgil drew out of them: This is the whole management of Scaliger in his Poetice. Others quarrel with what they take for low and mean expreſſions, ſometimes through a falſe delicacy and refinement, oftener from an ignorance of the graces of the original; and then triumph in the aukwardneſs of their own tranſlations: This is the conduct of Perault in his Parallels. Laſtly, there are others, who, pretending to a fairer proceeding, diſtinguiſh between the perſonal merit of Homer, and that of his *work*; but when they come to aſſign the cauſes of the great reputation of the Iliad, they found it upon the ignorance of his times, and the prejudice of thoſe that followed: And in purſuance of this principle, they make thoſe accidents (ſuch as the contention of the cities, etc.) to be the cauſes of his fame, which were in reality the conſequences of his merit. The ſame might as well be ſaid of Virgil, or

any

any great author, whoſe general character will infallibly raiſe many caſual additions to their reputation. This is the method of Monſ. de la Motte; who yet confeſſes upon the whole, that in whatever age Homer had lived, he muſt have been the greateſt poet of his nation, and that he may be ſaid in this ſenſe to be the maſter even of thoſe who ſurpaſſed him.

In all theſe objections we ſee nothing that contradicts his title to the honour of the chief *Invention*; and as long as this (which is indeed the characteriſtic of Poetry itſelf) remains unequalled by his followers, he ſtill continues ſuperior to them. A cooler judgment may commit fewer faults, and be more approved in the eyes of *one ſort* of Critics; but that warmth of fancy will carry the loudeſt and moſt univerſal applauſes, which holds the heart* of a reader under the ſtrongeſt enchantment. Homer not only appears the Inventor of Poetry, but excels all the inventors of other arts in this, that he has ſwallowed up the honour of thoſe who ſucceeded him. What he has done admitted no increaſe; it only left room for contraction or regulation. He ſhewed all the ſtretch of fancy at once; and if he has failed in ſome of his flights, it was but becauſe he attempted every thing.

A work

* In reading Homer, ſays *Dionyſius*, ἐνθουσιᾷ τε, καὶ δεῖρο καλεῖσε ἀγόμαι.

A curious reader will be entertained by peruſing the animated letter which *Petrarch* wrote to the *Byzantine* Ambaſſador, his friend, from whom he firſt received a copy of *Homer* in Greek. *Epiſt. Famil.* 9. WARTON.

A work of this kind ſeems like a mighty Tree which riſes from the moſt vigorous ſeed, is improved with induſtry, flouriſhes, and produces the fineſt fruit; nature and art conſpire to raiſe it; pleaſure and profit join to make it valuable: and they who find the juſteſt faults, have only ſaid, that a few branches (which run luxuriant through a richneſs of nature) might be lopped into form to give it a more regular appearance.

Having now ſpoken of the beauties and defects of the original, it remains to treat of the tranſlation *, with

* That man muſt be void of all ſenſibility and feeling, who is not delighted with the *ſpirit*, *fire*, and *harmony* of this tranſlation; but at the ſame time, he muſt be void alſo of all taſte and knowledge of the *majeſty* and *ſimplicity* of the original, which are *diſguiſed* and *diminiſhed* by a profuſion of *florid* and *figurative* epithets and expreſſions, and a *variety* of gawdy, glittering, and modern ornaments, with which our Engliſh Iliad ſo much abounds; as to ſet at variance the *ſentiment* and *imagery*, with the *diction* and *ſtyle*.

No compoſition of any kind ſhould be equally laboured and ornamented in every part. "Id non debet eſſe fuſum æquabiliter per omnem orationem, ſed ita diſtinctum, ut ſint quaſi in ornatû diſpoſita quædam inſignia & lumina. Genus igitur dicendi eſt eligendum, quod maximè teneat eos qui audiant, & quod non ſolùm delectet, ſed etiam ſine ſatietate delectet. Quanto colorum pulchritudine & varietate floridiora ſunt in picturis novis pleraque, quàm in veteribus? quæ tamen etiamſi primo adſpectû nos ceperunt, diutius non delectant; cum iidem nos in antiquis Tabulis illo ipſo horido obſoletoque teneamur." *De Oratore*, *l.* 3.

We ſhould always carefully remember, "that Homer's poems were made to be *recited* or *ſung* to a *company*, and not *read* in private, or peruſed in a *book*; which few were then capable of doing." Whoever reads not Homer in *this view*, loſes a great part of the delight

with the ſame view to the chief characteriſtic. As far as *that* is ſeen in the main parts of the Poem, ſuch as the fable, manners, and ſentiments, no tranſlator can prejudice it but by wilful omiſſions or contractions. As it alſo breaks out in every particular image, deſcription, and ſimile; whoever leſſens or too much ſoftens thoſe, takes off from this chief character. It is the firſt grand duty of an interpreter to give his author entire and unmaimed; and for the reſt, the diction and verſification only are his proper province; ſince theſe muſt be his own, but the others he is to take as he finds them.

It ſhould then be conſidered what methods may afford ſome equivalent in our language for the graces of theſe in the Greek. It is certain no literal tranſlation can be juſt to an excellent original in a ſuperior language: but it is a great miſtake to imagine (as many have done) that a raſh paraphraſe can make amends for this general defect; which is no leſs in danger to loſe the ſpirit of an ancient, by deviating into the modern manners of expreſſion. If there be ſometimes a darkneſs, there is often a light in antiquity, which nothing better preſerves than a verſion almoſt literal. I know no liberties one ought to take, but thoſe which are neceſſary for transfuſing the ſpirit of

delight he might receive from the poet. A lover of ancient ſimplicity blamed our Tranſlator by ſaying;

——Niveam Tyrio murice tingit ovem.

"If he had not done ſo, nobody would have worn it,"—replied a defender of Pope's modern elegancies. WARTON.

of the original, and ſupporting the poetical ſtyle of the tranſlation: And I will venture to ſay, there have not been more men miſled in former times by a ſervile dull adherence to the letter, than have been deluded in ours by a chimerical inſolent hope of raiſing and improving their author. It is not to be doubted that the *fire* of the poem is what a tranſlator ſhould principally regard, as it is moſt likely to expire in his managing: however, it is his ſafeſt way to be content with preſerving this to his utmoſt in the whole, without endeavouring to be more than he finds his author is, in any particular place. 'Tis a great ſecret in writing to know when to be plain, and when poetical and figurative; and it is what Homer will teach us, if we will but follow modeſtly in his footſteps. Where his diction is bold and lofty, let us raiſe ours as high as we can; but where his is plain and humble, we ought not to be deterred from imitating him by the fear of incurring the cenſure of a mere Engliſh Critic. Nothing that belongs to Homer ſeems to have been more commonly miſtaken than the juſt pitch of his ſtyle: ſome of his tranſlators having ſwelled into fuſtian in a proud confidence of the *ſublime*; others ſunk into flatneſs in a cold and timorous notion of *ſimplicity*. Methinks I ſee theſe different followers of Homer, ſome ſweating and ſtraining after him by violent leaps and bounds (the certain ſigns of falſe mettle), others ſlowly and ſervilely creeping in his train, while the Poet himſelf is all the time proceeding with an

unaffected and equal majeſty before them. However, of the two extremes one could ſooner pardon frenzy than frigidity: no author is to be envied for ſuch commendations as he may gain by that character of ſtyle, which his friends muſt agree together to call *ſimplicity*, and the reſt of the world will call *dulneſs*. There is a graceful and dignified ſimplicity, as well as a bald and ſordid one, which differ as much from each other as the air of a plain man from that of a ſloven: 'tis one thing to be tricked up, and another not to be dreſſed at all. Simplicity is the mean between oſtentation and ruſticity.

This pure and noble ſimplicity is no where in ſuch perfection as in the *Scripture* and our Author. One may affirm, with all reſpect to the inſpired writings, that the *divine Spirit* made uſe of no other words than what were intelligible and common to men at that time, and in that part of the world; and as Homer is the author neareſt to thoſe, his ſtyle muſt of courſe bear a greater reſemblance to the ſacred books than that of any other writer. This conſideration (together with what has been obſerved of the parity of ſome of his thoughts) may methinks induce a tranſlator on the one hand, to give into ſeveral of thoſe general phraſes and manners of expreſſion, which have attained a veneration even in our language from being uſed in the Old Teſtament; as on the other, to avoid thoſe which have been appropriated to the Divinity,

Divinity, and in a manner conſigned to myſtery and religion.

For a further preſervation of this air of ſimplicity, a particular care ſhould be taken to expreſs with all plainneſs thoſe *moral ſentences* and *proverbial ſpeeches* which are ſo numerous in this Poet. They have ſomething venerable, and as I may ſay oracular, in that unadorned gravity and ſhortneſs with which they are delivered: a grace which would be utterly loſt by endeavouring to give them what we call a more ingenious (that is, a more modern) turn in the paraphraſe.

Perhaps the mixture of ſome Greciſms and old words after the manner of Milton, if done without too much affectation, might not have an ill effect in a verſion of this particular work, which moſt of any other ſeems to require a venerable antique caſt. But certainly the uſe of modern terms of war and government, ſuch as *platoon*, *campagne*, *junto*, or the like, (into which ſome of his tranſlators have fallen,) cannot be allowable; thoſe only excepted, without which it is impoſſible to treat the ſubjects in any living language.

There are two peculiarities in Homer's diction, which are a ſort of *marks* or *moles* by which every common eye diſtinguiſhes him at firſt ſight: thoſe who are not his greateſt admirers look upon them as defects; and thoſe who are, ſeem pleaſed with them

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as beauties. I ſpeak of his *compound epithets*, and of his *repetitions**. Many of the former cannot be done literally into Engliſh without deſtroying the purity of our language. I believe ſuch ſhould be retained as ſlide eaſily of themſelves into an Engliſh compound, without violence to the ear or to the received rules of compoſition; as well as thoſe which have received a ſanction from the authority of our beſt Poets, and are become familiar through their uſe of them; ſuch as the *cloud-compelling* Jove, etc. As for the reſt, whenever any can be as fully and ſignificantly expreſt in a ſingle word as in a compounded one, the courſe to be taken is obvious.

Some that cannot be ſo turned as to preſerve their full image by one or two words, may have juſtice done them by circumlocution; as the epithet εἰνοσίφυλλος to a mountain, would appear little or ridiculous tranſlated literally *leaf-ſhaking*, but affords a majeſtic idea in the *periphraſis: The lofty mountain ſhakes his waving woods.* Others that admit of differing ſignifications, may receive an advantage by a judicious variation, according to the occaſions on which they are introduced. For example, the epithet of Apollo, ἑκηβόλος, or *far-ſhooting*, is capable of two explications; one literal in reſpect of the darts and bow, the enſign of that God; the other allegorical with regard

* Of which there is a judicious defence in the Epiſtolæ Homericæ of Klotzius, p. 145, and in a Diſſertation of Schulzius.
WARTON.

regard to the rays of the ſun: therefore in ſuch places where Apollo is repreſented as a God in perſon, I would uſe the former interpretation; and where the effects of the ſun are deſcribed, I would make choice of the latter. Upon the whole, it will be neceſſary to avoid that perpetual repetition of the ſame epithets which we find in Homer, and which, though it might be accommodated (as has been already ſhewn) to the ear of thoſe times, is by no means ſo to ours: but one may wait for opportunities of placing them, where they derive an additional beauty from the occaſions on which they are employed; and in doing this properly, a tranſlator may at once ſhew his fancy and his judgment.

As for Homer's *Repetitions**, we may divide them into three ſorts: of whole narrations and ſpeeches, of ſingle ſentences, and of one verſe or hemiſtich. I hope it is not impoſſible to have ſuch a regard to theſe, as neither to loſe ſo known a mark of the author on the one hand, nor to offend the reader too much on the other. The repetition is not ungraceful in thoſe ſpeeches where the dignity of the ſpeaker renders

* Which are abſurdly cenſured by *Rapin*; to whom *Clarke* anſwers; "at verò erant hæc omnino *ſimpliciſſimè* & ſine *ornatu* dicenda, ut raptim, ac velut in tranſitu, legendi, percurrentur." I recollect only one note in Clarke but what contains ſenſe and judgment; and that is a note in the taſte of thoſe of Warburton, which we have ventured ſo often to cenſure. It is on the 49th line of Book 1, on the ſound of Apollo's Bow-ſtring. "Peſtis ſcilicet ingruentis, primus rumor terribilis." WARTON.

renders it a ſort of inſolence to alter his words; as in the meſſages from Gods to men, or from higher powers to inferiors in concerns of ſtate, or where the ceremonial of religion ſeems to require it, in the ſolemn forms of prayers, oaths, or the like. In other caſes, I believe the beſt rule is to be guided by the nearneſs, or diſtance, at which the repetitions are placed in the original: when they follow too cloſe, one may vary the expreſſion, but it is a queſtion whether a profeſſed tranſlator be authoriſed to omit any: if they be tedious, the author is to anſwer for it.

It only remains to ſpeak of the *Verſification*. Homer (as has been ſaid) is perpetually applying the ſound to the ſenſe, and varying it on every new ſubject. This is indeed one of the moſt exquiſite beauties of poetry, and attainable by very few: I know only of Homer eminent for it in the Greek, and Virgil in Latin. I am ſenſible it is what may ſometimes happen by chance, when a writer is warm, and fully poſſeſſed of his image: however, it may be reaſonably believed they deſigned this, in whoſe verſe it ſo manifeſtly appears in a ſuperior degree to all others. Few readers have the ear to be judges of it; but thoſe who have, will ſee I have endeavoured at this beauty.

Upon the whole, I muſt confeſs myſelf utterly incapable of doing juſtice to Homer. I attempt him in no other hope, but that which one may entertain without much vanity, of giving a more tolerable copy of him than any entire tranſlation in verſe has yet

done. We have only thoſe of Chapman, Hobbes, and Ogilby. Chapman has taken * the advantage of an immeaſurable length of verſe, notwithſtanding which, there is ſcarce any paraphraſe more looſe and rambling than his. He has frequent interpolations of four or ſix lines, and I remember one in the thirteenth Book of the Odyſſey, verſe 312. where he has ſpun twenty verſes out of two. He is often miſtaken in ſo bold a manner, that one might think he deviated on purpoſe, if he did not in other places of his notes inſiſt ſo much upon verbal trifles. He appears to have had a ſtrong affectation of extracting new

* In the Hiſtory of Engliſh Poetry, vol. 3. p. 441, an account is given of *Chapman*'s Homer; from which our Author condeſcended to borrow, and to read with attention, as appears from my copy of this Work, which once belonged to *Pope*, and in which he has noted many of *Chapman*'s improper interpolations, extending ſometimes to ten and twelve lines. But there was a Tranſlation of Homer, little known, by an *Arthur Hall*, 1581, which *Hall* copied from a French Tranſlation of *Hugue's Sald*, Abbé of St. *Cheron*, 1555. This *Sald* had eventually the power of miſleading Pope. For in Book 3. v. 386, it is ſaid,

Γρηΐ δε μιν εικυῖα,

which *Sald* tranſlates,

C'eſt de *Grea* la bonne chambrien,

miſtaking *Grea* for a proper name; which Hall follows, p. 57.

In Grea's forme, the good handmaid;—

followed again by *Chapman*,

She tooke on her the ſhape
Of beldam *Grea*;—

after whom comes Pope in his firſt Edition, 1715, v. 476.

In Græa's form——
Grea her favourite maid.

STEEVENS

new meanings out of his Author, inſomuch as to promiſe in his rhyming preface, a poem of the myſteries he has revealed in Homer: and perhaps he endeavoured to reſtrain the obvious ſenſe to this end. His expreſſion is involved in fuſtian, a fault for which he was remarkable in his original writings, as in the tragedy of Buffy d'Amboiſe, etc. In a word, the nature of the man may account for his whole performance; for he appears from his preface and remarks to have been one of an arrogant turn, and an enthuſiaſt in poetry. His own boaſt of having finiſhed half the Iliad in leſs than fifteen weeks, ſhews with what negligence his verſion was performed. But that which is to be allowed him, and which very much contributed to cover his defects, is a daring fiery ſpirit that animates his tranſlation, which is ſomething like what one might imagine Homer himſelf would have writ before he arrived at years of diſcretion.

Hobbes has given us * a correct explanation of the ſenſe in general, but for particulars and circumſtances he continually lops them, and often omits the moſt beautiful.

* Though this tranſlation of *Hobbes*, made in the eighty-ſeventh year of his age, be ſo contemptible and tedious, yet his *proſe*, for *preciſion*, *terſeneſs*, and *elegance*, is ſome of the beſt in our language. And when we read his fine *critical* Letter to *Davenant*, on his *Gondibert*, we are ſurpriſed at his bad verſes. With his principles, *religious* or *political*, I have nothing to do at preſent. A very curious Letter of *Waller* to *Hobbes*, highly commending the *Leviathan*,

beautiful. As for its being eſteemed a cloſe tranſlation, I doubt not many have been led into that error by the ſhortneſs of it, which proceeds not from his following the original line by line, but from the contractions above-mentioned. He ſometimes omits whole ſimiles and ſentences, and is now and then guilty of miſtakes, into which no writer of his learning could have fallen, but through careleſſneſs. His poetry, as well as Ogilby's, is too mean for criticiſm.

It is a great loſs to the poetical world, that Mr. Dryden did not live to tranſlate the Iliad. He has left us only the firſt book, and a ſmall part of the ſixth; in which if he has in ſome places not truly interpreted the ſenſe, or preſerved the antiquities, it ought to be excuſed on account of the haſte he was obliged to write in. He ſeems to have had too much regard to Chapman, whoſe words he ſometimes copies, and has unhappily followed him in paſſages where he wanders from the original. However, had he tranſlated the whole work, I would no more have attempted Homer after him than Virgil, his Verſion of whom (notwithſtanding ſome human errors) is the moſt noble and ſpirited tranſlation I know in any language.

than, is publiſhed in the entertaining *Anecdotes of Diſtinguiſhed Perſons*, vol. ii. p. 94. We know how highly he was celebrated by Ralph Bathurſt and Cowley; and even by Lord Clarendon, in his anſwer to the Leviathan. WARTON.

language. But the fate of great geniuſes is like that of great miniſters, though they are confeſſedly the firſt in the commonwealth of letters, they muſt be envied and calumniated only for being at the head of it.

That which in my opinion ought to be the endeavour of any one who tranſlates Homer, is above all things to keep alive that ſpirit and fire which makes his chief character: in particular places, where the ſenſe can bear any doubt, to follow the ſtrongeſt and moſt poetical, as moſt agreeing with that character; to copy him in all the variations of his ſtyle, and the different modulations of his numbers; to preſerve in the more active or deſcriptive parts, a warmth and elevation; in the more ſedate or narrative, a plainneſs and ſolemnity; in the ſpeeches, a fullneſs and perſpicuity; in the ſentences, a ſhortneſs and gravity: not to neglect even the little figures and turns on the words, nor ſometimes the very caſt of the periods; neither to omit nor confound any rites or cuſtoms of antiquity: perhaps too he ought to include the whole in a ſhorter compaſs than has hitherto been done by any tranſlator, who has tolerably preſerved either the ſenſe or poetry. What I would further recommend to him, is to ſtudy his Author rather from his own text, than from any commentaries, how learned ſoever, or whatever figure they may make in the eſtimation of the world; to conſider him attentively in compariſon with Virgil above all the ancients, and with

Milton above all the moderns. Next theſe, the Archbiſhop of Cambray's Telemachus * may give him the trueſt idea of the ſpirit and turn of our Author, and Boſſu's admirable treatiſe of the Epic Poem the juſteſt notion of his deſign and conduct. But after all, with whatever judgment and ſtudy a man may proceed, or with whatever happineſs he may perform ſuch a work, he muſt hope to pleaſe but a few; thoſe only who have at once a taſte of poetry, and competent learning. For to ſatisfy ſuch as want either, is not in the nature of this undertaking; ſince a mere modern wit can like nothing that is not *modern*, and a pedant nothing that is not Greek.

What I have done is ſubmitted to the public, from whoſe opinions I am prepared to learn; though I fear no judges ſo little as our beſt poets, who are moſt ſenſible of the weight of this taſk. As for the worſt, whatever they ſhall pleaſe to ſay, they may give me ſome concern as they are unhappy men, but none as they are malignant writers. I was guided in this tranſlation by judgments very different from theirs, and by perſons for whom they can have no kindneſs, if an old obſervation be true, that the ſtrongeſt antipathy in the world is that of fools to men of wit. Mr. Addiſon was the firſt whoſe advice determined

* The chief fault of which is, the mixture of ancient and modern manners; and an introduction of ſentiments too pure and refined for old heroes to utter or think of. WARTON.

determined me to undertake this taſk *, who was pleaſed to write to me upon that occaſion in ſuch terms as I cannot repeat without vanity. I was obliged to Sir Richard Steele for a very early recommendation of my undertaking to the public. Dr. Swift promoted my intereſt with that warmth with which he always ſerves his friend. The humanity and frankneſs of Sir Samuel Garth are what I never knew wanting on any occaſion. I muſt alſo acknowledge with infinite pleaſure, the many friendly offices, as well as ſincere criticiſms of Mr. Congreve, who had led me the way in tranſlating ſome parts of Homer †. I muſt add the names of Mr. Rowe and Dr. Parnell, though I ſhall take a further opportunity of doing juſtice to the laſt, whoſe good-nature (to give it a great panegyric) is no leſs extenſive than his learning. The favour of theſe gentlemen is not entirely

* This is a curious circumſtance, which the reader will bear in mind, when he conſiders the ſevere charge made againſt Addiſon, on account of the tranſaction reſpecting another tranſlation.

† In former editions it followed, "*as I wiſh for the ſake of the world, he had prevented me in the reſt;*" alſo in page 420, in former editions, ſpeaking of Lord Lanſdown, it was ſaid, "*that ſo excellent an Imitator of Homer as the Author,*"—which words are now omitted. Several other expreſſions are altered, up and down, as in page 376, "*muſt not contribute,*" inſtead of "*owing to the inſertion;*" and "*common* critics," for "*moſt;*" page 380, "to *furniſh,*" inſtead of "*ſupply;*" page 384, "*that of Ajax,*" inſtead of "*we ſee in Ajax.*" Theſe alterations, it is preſumed, were made by Dr. Warburton, who tells us, Pope deſired him to *correct* this Preface: ſuch was the partiality of Pope to his friend!

tirely undeſerved by one who bears them ſo true an affection. But what can I ſay of the honour ſo many of the *Great* have done me, while the *firſt names* of the age appear as my ſubſcribers, and the moſt diſtinguiſhed patrons and ornaments of learning as my chief encouragers? Among theſe it is a particular pleaſure to me to find that my higheſt obligations are to ſuch who have done moſt honour to the name of Poet: that his Grace the Duke of Buckingham was not diſpleaſed I ſhould undertake the Author to whom he has given (in his excellent *Eſſay*) ſo complete a praiſe *;

Read *Homer once*, and you can read no more;
For all books elſe appear ſo mean, ſo poor,
Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And *Homer* will be all the Books you need.

That

* In the former editions it was, "*the fineſt praiſe he ever received;*" and the two laſt lines here quoted from Buckingham ſtood thus:

Verſe will ſeem Proſe: but ſtill perſiſt to read,
And Homer will be all the Books you need.

But Buckingham was for ever altering and reviſing his Eſſay. It concluded with theſe lines:

Muſt above Milton's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where great Torquato, and where greater Spenſer fail;

which he thus at laſt corrected:

Muſt above Taſſo's lofty flights prevail,
Succeed where Spenſer, and e'en Milton fail.

Boileau's praiſe of Homer is ſurely far more *complete* than theſe *proſaic* lines of Buckingham, ſo much extolled by our Author;

"On diroit que pour plaire, inſtruit par la nature,
Homere ait à Venus dérobé ſa ceinture,

Son

That the Earl of Halifax was one of the firſt to favour me, of whom it is hard to ſay whether the advancement of the polite arts is more owing to his generoſity or his example *. That ſuch a Genius as my Lord Bolingbroke, not more diſtinguiſhed in the great ſcenes of buſineſs, than in all the uſeful and entertaining parts of learning, has not refuſed to be the critic of theſe ſheets, and the patron of their writer. And that the noble author of the Tragedy of *Heroic Love*, has continued his partiality to me, from my writing Paſtorals, to my attempting the Iliad. I cannot deny myſelf the pride of confeſſing, that I have had the advantage, not only of their advice for the conduct in general, but their correction of ſeveral particulars of this tranſlation.

I could

Son livre eſt d'agrémens une fertile thréſor,
Tout ce qu'il à touché ſe convertit en or,
Tout recoit dans ſes mains une nouvelle grace,
Par tout il divertit, & jamais il ne laiſſe;
Une heureuſe chaleur anime ſes diſcours.
Il ne s'égare point en de trop longs detours,
Sans garder dans ſes vers un ordre methodique
Son ſujet de ſoi-meme & s'arrange & s'explique,
Tout, ſans faire d'appreſts, s'y prepare aiſément,
Chaque vers, chaque mot, court à l'évènement,
Aimez donc ſes écrits, mais d'un amour ſincère,
C'eſt avoir profité que de ſçavoir s'y plaire."

No nation in Europe can boaſt of having ſuch excellent tranſlations of the more eminent Greek Poets, as the Homer of Pope, the Pindar of Weſt, the Sophocles of Franklin, the Eſchylus and Euripides of Potter. WARTON.

* Yet this is the nobleman whom Pope has ſatirized under the name of Bufo.

I could ſay a great deal of the pleaſure of being diſtinguiſhed by the Earl of Carnarvon, but it is almoſt abſurd to particularize any one generous action in a perſon whoſe whole life is a continued ſeries of them. Mr. Stanhope, the preſent Secretary of State, will pardon my deſire of having it known that he was pleaſed to promote this affair. The particular zeal of Mr. Harcourt (the ſon of the late Lord Chancellor) gave me a proof how much I am honoured in a ſhare of his friendſhip. I muſt attribute to the ſame motive that of ſeveral others of my friends, to whom all acknowledgments are rendered unneceſſary by the privileges of a familiar correſpondence: and I am ſatisfied I can no way better oblige men of their turn, than by my ſilence.

In ſhort, I have found more patrons than ever Homer wanted. He would have thought himſelf happy to have met the ſame favour at Athens that has been ſhewd me by its learned rival, the Univerſity of Oxford*. And I can hardly envy him thoſe pompous honours he received after death, when I reflect on the enjoyment of ſo many agreeable obligations, and eaſy friendſhips, which make the ſatisfaction of

* It is remarkable that in the long liſt of his Subſcribers prefixed to the firſt quarto Edition, ten Colleges in Oxford ſubſcribed for their reſpective Libraries, and not a ſingle College in Cambridge. WARTON.

And equally remarkable, that when Cowper tranſlated the ſame, the caſe was exactly reverſed. Many Colleges in Cambridge ſubſcribed, and not one, I believe, in Oxford.

of life. This diſtinction is the more to be acknowledged, as it is ſhewn to one whoſe pen has never gratified the prejudices of particular *parties*, or the vanities of particular *men*. Whatever the ſucceſs may prove, I ſhall never repent of an undertaking in which I have experienced the candour and friendſhip of ſo many perſons of merit; and in which I hope to paſs ſome of thoſe years of youth that are generally loſt in a circle of follies, after a manner neither wholly unuſeful to others, nor diſagreeable to myſelf.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

It was thought improper to omit this Poſtſcript to the Odyſſey, as it is apparently one of our Author's moſt elegant and finiſhed compoſitions in proſe. It were to be wiſhed he had enlarged on the ſubject; for a Critical Treatiſe on the Nature and Conduct of the Odyſſey, is as yet wanting in our language; the Diſcourſe prefixed to Pope's Tranſlation, by Broome, being but a meagre and defective Extract from Boſſu. More than forty years ago, three Eſſays were printed in the third volume of the *Adventurer*, on the excellence of the *Odyſſey*. They were deſigned to ſhew this excellence in the manner of conducting the fable, which is of the *complex* kind; in the extenſive utility of its *moral*; in the vaſt and entertaining variety of ſcenes, objects, and events, which it contains; in the ſtrokes of nature, and pathos; in the true and accurate delineation of ancient manners, cuſtoms, and habits; and the lively pictures of civil and domeſtic life, more calculated to keep our attention alive and active, than the *martial uniformity* of the Iliad; and in its exhibiting the moſt perfect pattern of a legitimate *Epopée*. But the Author of theſe Eſſays confined himſelf to too ſhort a compaſs for a ſubject of ſuch utility and importance; and may perhaps, in ſome future day, lengthen them into a more formal Treatiſe. WARTON.

Theſe Eſſays were written by the late Editor of this work. Perhaps in formal treatiſes the work he mentions, would have been leſs pleaſing, than it is in the Eſſays. But the ſubject is deſerving critical inveſtigation, and the cauſes of the poetical excellence of the Odyſſey are accurately enumerated by Dr. Warton.

POSTSCRIPT

TO THE

ODYSSEY.

I CANNOT diſmiſs this Work without a few obſervations on the true Character and Style of it. Whoever reads the Odyſſey with an eye to the Iliad, expecting to find it of the ſame character, or of the ſame ſort of ſpirit, will be grievouſly deceived, and err againſt the firſt principle of Criticiſm, which is to conſider the nature of the piece, and the intent of its Author. The Odyſſey is a moral and political work, inſtructive to all degrees of men, and filled with images, examples and precepts, of civil and domeſtic life. *Homer* is here a perſon

> Qui didicit, *patriæ* quid debeat, et quid *amicis*,
> Quo ſit amore *parens*, quo *frater* amandus, & *hoſpes*:
> Qui quid ſit *pulcrum*, quid *turpe*, quid *utile*, quid *non*,
> Plenius & melius Chryſippo & Crantore dicit.

The Odyſſey is the reverſe of the Iliad, in *Moral*, *Subject*, *Manner*, and *Style*; to which it has no ſort of relation, but as the ſtory happens to follow in order

order of time, and as ſome of the ſame perſons are actors in it. Yet from this incidental connection many have been miſled to regard it as a continuation or ſecond part, and thence to expect a parity of character inconſiſtent with its nature.

It is no wonder that the common reader ſhould fall into this miſtake, when ſo great a Critic as *Longinus* ſeems not wholly free from it. Although what he has ſaid has been generally underſtood to import a ſeverer cenſure of the Odyſſey than it really does, if we conſider the occaſion on which it is introduced, and the circumſtances to which it is confined.

"The Odyſſey (ſays he) is an inſtance, how natural it is to a great Genius, when it begins to grow old and decline, to delight itſelf in *Narrations* and *Fables*. For, that *Homer* compoſed the Odyſſey after the Iliad, many proofs may be given, &c. From hence in my judgment it proceeds, that as the Iliad was written while his *Spirit* was in its greateſt vigour, the whole ſtructure of that work is dramatic and full of action; whereas the greater part of the Odyſſey is employed in Narration, which is the taſte of *Old Age*: ſo that in this latter piece we may compare him to the ſetting ſun, which has ſtill the ſame greatneſs but not the ſame ardor or force. He ſpeaks not in the ſame ſtrain; we ſee no more that *Sublime* of the Iliad which marches on with a conſtant pace, without ever being ſtopped, or retarded: there appears no

"more that hurry and that ſtrong tide of motions and "paſſions, pouring one after another; there is no "more the ſame fury, or the ſame volubility of dic-"tion, ſo ſuitable to action, and all along drawing "in ſuch innumerable images of nature. But *Ho-*"*mer*, like the Ocean, is always great, even when "he ebbs and retires; even when he is loweſt and "loſes himſelf moſt in Narrations and incredible "Fictions: as inſtances of this, we cannot forget the "deſcriptions of tempeſts, the adventures of *Ulyſſes* "with the *Cyclops*, and many others. But though "all this be *Age*, it is the *Age* of *Homer*——And it "may be ſaid for the credit of theſe fictions, that "they are *beautiful Dreams*, or if you will, the *Dreams* "*of* Jupiter *himſelf*. I ſpoke of the Odyſſey only to "ſhow, that the greateſt Poets when their genius "wants ſtrength and warmth for the *Pathetic*, for "the moſt part employ themſelves in painting the "*Manners*. This *Homer* has done in characteriſing "the Suitors, and deſcribing their way of life; "which is properly a branch of Comedy, whoſe "peculiar buſineſs it is to repreſent the manners of "men."

We muſt firſt obſerve *, it is the *Sublime* of which *Longinus* is writing: that, and not the nature of *Homer*'s Poem, is his ſubject. After having highly extolled the ſublimity and fire of the Iliad, he juſtly obſerves

* Theſe obſervations are very juſt and excellent.

ſerves the Odyſſey to have leſs of thoſe qualities, and to turn more on the ſide of moral, and reflections on human life. Nor is it his buſineſs here to determine, whether the *elevated ſpirit* of the one, or the *juſt moral* of the other, be the greater excellence in itſelf.

Secondly, that fire and fury of which he is ſpeaking, cannot well be meant of the general ſpirit and inſpiration which is to run through a whole Epic Poem, but of that particular warmth and impetuoſity neceſſary in ſome parts, to image or repreſent actions or paſſions, of haſte, tumult, and violence. It is on occaſion of citing ſome ſuch particular paſſages in *Homer*, that *Longinus* breaks into this reflection; which ſeems to determine his meaning chiefly to that ſenſe.

Upon the whole, he affirms the Odyſſey to have leſs ſublimity and fire than the Iliad, but he does not ſay it wants the ſublime or wants fire. He affirms it to be narrative, but not that the narration is defective. He affirms it to abound in fictions, not that thoſe fictions are ill invented, or ill executed. He affirms it to be nice and particular in painting the manners, but not that thoſe manners are ill painted. If *Homer* has fully in theſe points accompliſhed his own deſign, and done all that the nature of his Poem demanded or allowed, it ſtill remains perfect in its kind, and as much a maſter-piece as the Iliad.

The amount of the paſſage is this; that in his own particular taſte, and with reſpect to the *Sublime*, *Lon-*

ginus preferred the Iliad: and becauſe the Odyſſey was leſs active and lofty, he judged it the work of the old age of *Homer*.

If this opinion be true, it will only prove, that *Homer*'s age might determine him in the choice of his ſubject, not that it affected him in the execution of it: and that which would be a very wrong inſtance to prove the decay of his imagination, is a very good one to evince the ſtrength of his judgment. For had he (as Madam *Dacier* obſerves) compoſed the Odyſſey in his youth, and the Iliad in his age, both muſt in reaſon have been exactly the ſame as they now ſtand. To blame *Homer* for his choice of ſuch a ſubject, as did not admit the ſame incidents and the ſame pomp of ſtyle as his former; is to take offence at too much variety, and to imagine, that when a man has written one good thing, he muſt ever after only copy himſelf.

The *Battle of Conſtantine*, and the *School of Athens*, are both pieces of *Raphael*: ſhall we cenſure the *School of Athens* as faulty, becauſe it has not the fury and fire of the other? or ſhall we ſay, that *Raphael* was grown grave and old, becauſe he choſe to repreſent the manners of old men and philoſophers? There is all the ſilence, tranquillity, and compoſure in the one, and all the warmth, hurry, and tumult in the other, which the ſubject of either required: both of them had been imperfect, if they had not been as they are. And let the painter or poet be young or old, who deſigns and performs in this manner, it proves

him to have made the piece at a time of life when he was maſter not only of his art, but of his diſcretion.

Ariſtotle makes no ſuch diſtinction between the two Poems: he conſtantly cites them with equal praiſe, and draws the rules and examples of Epic writing equally from both. But it is rather to the Odyſſey that *Horace* gives the preference, in the Epiſtle to *Lollius*, and in the Art of Poetry. It is remarkable how oppoſite his opinion is to that of *Longinus*; and that the particulars he chooſes to extol, are thoſe very *fictions* and *pictures of the manners*, which the other ſeems leaſt to approve. Thoſe fables and manners are the very eſſence of the work: but even without that regard, the fables themſelves have both more invention and more inſtruction, and the manners more moral and example, than thoſe of the Iliad.

In ſome points (and thoſe the moſt eſſential to the Epic Poem) the Odyſſey is confeſſed to excel the Iliad; and principally in the great end of it, the *moral*. The conduct, turn and diſpoſition of the *fable* is alſo what the critics allow to be the better model for Epic writers to follow: accordingly we find much more of the caſt of this Poem than of the other in the *Æneid*, and (what next to that is perhaps the greateſt example) in the *Telemachus*. In the *manners*, it is no way inferior; *Longinus* is ſo far from finding any defect in theſe, that he rather taxes *Homer*

mer with painting them too minutely. As to the *narrations*, although they are more numerous as the occaſions are more frequent, yet they carry no more the marks of old age, and are neither more prolix nor more circumſtantial, than the converſations and dialogues of the Iliad. Not to mention the length of thoſe of *Phœnix* in the ninth book, and of *Neſtor* in the eleventh, (which may be thought in compliance to their characters,) thoſe of *Glaucus* in the ſixth, of *Æneas* in the twentieth, and ſome others, muſt be allowed to exceed any in the whole Odyſſey. And that the propriety of ſtyle, and the numbers, in the narrations of each are equal, will appear to any who compare them.

To form a right judgment, whether the genius of *Homer* had ſuffered any decay; we muſt conſider, in both his Poems, ſuch parts as are of a ſimilar nature, and will bear compariſon. And it is certain we ſhall find in each, the ſame vivacity and fecundity of invention, the ſame life and ſtrength of imaging and colouring, the particular deſcriptions as highly painted, the figures as bold, the metaphors as animated, and the numbers as harmonious and as various.

The Odyſſey is a perpetual ſource of Poetry: the ſtream is not the leſs full, for being gentle; though it is true (when we ſpeak only with regard to the *ſublime*) that a river foaming and thundering in cataracts from rocks and precipices, is what more ſtrikes, amazes, and fills the mind, than the ſame body of

water, flowing afterwards through peaceful vales and agreeable ſcenes of paſturage.

The Odyſſey (as I have before ſaid) ought to be conſidered according to its own nature and deſign, not with an eye to the Iliad. To cenſure *Homer* becauſe it is unlike what it was never meant to reſemble, is, as if a gardener who had purpoſely cultivated two beautiful trees of contrary natures, as a ſpecimen of his ſkill in the ſeveral kinds, ſhould be blamed for not bringing them into *pairs;* when in root, ſtem, leaf, and flower, each was ſo entirely different, that one muſt have been ſpoiled in the endeavour to match the other.

Longinus, who ſaw this Poem was "*partly of the* "*nature of Comedy*," ought not for that very reaſon to have conſidered it with a view to the Iliad. How little any ſuch reſemblance was the intention of *Homer*, may appear from hence, that although the character of *Ulyſſes* there was already drawn, yet here he purpoſely turns to another ſide of it, and ſhows him not in that full light of glory but in the ſhade of common life, with a mixture of ſuch qualities as are requiſite to all the loweſt accidents of it, ſtruggling with misfortunes, and on a level with the meaneſt of mankind. As for the other perſons, none of them are above what we call the higher Comedy; *Calypſo*, though a Goddeſs, is a character of intrigue; the ſuitors yet more approaching to it; the *Phæacians* are of the ſame caſt; the *Cycleps*, *Malanthius*, and

Irus

Irus, deſcend even to droll characters; and the ſcenes that appear throughout, are generally of the comic kind; banquets, revels, ſports, loves, and the purſuit of a woman.

From the nature of the Poem, we ſhall form an idea of the *ſtyle*. The diction is to follow the images, and to take its colour from the complexion of the thoughts. Accordingly the Odyſſey is not always cloathed in the majeſty of verſe proper to tragedy, but ſometimes deſcends into the plainer narrative, and ſometimes even to that familiar dialogue eſſential to comedy. However, where it cannot ſupport a ſublimity, it always preſerves a dignity, or at leaſt a propriety.

There is a real beauty in an eaſy, pure, perſpicuous deſcription even of a *low action*. There are numerous inſtances of this both in *Homer* and *Virgil*; and perhaps thoſe natural paſſages are not the leaſt pleaſing of their works. It is often the ſame in hiſtory, where the repreſentations of common, or even domeſtic things, in clear, plain, and natural words, are frequently found to make the livelieſt impreſſion on the reader.

The queſtion is, how far a Poet, in purſuing the deſcription or image of an action, can attach himſelf to *little circumſtances*, without vulgarity or trifling? what particulars are proper, and enliven the image; or what are impertinent, and clog it? In this matter

painting is to be conſulted, and the whole regard had to thoſe circumſtances which contribute to form a full, and yet not a confuſed, idea of a thing.

Epithets are of vaſt ſervice to this effect, and the right uſe of theſe is often the only expedient to render the narration poetical.

The great point of judgment is to diſtinguiſh when to ſpeak ſimply, and when figuratively: but whenever the Poet is obliged by the nature of his ſubject to deſcend to the lower manner of writing, an elevated ſtyle would be affected, and therefore ridiculous; and the more he was forced upon figures and metaphors to avoid that lowneſs, the more the image would be broken, and conſequently obſcure.

One may add, that the uſe of the grand ſtyle on little ſubjects, is not only ludicrous, but a ſort of tranſgreſſion againſt the rules of proportion and mechanics: 'tis uſing a vaſt force to lift a *feather*.

I believe, now I am upon this head, it will be found a juſt obſervation, that the *low actions of life* cannot be put into a figurative ſtyle without being ridiculous, but *things natural* can. Metaphors raiſe the latter into dignity, as we ſee in the *Georgics*; but throw the former into ridicule, as in the *Lutrin*. I think this may very well be accounted for; laughter implies cenſure; inanimate and irrational beings are not objects of cenſure; therefore theſe may be elevated as much as you pleaſe, and no ridicule follows: but when

when rational beings are repreſented above their real character, it becomes ridiculous in art, becauſe it is vicious in morality. The *Bees* in *Virgil*, were they rational beings, would be ridiculous by having their actions and manners repreſented on a level with creatures ſo ſuperior as men; ſince it would imply folly or pride, which are the proper objects of ridicule.

The uſe of pompous expreſſion for low actions or thoughts is the *true ſublime* of *Don Quixote*. How far unfit it is for Epic Poetry, appears in its being the perfection of the Mock Epic. It is ſo far from being the ſublime of *Tragedy*, that it is the cauſe of all *bombaſt*; when Poets, inſtead of being (as they imagine) conſtantly lofty, only preſerve throughout a painful equality of fuſtian: that continued ſwell of language (which runs indiſcriminately even through their loweſt characters, and rattles like ſome mightineſs of meaning in the moſt indifferent ſubjects) is of a piece with that perpetual elevation of tone which the players have learned from it; and which is not *ſpeaking*, but *vociferating*.

There is ſtill more reaſon for a variation of ſtyle in *Epic* Poetry than in *Tragic*, to diſtinguiſh between that *language of the Gods* proper to the *muſe* who ſings, and is inſpired; and that of *men* who are introduced ſpeaking only according to nature. Farther, there ought to be a difference of ſtyle obſerved in the ſpeeches of human perſons, and thoſe of deities; and again, in thoſe which may be called ſet harangues

or

or orations, and thoſe which are only converſation or dialogue. *Homer* has more of the latter than any other Poet: what *Virgil* does by two or three words of narration, *Homer* ſtill performs by ſpeeches: not only replies, but even rejoinders are frequent in him, a practice almoſt unknown to *Virgil*. This renders his Poems more animated, but leſs grave and majeſtic; and conſequently neceſſitates the frequent uſe of a lower ſtyle. The writers of Tragedy lie under the ſame neceſſity, if they would copy nature; whereas that painted and poetical diction, which they perpetually uſe, would be improper even in orations deſigned to move with all the arts of rhetoric: this is plain from the practice of *Demoſthenes* and *Cicero*; and *Virgil* in thoſe of *Drances* and *Turnus* gives an eminent example, how far removed the ſtyle of them ought to be from ſuch an exceſs of figures and ornaments: which indeed fits only that *language of the Gods* we have been ſpeaking of, or that of a *muſe* under inſpiration.

To read through a whole work in this ſtrain, is like travelling all along on the ridge of a hill; which is not half ſo agreeable as ſometimes gradually to riſe, and ſometimes gently to deſcend, as the way leads, and as the end of the journey directs.

Indeed the true reaſon that ſo few Poets have imitated *Homer* in theſe lower parts, has been the extreme difficulty of preſerving that mixture of eaſe and dignity eſſential to them. For it is as hard for

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an Epic Poem to ſtoop to the narrative with ſucceſs, as for a prince to deſcend to be familiar, without diminution to his greatneſs.

The *ſublime* ſtyle is more eaſily counterfeited than the *natural* * ; ſomething that paſſes for it, or ſounds like it, is common in all falſe writers: but nature, purity, perſpicuity, and ſimplicity, never walk in the clouds; they are obvious to all capacities; and where they are not evident, they do not exiſt.

The moſt plain narration not only admits of theſe, and of harmony, (which are all the qualities of ſtyle,) but it requires every one of them to render it pleaſing. On the contrary, whatever pretends to a ſhare of the ſublime, may paſs notwithſtanding any defects in the reſt, nay ſometimes without any of them, and gain the admiration of all ordinary readers.

Homer in his loweſt narrations or ſpeeches is ever eaſy, flowing, copious, clear, and harmonious. He ſhews not leſs *invention*, in aſſembling the humbler, than

* Nothing can be more juſt, and happily expreſſed, than are theſe remarks on the "*falſe ſublime*," and the "natural" ſtyle: theſe ſentiments are moſt nobly illuſtrated by Shakeſpear. It is indeed much eaſier to *deſcribe paſſion*, as is done by Rowe, Addiſon, &c. than it is to exhibit the genuine feelings and exact workings of nature.

See a moſt ſtriking inſtance of this kind in Othello:

Iago.—I ſee this hath a little daſh'd your ſpirits.
Othello.—*Not a jot!* not a jot!
Iago.—Truſt me, I fear it has.
I hope you will conſider what is ſpoke
Comes from my love—but I do ſee you're mov'd.
Othello.—No—not much mov'd, &c.

than the greater, thoughts and images; nor leſs *judgment*, in proportioning the ſtyle and the verſification to theſe than to the other. Let it be remembered, that the ſame genius that ſoared the higheſt, and from whom the greateſt models of the *ſublime* are derived, was alſo he who ſtooped the loweſt, and gave to the ſimple *narrative* its utmoſt perfection. Which of theſe was the harder taſk to *Homer* himſelf, I cannot pretend to determine; but to his Tranſlator I can affirm (however unequal all his imitations muſt be) that of the latter has been much the more difficult.

Whoever expects here the ſame pomp of verſe, and the ſame ornaments of diction, as in the Iliad; he will, and he ought to be diſappointed. Were the original otherwiſe, it had been an offence againſt nature; and were the tranſlation ſo, it were an offence againſt *Homer*, which is the ſame thing.

It muſt be allowed that there is a majeſty and harmony in the *Greek* language, which greatly contribute to elevate and ſupport the narration. But I muſt alſo obſerve that this is an advantage grown upon the language ſince *Homer*'s time; for things are removed from vulgarity by being out of uſe: and if the words we could find in any preſent language were equally ſonorous or muſical in themſelves, they would ſtill appear leſs poetical and uncommon than thoſe of a dead one, from this only circumſtance, of being in every man's mouth. I may add to this another diſadvantage to a tranſlator, from a different cauſe:

Homer

Homer ſeems to have taken upon him the character of an hiſtorian, antiquary, divine, and profeſſor of arts and ſciences; as well as a poet. In one or other of theſe characters he deſcends into many particularities, which as a poet only perhaps he would have avoided. All theſe ought to be preſerved by a faithful tranſlator, who in ſome meaſure takes the place of *Homer*; and all that can be expected from him is to make them as poetical as the ſubject will bear. Many arts therefore are requiſite to ſupply theſe diſadvantages, in order to dignify and ſolemnize theſe plainer parts, which hardly admit of any poetical ornaments.

Some uſe has been made to this end, of the ſtyle of *Milton*. A juſt and moderate mixture of old words may have an effect like the working old Abbey ſtones into a building, which I have ſometimes ſeen, to give a kind of venerable air, and yet not deſtroy the neatneſs, elegance, and equality requiſite to a new work; I mean without rendering it too unfamiliar, or remote from the preſent purity of writing, or from that eaſe and ſmoothneſs which ought always to accompany narration or dialogue. In reading a ſtyle judiciouſly antiquated, one finds a pleaſure not unlike that of travelling on an old *Roman* way: but then the road muſt be as *good*, as the way is *ancient*; the ſtyle muſt be ſuch in which we may evenly proceed, without being put to ſhort ſtops by ſudden abruptneſſes, or puzzled by frequent turnings and tranſpoſitions. No

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man delights in furrows and ſtumbling-blocks: and let our love to antiquity be ever ſo great, a fine ruin is one thing, and a heap of rubbiſh another. The imitators of *Milton*, like moſt other imitators, are not *copies*, but *caricaturas* of their original; they are a hundred times more obſolete and cramp than he, and equally ſo in all places; whereas it ſhould have been obſerved of *Milton*, that he is not laviſh of his exotic words and phraſes every where alike, but employs them much more where the ſubject is marvellous, vaſt and ſtrange, as in the ſcenes of heaven, hell, chaos, &c. than where it is turned to the natural and agreeable, as in the pictures of Paradiſe, the loves of our firſt parents, the entertainments of angels, and the like. In general, this unuſual ſtyle better ſerves to awaken our ideas in the deſcriptions and in the imaging and pictureſque parts, than it agrees with the lower ſort of narrations, the character of which is ſimplicity and purity. *Milton* has ſeveral of the latter, where we find not an antiquated, affected, or uncouth word, for ſome hundred lines together; as in his fifth book, the latter part of the eighth, the former of the tenth and eleventh books, and in the narration of *Michael* in the twelfth. I wonder indeed that he, who ventured (contrary to the practice of all other Epic Poets) to imitate *Homer*'s lowneſſes in the *narrative*, ſhould not alſo have copied his plainneſs and perſpicuity in the *dramatic* parts; ſince in his ſpeeches (where clearneſs above all is neceſſary) there

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is frequently ſuch tranſpoſition and forced conſtruction, that the very ſenſe is not to be diſcovered without a ſecond or third reading: and in this certainly he ought to be no example.

To preſerve the true character of *Homer*'s ſtyle in the preſent tranſlation, great pains has been taken to be eaſy and natural. The chief merit I can pretend to, is, not to have been carried into a more plauſible and figurative manner of writing, which would better have pleaſed all readers, but the judicious ones. My errors had been fewer, had each of thoſe gentlemen who joined with me ſhown as much of the ſeverity of a friend to me, as I did to them, in a ſtrict animadverſion and correction. What aſſiſtance I received from them, was made known in general to the public in the original propoſals for this work, and the particulars are ſpecified at the concluſion of it; to which I muſt add (to be punctually juſt) ſome part of the tenth and fifteenth books. The reader will now be too good a judge, how much the greater part of it, and conſequently of its faults, is chargeable upon me alone. But this I can with integrity affirm, that I have beſtowed as much time and pains upon the whole, as were conſiſtent with the indiſpenſable duties and cares of life, and with that wretched ſtate of health which God has been pleaſed to make my portion. At the leaſt, it is a pleaſure to me to reflect, that I have introduced into our language this other work of the greateſt and moſt ancient of Poets, with

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ſome dignity; and I hope, with as little diſadvantage as the Iliad. And if, after the unmerited ſucceſs of that tranſlation, any one will wonder why I would enterprize the Odyſſey; I think it ſufficient to ſay, that *Homer* himſelf did the ſame, or the world would never have ſeen it.

I deſigned to have ended this Poſtſcript here; but ſince I am now taking my leave of *Homer*, and of all controverſy relating to him, I beg leave to be indulged if I make uſe of this laſt opportunity, to ſay a very few words about ſome reflections which the late Madam *Dacier* beſtowed on the firſt part of my Preface to the Iliad, and which ſhe publiſhed at the end of her tranſlation of that Poem [a].

To write gravely an anſwer to them would be too much for the reflections; and to ſay nothing concerning them, would be too little for the Author. It is owing to the induſtry of that learned Lady, that our polite neighbours are become acquainted with many of *Homer*'s beauties, which were hidden from them before in *Greek* and in *Euſtathius*. She challenges on this account a particular regard from all the admirers of that great Poet, and I hope that I ſhall be thought, as I mean, to pay ſome part of this debt to her memory in what I am now writing.

Had theſe reflections fallen from the pen of an ordinary critic, I ſhould not have apprehended their effect,

[a] Seconde Edition, à Paris, 1719.

effect, and ſhould therefore have been ſilent concerning them: but ſince they are Madam *Dacier*'s, I imagine that they muſt be of weight; and in a caſe where I think her reaſoning very bad, I reſpect her authority.

I have fought under Madam *Dacier*'s banner, and have waged war in defence of the divine *Homer* againſt all the heretics of the age. And yet it is Madam *Dacier* who accuſes me, and who accuſes me of nothing leſs than betraying our common cauſe. She affirms that the moſt declared enemies of this Author have never ſaid any thing againſt him more injurious or more unjuſt than I. What muſt the world think of me, after ſuch a judgment paſſed by ſo great a critic; the world, who decides ſo often, and who examines ſo ſeldom; the world, who even in matters of literature is almoſt always the ſlave of authority? Who will ſuſpect that ſo much learning ſhould miſtake, that ſo much accuracy ſhould be miſled, or that ſo much candour ſhould be biaſſed?

All this however has happened, and Madam *Dacier*'s Criticiſms on my Preface flow from the very ſame error, from which ſo many falſe criticiſms of her countrymen upon *Homer* have flowed, and which ſhe has ſo juſtly and ſo ſeverely reproved; I mean the error of depending on injurious and unſkilful *tranſlations*.

An indifferent tranſlation may be of ſome uſe, and a good one will be of a great deal. But I think that no tranſlation ought to be the ground of *criticiſm*, becauſe no man ought to be condemned upon another man's explanation of his meaning: could *Homer* have had the honour of explaining his, before that auguſt tribunal where Monſieur *de la Motte* preſides, I make no doubt but he had eſcaped many of thoſe ſevere animadverſions with which ſome *French* authors have loaded him, and from which even Madam *Dacier*'s tranſlation of the Iliad could not preſerve him.

How unhappy was it for me, that the knowledge of our *Iſland tongue* was as neceſſary to Madam *Dacier* in my caſe, as the knowledge of *Greek* was to Monſieur *de la Motte* in that of our great Author; or to any of thoſe whom ſhe ſtyles *blind cenſurers*, and blames for condemning what they did not underſtand.

I may ſay with modeſty, that ſhe knew leſs of my true ſenſe from that faulty tranſlation of part of my Preface, than thoſe blind cenſurers might have known of *Homer*'s even from the tranſlation of *La Valterie*, which preceded her own.

It pleaſed me however to find, that her objections were not levelled at the general doctrine, or at any eſſentials of my Preface, but only at a few particular expreſſions. She propoſed little more than (to uſe her own phraſe) to *combate two or three ſimiles;* and I

hope that to combate a ſimile is no more than to fight with a ſhadow, ſince a ſimile is no better than the ſhadow of an argument.

She lays much weight where I laid but little, and examines with more ſcrupuloſity than I writ, or than perhaps the matter requires.

Theſe unlucky ſimiles taken by themſelves may perhaps render my meaning equivocal to an ignorant tranſlator; or there may have fallen from my pen ſome expreſſions, which, taken by themſelves likewiſe, may to the ſame perſon have the ſame effect. But if the tranſlator had been maſter of our tongue, the general tenor of my argument, that which precedes and that which follows the paſſages objected to, would have ſufficiently determined him as to the preciſe meaning of them: and if Madam *Dacier* had taken up her pen a little more leiſurely, or had employed it with more temper, ſhe would not have anſwered paraphraſes of her own, which even the tranſlation will not juſtify, and which ſay more than once the very contrary to what I have ſaid in the paſſages themſelves.

If any perſon has curioſity enough to read the whole paragraphs in my Preface, on ſome mangled parts of which theſe reflections are made, he will eaſily diſcern that I am as orthodox as Madam *Dacier* herſelf, in thoſe very articles on which ſhe treats me like an heretic: he will eaſily ſee that all the difference

between us conſiſts in this, that I offer *opinions*, and ſhe delivers *doctrines*; that my imagination repreſents *Homer* as the greateſt of human Poets, whereas in hers he was exalted above humanity; infallibility and impeccability were two of his attributes. There was therefore no need of defending *Homer* againſt me, who (if I miſtake not) had carried my admiration of him as far as it can be carried without giving a *real* occaſion of writing in his defence.

After anſwering my harmleſs ſimiles, ſhe proceeds to a matter which does not regard ſo much the honour of *Homer*, as that of the times he lived in; and here I muſt confeſs ſhe does not wholly miſtake my meaning, but I think ſhe miſtakes the ſtate of the queſtion. She had ſaid, the manners of thoſe times were ſo much the better the leſs they were like ours: I thought this required a little qualification, I confeſt that in my own opinion the world was mended in ſome points, ſuch as the cuſtom of putting whole nations to the ſword, condemning kings and their families to perpetual ſlavery, and a few others. Madam *Dacier* judges otherwiſe in this; but as to the reſt, particularly in preferring the ſimplicity of the ancient world to the luxury of ours, which is the main point contended for, ſhe owns we agree. This I thought was well, but I am ſo unfortunate that this too is taken amiſs, and called adopting or (if you will) ſtealing *her* ſentiment. The truth is, ſhe might have

ſaid

ſaid *her words;* for I uſed them on purpoſe, being then profeſſedly citing from her: though I might have done the ſame without intending that compliment, for they are alſo to be found in *Euſtathius*, and the ſentiment I believe is that of all mankind. I cannot really tell what to ſay to this whole remark, only that in the firſt part of it Madam *Dacier* is diſpleaſed that I don't agree with her, and in the laſt that I do: but this is a temper which every polite man ſhould overlook in a Lady.

To puniſh my ingratitude, ſhe reſolves to expoſe my blunders, and ſelects two which I ſuppoſe are the moſt flagrant, out of the many for which ſhe could have chaſtiſed me. It happens that the firſt of theſe is in part the tranſlator's, and in part her own, without any ſhare of mine: ſhe quotes the end of a ſentence, and he puts in *French* what I never wrote in *Engliſh*. "*Homer* (I ſaid) opened a new and boundleſs walk for his imagination, and created a world for himſelf in the invention of fable;" which he tranſlates, *Homere crea pour ſon uſage un monde mouvant, en inventant la fable.*

Madam *Dacier* juſtly wonders at this nonſenſe in me; and I, in the tranſlator. As to what I meant by *Homer*'s invention of fable, it is afterwards particularly diſtinguiſhed from that extenſive ſenſe in which ſhe took it, by theſe words; "If *Homer* was not the firſt who introduced the Deities (as

" *Herodotus* imagines) into the religion of *Greece*, he " ſeems the firſt who brought them into *a ſyſtem of* " *machinery* for poetry."

The other blunder ſhe accuſes me of is, the miſtaking a paſſage in *Ariſtotle*, and ſhe is pleaſed to ſend me back to this Philoſopher's Treatiſe of Poetry, and to her Preface on the Odyſſey, for my better inſtruction. Now though I am ſaucy enough to think that one may ſometimes differ from *Ariſtotle* without blundering, and though I am ſure one may ſometimes fall into an error by following him ſervilely; yet I own that to quote any Author for what he never ſaid, is a blunder (but by the way, to correct an Author for what he never ſaid, is ſomewhat worſe than a blunder). My words were theſe: " As there is a greater variety of characters " in the Iliad than in any other Poem, ſo there is " of ſpeeches. Every thing in it has manners, as " *Ariſtotle* expreſſes it; that is, every thing is " acted or ſpoken: very little paſſes in narration." She juſtly ſays, that " Every thing which is acted " or ſpoken, has not neceſſarily manners merely " becauſe it is acted or ſpoken." Agreed: but I would aſk the queſtion, whether any thing can have manners which is neither acted nor ſpoken? if not, then the whole Iliad being almoſt ſpent in ſpeech and action, almoſt every thing in it has manners: ſince *Homer* has been proved before in a long paragraph of the

the Preface, to have excelled in drawing characters and painting manners, and indeed his whole Poem is one continued occaſion of ſhewing this bright part of his talent.

To ſpeak fairly, it is impoſſible ſhe could read even the tranſlation, and take my ſenſe ſo wrong as ſhe repreſents it; but I was firſt tranſlated ignorantly, and then read partially. My expreſſion indeed was not quite exact; it ſhould have been, "Every thing has manners, as *Ariſtotle* calls them." But ſuch a fault, methinks, might have been ſpared, ſince if one was to look with that diſpoſition ſhe diſcovers towards me, even on her own excellent writings, one might find ſome miſtakes which no context can redreſs; as where ſhe makes *Euſtathius* call *Cratiſthenes* the *Phliaſian*, *Calliſthenes* the *Phyſician*[b]. What a triumph might ſome ſlips of this ſort have afforded, to *Homer*'s, her's, and my enemies, from which ſhe was only ſcreened by their happy ignorance? How unlucky had it been, when ſhe inſulted Monſieur *de la Motte* for omitting a material paſſage in the ſpeech[c] of *Helen* to *Hector*, Il. 6. if ſome champion for the moderns had by chance underſtood ſo much *Greek*, as to whiſper him, that there was no ſuch paſſage in *Homer!*

Our concern, zeal, and even jealouſy, for our great Author's honour were mutual, our endeavours to

[b] Dacier Remarques ſur le 4me livre de l'Odyſſ. *pag.* 467.
[c] De la Corruption du Goût. WARTON.

to advance it were equal, and I have as often trembled for it in her hands, as ſhe could in mine. It was one of the many reaſons I had to wiſh the longer life of this Lady, that I muſt certainly have regained her good opinion, in ſpite of all miſrepreſenting tranſlators whatever. I could not have expected it on any other terms than being approved as great, if not as paſſionate, an admirer of *Homer* as herſelf. For that was the firſt condition of her favour and friendſhip; otherwiſe not one's taſte alone, but one's morality had been corrupted, nor would any man's religion have been unſuſpected, who did not implicitly believe in an Author whoſe doctrine is ſo conformable to holy Scripture. However, as different people have different ways of expreſſing their belief, ſome purely by public and general acts of worſhip, others by a reverend ſort of reaſoning and inquiry about the grounds of it; it is the ſame in admiration, ſome prove it by exclamations, others by reſpect. I have obſerved that the loudeſt huzza's given to a great man in triumph, proceed not from his friends, but the rabble; and as I have fancied it the ſame with the rabble of critics, a deſire to be diſtinguiſhed from them has turned me to the more moderate, and, I hope, more rational method. Though I am a Poet, I would not be an enthuſiaſt; and though I am an Engliſhman, I would not be furiouſly of a party. I am far from thinking myſelf that genius, upon whom, at the end of theſe remarks,

marks, Madam *Dacier* congratulates my country: One capable of "correcting *Homer*, and conſe-"quently of reforming mankind, and amending "this conſtitution." It was not to *Great Britain* this ought to have been applied, ſince our nation has one happineſs for which ſhe might have preferred it to her own; that as much as we abound in other miſerable miſguided ſects, we have, at leaſt, none of the blaſphemers of *Homer*. We ſtedfaſtly and unanimouſly believe both this Poem and our Conſtitution to be the beſt that ever human wit invented: that the one is not more incapable of amendment than the other; and (old as they both are) we deſpiſe any *French* or *Engliſhman* whatever, who ſhall preſume to retrench, to innovate, or to make the leaſt alteration in either. Far therefore from the genius for which Madam *Dacier* miſtook me, my whole deſire is but to preſerve the humble character of a faithful tranſlator, and a quiet ſubject[d].

[d] This compoſition has great beauty and force. The criticiſms are in general as juſt and diſcriminating, as the language is elegant. To the manly ſentiments in the concluſion, every Engliſhman muſt aſſent with cordiality. It were only to be wiſhed, that the writer had never given us reaſon to doubt his own ſincerity.

APPENDIX.

POPE ſays, in the Epilogue to the Satires, in this volume, line 99, that he never

"*Din'd* with the Man of Roſs."

A few more particulars, which I have accidentally met with, concerning this extraordinary man, and his mode of living, to which Pope probably alludes, may be here admitted, though too long and unimportant for a *Note* on the place. Theſe were ſent to an Editor of a newſpaper, 1787, but they bear the evident marks of authenticity.

"*To the* PRINTER.

"Sir, I ſend you a few anecdotes relative to Mr. John Kirle, the Man of Roſs, which I picked up the other day in that town. He kept a public table on the Thurſday of every week, and had always *twelve perſons to dine with him* on that day. The dinner conſiſted of a ſurloin of beef, a loin of veal, a leg of mutton, (all bought at Roſs market,) and a plain pudding. What remained of this was given away in the afternoon. His hour of dinner was at two o'clock. Cyder, perry, and ale, were the only liquors drank at his table. His Sunday dinner conſiſted of a rump of beef; the remains of which were given away to the poor. His houſehold eſtabliſhment conſiſted of two maids, a boy, and an upper ſervant. He was ſkilled in architecture; and once, on a viſit to ſee ſome building near Benſon in Oxfordſhire, was taken up as an highwayman, and carried before a juſtice, to whom he ſaid he was the Man of Roſs. This, however, did not avail him completely; for three perſons of conſequence in the neighbourhood went in their coaches and ſix to bail him. He raiſed the ſpire of Roſs upwards of one hundred feet. He made a cauſeway on the Monmouth road, for the uſe of foot paſſengers. He incloſed within a ſtone-wall, ornamented with two elegant entrances, a ſpace of ground of near half an acre, in the center of which he ſunk a baſon, as a reſervoir for water for the uſe of the inhabitants of Roſs.

Roſs. Over one of the door caſes of the entrance, there are ſtill remaining his coat of arms cut out in ſtone. He uſed to ſend many old and infirm poor perſons of Roſs into the woods and fields, to pick up ſelf-ſown oaks, aſhes, &c. to embelliſh the hedge-rows of his walks and eſtate. He had an elder brother, I believe, who was not reckoned very wiſe, and from whom he inherited. After his death (which happened at the age of 90), in 1724, his body lay in ſtate in his beſt parlour for ſix weeks. The eſtate is now divided into parcels, belonging to ſeveral perſons; one of them, however, belongs to a female collateral deſcendant. She is at preſent unmarried, and I hope when ſhe changes her ſituation, and becomes a mother, ſhe will give the name of Kyrll to be prefixed to the ſirname of her firſt ſon or daughter. Mr. Ball, the owner of the King's Arms at Roſs, the houſe Mr. Kyrll lived in, has got an original painting of him; it repreſents him as a man of 60 years, fair in complexion, and grave in aſpect. Permiſſion, I fancy, can be obtained to have an engraving made from it, which would be a great acquiſition to our collections of Engliſh portraits; and there is the more reaſon for deſiring this to be done ſpeedily, as one of our young military men, ſome years ago, in a fit of anger at his hair-dreſſer, took the curling irons in his hand, and made two holes with them in the picture. There is now living at Roſs, a female deſcendant of his, who, from a proper regard to the memory of her illuſtrious anceſtor, is now repairing and embelliſhing a favourite ſeat of his, known by the name of "*Kyrll*'s ſeat."

END OF THE FOURTH VOLUME.

Strahan and Preſton,
New-Street Square, London.